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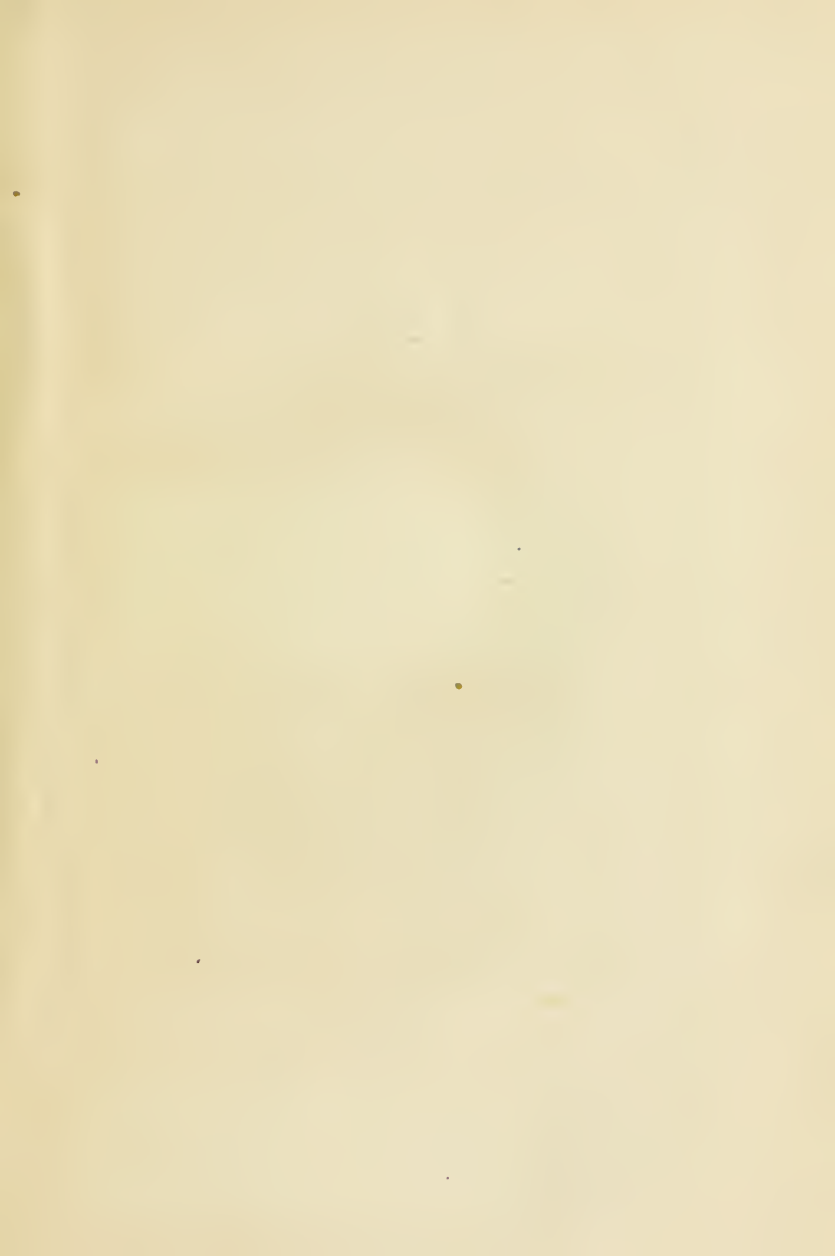
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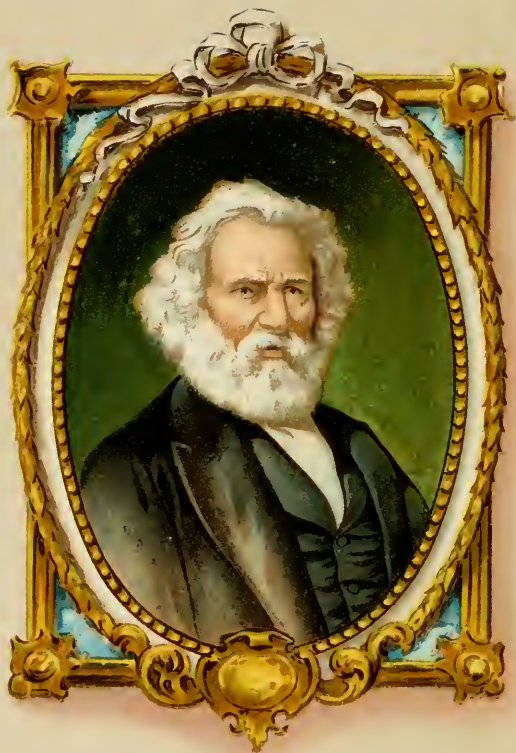




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POEMS

By HENRY
WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW



New York
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Publishers



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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods
were green,

And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs
between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that
brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot
die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth en-
gage

Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old
themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny
gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which
brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their
wings,
And bishop's-cap have golden
rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and
mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a
child,
And rocked me in their arms so
wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
 "Come, be a child once more!"
 And waved their long arms to and
 fro,

And beckoned solemnly and slow;
 O, I could not choose but go
 Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
 Into the solemn wood,
 Solemn and silent everywhere!
 Nature with folded hands seemed
 there,

Kneeling at her evening prayer!
 Like one in prayer I stood

Before me rose an avenue
 Of tall and sombrous pines;
 Abroad their fan-like branches
 grew,
 And, where the sunshine darted
 through,
 Spread a vapor soft and blue
 In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
 Like a fast-falling shower,
 The dreams of youth came back
 again;
 Low lisps of the summer rain,
 Dropping on the ripened grain,
 As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O
 stay!

Ye were too sweet and wild!
 And distant voices seemed to say:—
 "It cannot be! They pass away!
 Other themes demand the lay;
 Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee
 lies,

Watered by living springs;
 The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
 Are gates unto that Paradise,
 Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
 Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song
 shall be,
 Not mountains capped with
 snow,

Nor forests sounding like the sea,
 Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
 Where the woodlands bend to see
 The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
 Of iron branches sounds!
 A mighty river roars between,
 And whosoever looks therein,
 Sees the heavens all black with
 sin,—
 Sees not its depths, nor bounds,

"Athwart the swinging branches
 cast,
 Soft rays of sunshine pour;
 Then comes the fearful wintry
 blast;
 Our hopes, like withered leaves,
 fall fast;
 Fallid lips say, 'It is past!
 We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and
 write!
 Yes, into Life's deep stream!
 All forms of sorrow and delight,
 All solemn Voices of the Night,
 That can soothe thee, or affright,—
 Be these henceforth thy theme."

Πότνια πότνια νύξ,
 ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπάνιων βροτῶν,
 Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
 Ἄγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·
 ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
 διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of
 the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed
 with light
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of
might,

Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the
Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and
delight,
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of
the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the mid-
night air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace
flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to
bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips
of Care
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I
breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged
flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed
for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG
MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful num-
bers,
“Life is but an empty dream!”
For the soul is dead that slum-
bers,
And things are not what they
seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;

“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout
and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beat-
ing
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked
brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is
Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a
breath,
And the flowers that grow be-
tween.

"Shall I have nought that is
fair?" saith he,
"Have nought but the bearded
grain?"

Though the breath of these flow-
ers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tear-
ful eyes,

He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flow-
ers gay,"

The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they.
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of
light,

Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments
white,
Their sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and
pain,

The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all
again

In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,

The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green
earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too
soon;

And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;

And the first watch of night is
given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me
rise,

When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou becomest with thy mailed
hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are num-
bered,

And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slum-
bered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and
 tall,
 Shadows from the fitful firelight
 Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who
 cherished
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the roadside fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beaute-
 ous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-
 like,
 Looking downward from the
 skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and
 died !

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well in language quaint
 and olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled
 Rhine,

When he called the flowers, so
 blue and golden,

Stars that in the earth's firma-
 ment do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read
 our history,

As astrologers and seers of old;
 Yet not wrapped about with awful
 mystery,

Like the burning stars, which
 they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as
 wondrous,

God hath written in those stars
 above;

But not less in the bright flowerets
 under us

Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revela-
 tion,

Written all over this great
 world of ours;

Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth,—these
 golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-
 seeing,

Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a
 part

Of the self-same, universal being,
 Which is throbbing in his brain
 and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight
 shining,

Blossoms flaunting in the eye of
 day,

Tremulous leaves, with soft and
 silver lining,

Buds that open only to decay :

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
 Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
 Large desires with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
 Workings are they of the self-same powers,
 Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
 And in summer's green-embazoned field,
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
 In the center of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
 We behold their tender buds expand ;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvelous tale
 Some legend strange and vague,
 That a midnight host of specters pale
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon overhead,
 There stood, as in an awful dream,
 The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
 The spectral camp was seen,
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
 No drum, nor sentry's pace ;

The mist-like banners clasped the
air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and
far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous
heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and
wan
Beleaguered the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing
stream,
In fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows
gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep
church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the
spell
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears
afar,
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain
passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; "Pray for this poor
soul,
Pray,—pray.

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foulweather,
The foolish, fond Old Year.
Crowned with wild flowers and
with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man
gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's
breath,—
"Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;

No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or strain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou thus ab-
horrest,
O Soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier
blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars from heaven down-
cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

EARLIER POEMS.

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers: or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that
brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned
again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood,
where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming
with bright forns,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds
foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened
mould
The sapling draws its sustenance,
and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with
winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods,
and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun,
that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the
green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the
hills,
And wide the upland glows:

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'erreach-
ing far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon
dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trem-
bling shadows throw,

And the fair trees look over, side
by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are
wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its
autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

With what glory comes and goes
the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful
harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times,
enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garni-
ture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the
clouds
Comes down upon the autumn
sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year
takes up
His bright inheritance of golden
fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splen-
did scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breath-
ing now
Its mellow richness on the clus-
tered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest
dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn
woods,
And dipping in warm light the
pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a
summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in
the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and pas-
sionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs
up life
Within the solemn woods of ash
deep-crimsoned,

And silver beech, and maple yel-
low-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old
man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through
the trees
The golden robin moves. The
purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar
feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its
plaintive whistle,
And peeks by the witch-hazel,
whilst aloof
From cottage roofs the warbling
bluebird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated
stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor
the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world
put on
From him who, with a fervent
heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky,
and looks
On duties well performed, and
days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the
yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him
eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn,
that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall
go
To his long resting-place without a
tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing
chill.
And through the hawthorn
blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.
O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,

The embracing sunbeams chastely
play,
And gladden these deep soli-
tudes.

Where, twisted round the barren
oak,
The summer vine in beauty
clung,
And summer winds the stillness
broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where from their frozen urns,
mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland
side.

Alas! how changed from the fair
scene,
When birds sang out their mel-
low lay,
And winds were soft, and woods
were green,
And the song ceased not with
the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your
crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse
accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my
ear
Has grown familiar with your
song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S
BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its
ray,

Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that
with prayer

Had been consecrated there.
And the nun's sweet hymn was
heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious
aisle.

“Take thy banner! May it
wave
Proudly o'er the good and
brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music
thrills
To the hearts of these lone
hills,
When the spear in conflict
shakes,
And the strong lance shivering
breaks.

“Take thy banner! and, be-
neath
The battle-cloud's encircling
wreath,
Guard it!—till our homes are
free!
Guard it!—God will prosper
thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield
thee then.

“Take thy banner! But, when
night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him!—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him!—he our love hath
shared!
Spare him!—as thou wouldst
be spared!

<p>“Take thy banner!—and if e'er Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier, And the muffled drum should beat To the tread of mournful feet, Then this crimson flag shall be</p>	<p>Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”</p> <p>The warrior took that banner proud, And it was his martial cloak and shroud!</p>
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SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,
They gathered midway round the wooded height,
And, in their fading-glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
 That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
 Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
 The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
 The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
 With what a tender and impassioned voice
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
 When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
 O'erriding the gray hills with golden scarf;
 Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaed Eve,
 In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
 Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
 In the green valley, where the silver brook,
 From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
 And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
 Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
 laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
 As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
 Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
 For then there was an eloquent voice in all
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
 Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
 The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
 The world; and, in these wayward days of youth
 My busy fancy oft embodies it,
 As a bright image of the light and beauty
 That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
 When the sun sets. Within her eye
 The heaven of April, with its changing light,
 And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
 And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair

Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
 When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
 To have it round us,—and her silver voice
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
 The shadowed light of evening
 fell;
 And, where the maple's leaf was
 brown,
 With soft and silent lapse came
 down
 The glory, that the wood receives,
 At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of
 white,
 Around a far uplifted cone,
 In the warm blush of evening
 shone;
 An image of the silver lakes,
 By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was
 heard
 Where the soft breath of evening
 stirred
 The tall, gray forest; and a band
 Of stern in heart, and strong in
 hand,
 Came winding down beside the
 wave,
 To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native
 bowers
 He stood, in the last moon of
 flowers,
 And thirty snows had not yet shed
 Their glory on the warrior's head;

But, as the summer fruit decays,
 So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's
 skin
 Covered the warrior, and within
 Its heavy folds the weapons, made
 For the hard toils of war, were
 laid;
 The cuirass, woven of plaited
 reeds,
 And the broad belt of shells and
 beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
 Chanted the death dirge of the
 slain;
 Behind, the long procession came
 Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
 With heavy hearts, and eyes of
 grief,
 Leading the war-horse of their
 chief.

Stripped of his proud and mar-
 tial dress,
 Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
 With darting eye, and nostril
 spread,
 And heavy and impatient tread,
 He came; and oft that eye so proud
 Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief, they
 freed
 Beside the grave his battle steed;
 And swift an arrow cleaved its
 way
 To his stern heart! One piercing
 neigh
 Arose,—and, on the dead man's
 plain,
 The rider grasps his steed again.

TRANSLATIONS.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavette, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestrè de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified and majestic.]

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and
awake;

Awake to see

How soon this life is past and
gone,

And death comes softly stealing
on,

How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day

With many sighs;

The moments that are speeding
fast

We heed not, but the past,—the
past,—

More highly prize.

Onward its course the present
keeps,

Onward the constant current
sweeps,

Till life is done;

And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one,

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy
train

Will not decay;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless
sea,

The silent grave!

Thither all earthly pomp and
boast

Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.

There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,

The deathless few;

Fiction entices and deceives,

And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant
leaves

Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and
Wise,—

To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common
lot,

But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;

So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot
astray

From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wan-
dering thought

To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the
sky,

Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes,—the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the
eye
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,—
chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,

That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of
fate;

The strongest fall.

Tell me,—the charms that lovers
seek

In the clear eye and blushing
cheek,

The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth
imparts

In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his out-
ward gate

To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame.
In long array;

How, in the onward course of
time,

The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;

Others, by guilt and crime, main-
tain

The scutcheon, that, without a
stain,

Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of
pride,

With what untimely speed they
glide,

How soon depart!

Bid not the shadowy phantoms
stay,

The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are
 found;
 Her swift revolving wheel turns
 round,
 And they are gone!
 No rest the inconstant goddess
 knows,
 But changing, and without re-
 pose,
 Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice
 save
 Its gilded baubles, till the grave
 Reclaimed its prey,
 Let none on such poor hopes rely;
 Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
 And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
 Are passions springing from the
 dust,—
 They fade and die;
 But, in the life beyond the tomb,
 They seal the immortal spirit's
 doom
 Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which
 mask
 In treacherous smiles life's serious
 task,
 What are they, all,
 But the fleet coursers of the chase,
 And death an ambush in the race,
 Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
 Brook no delay,—but onward
 speed
 With loosened rein;
 And, when the fatal snare is near,
 We strive to check our mad career,
 But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age im-
 part,
 And fashion with a cunning art
 The human face,
 As we can clothe the soul with
 light,

And make the glorious spirit
 bright
 With heavenly grace,—

How busily each passing hour
 Should we exert that magic power!
 What ardor show,
 To deck the sensual slave of sin,
 Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
 In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the
 strong,
 Famous in history and in song
 Of olden time,
 Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
 Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
 Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the
 strong?
 Pontiff and priest, and sceptred
 throng?
 On these shall fall
 As heavily the hand of Death,
 As when it stays the shepherd's
 breath
 Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
 Neither its glory nor its shame
 Has met our eyes:
 Nor of Rome's great and glorious
 dead,
 Though we have heard so oft, and
 read,
 Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
 Of ages passed so long ago,
 Nor how they rolled;
 Our theme shall be of yesterday,
 Which to oblivion sweeps away,
 Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan?
 Where
 Each royal prince and noble heir
 Of Aragon?
 Where are the courtly gallantries?
 The deeds of love and high em-
 prise,
 In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed
the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,—
What were they but a pageant
scene?

What but the garlands, gay and
green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames,
and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?

Where are the gentle knights, that
came

To kneel, and breathe love's ardent
flame

Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tam-
bour

They loved of yore?

Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with
gold,

The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre
swayed,

Henry, whose royal court dis-
played

Such power and pride;

O, in what winning smiles ar-
rayed,

The world its various pleasures
laid

His throne beside!

But O! how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a
smile

But to betray!

She, that had been his friend be-
fore;

Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts,—the stately
walls,

The royal palaces, and halls

All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings
wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures
fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness
bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart
knight,

In rich array,—

Where shall we seek them now?
Alas!

Like the bright dewdrops on the
grass,

They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious
zeal

Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;

What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of
Death,

Blasted his years;

Judgment of God! that flame by
thee,

When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable,—the
true

And gallant Master, whom we
knew

Most loved of all.

Breathe not a whisper of his
pride,—

He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green, and cities fair,
His mighty power,—

What were they all but grief and
shame,

Tears and a broken heart, when
came

The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and
high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the
best

The bondsmen of their high be-
hest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of
light,
A flame, which, glaring at its
height,
Grew grim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless
fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire
wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou con-
cealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful
mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten
nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting
high,
And flags displayed;
High battlements intrenched
around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and
mound,
And palisade.

And covered trench, secure and
deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,

When thou dost battle in thy
wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their
path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou
didst give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with
grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and
fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many
a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of
woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and
shade,
To whom all hearts their homage
paid,
As Virtue's son,—
Roderic Manrique,—he whose
name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,—
Ye saw his deeds!

Why should their praise in verse
be sung?

The name, that dwells on every
tongue,

No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend;—how kind to
all

The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal tie!

To foes how stern a foe was he!

And to the valiant and the free

How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and
wise:

What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!

Benignant to the serf and slave,

He showed the base and falsely
brave

A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous
star,

The rush of Cæsar's conquering
car

At battle's call;

His, Scipio's virtue, his, the skill

And the indomitable will

Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness,—his
A Titus' noble charities

And righteous laws;

The arm of Hector, and the might

Of Tully, to maintain the right

In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,

Anrelius' countenance divine,

Firm, gentle, still;

The eloquence of Adrian,

And Theodosius' love to man,

And generous will;

In tented fields and bloody fray,

An Alexander's vigorous sway

And stern command;

The faith of Constantine; ay,
more,

The fervent love Camillus bore

His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no piles of riches high,
Nor massive plate;

He fought the Moors, and, in their
fall,

City and tower and castled wall

Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-
ground,

Brave steeds and gallant riders
found

A common grave;

And there the warrior's hand did
gain

The rents, and the long vassal
train,

That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed,
The honored and exalted grade

His worth had gained,

So, in the dark, disastrous hour,

Brothers and bondsmen of his
power

His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,

In the stern warfare, which of old

'T was his to share,

Such noble leagues he made, that
more

And fairer regions, than before,

His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he

traced

On history's page;

But with fresh victories he drew

Each fading character anew

In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great

And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,

He stood, in his high dignity,

The proudest knight of chivalry,

Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains

Beneath a tyrant's galling chains

And cruel power;

But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the
glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriot
zeal,

Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor
strong,

That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,—

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this
day

Put on its armor for the fray,—
The closing scene.

"Since thou has been, in battle-
strife
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws
near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let not thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—

'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which
leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the
high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid,—the
spirit
Corrupt with sin,—shall not in-
herit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered
cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm
endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose
hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at
length,
The guerdon of thine earthly
strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise
sure,
Strong in the faith entire and
pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart,—thy hope is certainty,—
The third—the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more de-
lay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall
be,—
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

“My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient
heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sove-
reign will
That we shall die.

“O thou, that for our sins didst
take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

“And in that form didst suffer
here
Torment, and agony, and fear,

So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!”

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or
shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has
set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.*

* This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle:—

“O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

“Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

“Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

“Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.”

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD ! That with thine amorous, sylvan song
 Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,—
 That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
 On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long !
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains ;
 For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be ;
 I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
 Hear, Shepherd !—thou who for thy flock art dying,
 O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
 O, wait !—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
 Wait for me !—Yet why ask it, when I see,
 With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting, still for me !

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
 Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?
 O strange delusion !—that I did not greet
 Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee !"
 And, O ! how often to that voice of sorrow,
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,
 And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light ! my native land on high,
 Bright with a glory that shall never fade !
 Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;
 But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.

Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee !
 Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
 That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD ! that seest, from yon starry height,
 Centred in one the future and the past,
 Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
 The world obscures in me what once was bright !
 Eternal Sun ! the warmth which thou hast given,
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays ;
 Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
 Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
 Celestial King ! O let thy presence pass
 Before my spirit, and an image fair
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
 As the reflected image in a glass
 Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain !—lyre of bird and tree !
 Pomp of the meadow ! mirror of the morn !
 The soul of April, unto whom are born,
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee !
 Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
 Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
 How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count !
 How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current !
 O sweet simplicity of days gone by !
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount !

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold ! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me,—may I again behold it !—
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded ;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried aloud : “ Quick, quick, and bow the knee !
Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !

“ See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores !

“ See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions.
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair ! ”

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,

But down I cast it ; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !
Beatitude seemed written in his face !
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

“ In exitu Israel de Egypt ! ”

Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day

Withonten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward toward that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain ;

Yet not from their upright direction bent
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art ;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells
Through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo ! my farther course cut off a river,
Which, toward the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are,
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing does conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX., XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new covenant,
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave
 Wearing again the garments of the flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,
 A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
 Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying ; "*Benedictus qui venis*,"
 And scattering flowers above and round about,
 "*Manibus o date lilia plenis*."

I once beheld, at the approach of day,
 The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
 And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
 So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
 The eye sustained his aspect for long while ;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
 Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
 And down descended inside and without,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
 Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,
 Vested in colors of the living flame.

* * * * *

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
 Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
 Blown on and beaten by Slavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
 Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
 Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
 Before the song of those who chime forever
 After the chiming of the eternal spheres ;

But, when I heard in those sweet melodies
 Compassion for me, more than had they said,
 "O, wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him ?"

The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
 To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
 Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

* * * * *

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
 Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
 To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a crossbow breaks, when 't is discharged,
 Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
 And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;

So I gave way under this heavy burden,
 Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
 And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLÉANS.

XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring!—in sunshine clad,
 Well dost thou thy power display !
 For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
 And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.
 He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
 The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain ;
 And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
 Their beards of icicles and snow ;
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
 We must cower over the embers low ;
 And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
 Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud ;
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh ;
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
 And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
 Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,
 When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
 Sleep on the bosom, that thy lips have pressed !
 Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
 Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—
 'T is sweet to watch for thee,—alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;
 His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
 Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
 Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !
 Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—Unclose
 Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
 Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error !—he but slept,—I breathe again ;—
 Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !
 O ! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
 Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

For thee was a house built
 Ere thou wast born,
 For thee was a mould meant
 Ere thou of mother camest.
 But it is not made ready,
 Nor its depth measured,
 Nor is it seen
 How long it shall be.
 Now I bring thee
 Where thou shalt be ;
 Now I shall measure thee,
 And the mould afterward.

Thy house is not
 Highly timbered,
 It is unhigh and low ;
 When thou art therein,
 The heel-ways are low,
 The side-ways unhigh.
 The roof is built
 Thy breast full nigh,
 So thou shalt in mould
 Dwell full cold,
 Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
 And dark it is within ;
 There thou art fast detained
 And Death hath the key.

Loathsome is that earth-house,
 And grim within to dwell.
 There thou shalt dwell,
 And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
 And leavest thy friends ;
 Thou hast no friend,
 Who will come to thee,
 Who will ever see
 How that house pleaseth thee ;
 Who will ever open
 The door for thee
 And descend after thee,
 For soon thou art loathsome
 And hateful to thee.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DEN-
 MARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES
 EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the
 lofty mast
 In mist and smoke ;
 His sword was hammering so fast,

Through Gothic helm and brain
it past ;

Then sank each hostile hulk and
mast,

In mist and smoke.

“Fly!” shouted they, “fly, he
who can !

Who braves of Denmark’s Chris-
tian

The stroke ?”

Nils Juel gave heed to the tem-
pest’s roar,

Now is the hour !

He hoisted his blood-red flag once
more,

And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the

tempest’s roar,

“Now is the hour !”

“Fly!” shouted they, “for shel-
ter fly !

Of Denmark’s Juel who can defy
The power ?”

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel
rent

Thy murky sky !

Then champions to thine arms
were sent ;

Terror and Death glared where
he went ;

From the waves was heard a wail,
that rent

Thy murky sky !

From Denmark, thunders Torden-
skiol’,

Let each to Heaven commend his
soul,

And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and
might !

Dark-rolling wave !

Receive thy friend, who, scorn-
ing flight,

Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest’s

might,

Dark-rolling wave !

And amid pleasures and alarms,

And war and victory, be thine
arms

My grave ! *

* Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or *Thunder shield*. In childhood he was a tailor’s apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord’s daughter filled
their cups,

Around the rustic board ;

Then sat they all so calm and
still,

And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,

A Swabian raised his hand,

And cried, all hot and flushed
with wine

“Long live the Swabian land !

“The greatest kingdom upon
earth

Cannot with that compare ;

With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens

“here”

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laugh-
ing,—
And dashed his beard with
wine;

"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of
thine!

"The goodliest land on all this
earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swa-
bian and Saxon!"

A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this
earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and
bourn."

* * * * *

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more con-
tend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER.

"THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and
high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing
and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat!
Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden
band?"—

"I greet thee, little bird! To
the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding
gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go
with us?
Thou mayest stand on the
mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not com-
pany,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy
am I.
Bonny boat, I have wings of
my own.

"High over the sails, high over
the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are
still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of
my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor
listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue
day,
And the golden fields of the
sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole
life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may
know."

WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft mur-
mur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'T is the water-nymphs, that are
singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let
them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly
be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and
brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks
down
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as
snow,

Take care !

She knows how much it is best to
show,

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven
fair,

Take care !

It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party

To the church doth hie !

Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,

Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;

Tellest thou at evening,

Bedtime draweth nigh !

Bell ! thou soundest mournfully

Tellest thou the bitter

Parting hath gone by !

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?

How canst thou rejoice ?

Thou art but metal dull !

And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,

Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,

Which we cannot fathom,

Placed within thy form !

When the heart is sinking,

Thou alone canst raise it,

Trembling in the storm !

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

" HAST thou seen that lordly
castle,

That Castle by the Sea ?

Golden and red above it

The clouds float gorgeously.

" And fain it would stoop down-
ward

To the mirrored wave below ;

And fain it would soar upward

In the evening's crimson glow."

" Well have I seen that castle,

That Castle by the Sea,

And the moon above it standing,

And the mist rise solemnly."

" The winds and the waves of
ocean,

Had they a merry chime ?

Didst thou hear, from those lofty
chambers,

The harp and the minstrel's
rhyme ?"

" The winds and the waves of
ocean,

They rested quietly,

But I heard on the gale a sound
of wail,

And tears came to mine eye."

" And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride ?

And the wave of their crimson
mantles ?

And the golden crown of pride ?

" Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there ?

Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair ?"

" Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride ;

They were moving slow, in weeds
of woe,

No maiden was by their side !"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,

When woods and fields put off all sadness.

Thus began the King and spake ;

“ So from the halls

Of ancient Hofburg's walls,

A luxuriant Spring shall break ”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.

From balcony the King looked on :

In the play of spears.

Fell all the cavaliers,

Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.

“ Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon, say ! ”

“ Should I speak it here,

Ye would stand aghast with fear ;

I am a Prince of mighty sway ! ”

When he rode into the lists.

The arch of heaven grew black
with mists,

And the castle 'gan to rock.

At the first blow,

Fell the youth from saddle-bow,

Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,

Torch-light through the high
halls glances,

Waves a mighty shadow in ;

With manner bland

Doth ask the maiden's hand,

Doth with her the dance begin ;

Danced in sable iron sark.

Danced a measure weird and dark,

Coldly clasped her limbs
around.

From breast and hair

Down fall from her the fair

Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came

Every Knight and every Dame.

'Twixt son and daughter all distraught.

With mournful mind

The ancient King reclined,

Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,

But the guest a beaker took ;

“ Golden wine will make you whole ! ”

The children drank.

Gave many a courteous thank ;

“ O that draught was very cool ! ”

Each the father's breast embraces,

Son and daughter ; and their faces

Colorless grow utterly.

Whichever way

Looks the fear-struck father gray,

He beholds his children die.

“ Woe ! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;

Take me, too, the joyless father ! ”

Spake the grim Guest,

From his hollow, cavernous breast,

“ Roses in the spring I gather ! ”

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land !

Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more
darkly gather,

And shattered wrecks lie thicker
 on the strand,
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, O thither,
 Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection ! Tender morn-
 ing visions
 Of beauteous souls ! The Future's
 pledge and band !
 Who in Life's battle firm doth
 stand,
 Shall bear Hope's tender blos-
 soms
 Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
 For all the broken-hearted
 The mildest herald by our fate al-
 lotted,
 Beckons, and with inverted torch
 doth stand
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great De-
 parted,
 Into the Silent Land !

L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose,
 After the Evening's close,
 And whispered to my restless
 heart repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear
 Of all who doubt and fear,
 And say to them, " Be of good
 cheer ! "

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
 That in the groves of balm
 Seemed to me like an angel's
 psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more
 With the perpetual roar
 Of the pine forest, dark and
 hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
 But speaking from death's frost,
 Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
 Amid the chills and damps
 Of the vast plain where Death
 encamps.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

PREFACE.

THERE is one poem in this volume, in reference to which a few introductory remarks may be useful. It is "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér; a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and belongs to the same class of poems, as the "Luise" of Voss and the "Hermann and Dorothea" of Göthe. But the Swedish Poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Underfoot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or town-ward in

pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark,

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church: and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastimes of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from

his chamber; and then to horse and away, toward the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forth to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep solemn tones,—“I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave.”

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led

off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed ; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and her kirtle taken off, and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave ; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one ;—no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day ; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword ; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed ! For pious souls there there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls, and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come ! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder ; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, wire wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set until ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later.

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight. From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime, and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,—

“Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, “the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.”

Esrías Tegnér, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By in Wärmland, in the year 1782. In 1799 he entered the University of Lund, as a student; and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is *Frithiofs Saga*; one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden; a prophet, honored in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names, that adorn her history.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

[THE following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838-1839, says :—

“There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

“On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE 12TH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the substructure of a wind-mill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill is what an architect will easily discern.”

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, “God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head.”]

“SPEAK! speak! thou fearful
guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December,
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,

No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee!

Take heed, that in thy verse

Thou dost the tale rehearse,

Else dread a dead man's curse;

For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,

By the wild Baltic's strand,

I, with my childish hand,

Tamed the gerfalcon;

And, with my skates fast-bound,

Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,

That the poor whimpering hound

Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair

Tracked I the grisly bear,

While from my path the hare

Fled like a shadow;

Of through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shined
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed.
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,

So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and
smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the
blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death clothed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skool! to the Northland! *skool!*"*
—Thus the tale ended.

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his
little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fair-
flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of
day,
And her bosom white as the haw-
thorn buds.
That ope in the month of
May.

The skipper he stood beside the
helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering
flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now
South.

Then up and spake an old Sailôr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder
port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a
golden ring,
And to-night no moon we
see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from
his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed
he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the
brine,
And the billows frothed like
yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote
amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a
frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my
little daughter,
And do not tremble so;

For I can weather the roughest
gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his sea-
man's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-
bells ring,

O say, what may it be?"

"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound
coast!"

And he steered for the open
sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of
guns,

O say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that can-
not live

In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming
light,

O say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a
word,

A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and
stark,

With his face turned to the
skies.

The lantern gleamed through the
gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her
hands and prayed

That saved she might be ;

And she thought of Christ, who
stilled the wave,

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight
dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet
and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel
swept

Toward the reef of Norman's
Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling
surf,
On the rocks and the hard
sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath
her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the
crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and
fleecey waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored
her side
Like the horns of an angry
bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed
in ice,
With the masts went by the
board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove
and sank,
Hc! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-
beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair.
Lashed close to a drifting
mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her
breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the
brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hes-
perus,
In the midnight and the
snow !
Christ save us all from a death
like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered, as the ballad leaves it.]

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's
call;

He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken rev-
ellers all,

"Now bring me the Luck of
Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with
pain,

The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth
again

The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass
to praise,

Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The gray-beard with trembling
hand obeyed;

A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Eden-
hall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves
it light,

"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-
Sprite;

She wrote in it, *If this glass doth
fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate
should be

Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right will-
ingly;

And willingly ring, with merry
call,

Kling, klang! to the Luck of Eden-
hall!

First rings it deep, and full, and
mild,

Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent
wild;

Then mutters at last like the thun-
der's fall,

The glorious Luck of Edenhall!

"For its keeper takes a race of
might,

The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow
than all

Will I try the luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild
flames start;

The guests in dust are scattered
all,

With the breaking Luck of Eden-
hall.

In storms the foe, with fire and
sword;

He in the night had scaled the
wall,

Slain by the sword lies the youth-
ful Lord,

But holds in his hand the crystal
tall,

The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes
alone,

The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall

The shards of the Luck of Eden
hall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth
fall aside,
Down must the stately columns
fall;

Glass is this earth's Luck and
Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall !

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

[The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF herideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and
seven miles wide,
But never, ah never, can meet
with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
A Knight full well equipped ;
His steed was black, his helm was
barred ;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds ;
Anon he spurred his steed with a
clang,
And there sat all the birds and
sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels ;
Anon in eddies the wild wind
blew,
And round and round the
wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest ;
And it was sharper than diamond-
stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to
groan.

He wore upon his helm,
A wreath of ruddy gold ;
And that gave him the Maidens
Three,
The youngest was fair to be-
hold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight
eftsoon

If he were come from heaven
down ;

"Art thou Christ of Heaven,"
quoth he,

"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me
bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three Maidens thee
bedight ;

So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the Maidens' honor !"

The first tilt they together rode
They put their steeds to the
test ;

The second tilt they together
rode,

They proved their manhood
best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield ;

The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto
death ;

Now sit the Maidens in the high
tower.

The youngest sorrows till death.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with
roses.

Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wing and the
brooklet

Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven
arbor

Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.

Even the dial, that stood on a hillock among the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with
blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its
changes,

While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust
was

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavil-
ions *

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-
wood

Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed
with silver,

Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,†

* The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Löfhyddahögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

† The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-
work.

Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin,* of David's harp in the Northland
Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song on its powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo ! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered gravestone a sun-
beam.

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in
Patmos.

Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man ;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old
man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Afterward, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their
places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left-hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing of the morning, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pave-
ment.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the begin-
ning

* A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old
 man's
 Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eter-
 nal
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolled.
 Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Re-
 deemer,
 Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
 Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
 And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few
 words,
 Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
 Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
 Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when Springtide ap-
 proaches,
 Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
 Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
 Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
 So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
 Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
 Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded an-
 swer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;—and straightway trans-
 figured
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
 Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judg-
 ment
 Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward de-
 scending.
 Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were transpar-
 ent
 Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
 So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he ques-
 tioned.

" This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,
 This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still
 ye
 Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
 Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;
 Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splen-
 dor
 Rains from the heaven downward ;—to-day on the threshold of
 childhood
 Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
 For she knows nought of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.
 This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
 Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth
 Now from your lips the confession ; Bethink ye, before ye make
 answer !

Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him

Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal.
Thus then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created ?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united ?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in upright
ness ?

Will ye promise me this before God and man ?"—With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes ! and Yes ! with lips softly-breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the
Teacher.

Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake in accents more
gentle,

Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye wel-
come !

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sis-
ters !

Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the kingdom of
heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,
Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
Blessed are the pure before God ! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith ; she herself from on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross
for.

O ! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
O ! how soon will ye come,—too soon—and long to turn backward
Up to its hilltops again, to the sun-illuminated, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven.
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven !
Seventy years have I lived already ; the father eternal
Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known
them,

Known them all again ;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,

Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed, Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and humble, Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her, For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.— Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flyeth incessant 'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven. Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever upward. Still he recalls with emotion his father's manifold mansions, Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels. Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are worship ; Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty. Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us, Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,— Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrowing children Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.

Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous with us, Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune Kneels down before the Eternal's throne ; and, with hands interfolded, Praises, thankful and moved, the only giver of blessings. Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven ? What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has not received ? Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world he created. Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory. Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven, Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of the judge is terrific, Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck. Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful avenger, Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was not in the earthquake, Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes. Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds without number Lie in his bosom like children ; he made them for this purpose only. Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
 Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the breath of your being.
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
 Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 'twas that you may be happy
 Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-
 hour

Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was completed.
 Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple, dividing
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement !
 Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
 Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;
 Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
 Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy
 brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
 Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ?
 Rearest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing
 Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
 By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate then
 thy brother ?

Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter
 Of the Eternal's language ;—on earth it is call'd Forgiveness !
 Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns round
 his temples ?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say, dost thou
 know him ?

Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,
 Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
 Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly shepherd
 Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
 This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
 Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love among mortals
 Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
 Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,—Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
 Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows !
 Graces, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
 Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in
 heaven,

Him, who has given us more ; for to us has Hope been transfigured,
 Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
 Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection,
 Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.

Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines like the He-
brew's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sink-
eth

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figure majestic,
Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her home-
stead.

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous
Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an off-
spring,

Love is a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate springtide.

Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he
who

Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth until death's
hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm
you ?

Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child new-born, 'fore the face of its father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them ! I fear not be-
fore him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face stand-
ing

Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolled by vapors ;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,
Never forgets he the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved ones, here-
after !

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the prom-
ise,

Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed
not ;

Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the Universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy
heaven !

Let me hereafter not miss as thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all like a
father.

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of sal-
vation,

Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word ; again may they know me,
 Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
 Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with glad-
 ness.

Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given
 me !”

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck of the old
 man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclos-
 ure.

Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
 With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous accents,
 Asked the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day : the following Sunday
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid
 His hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts
 high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonder-
 ful brightness.

“ On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the grave-
 yard !

Some one, perhaps, of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
 Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is accom-
 plished.

Warm is the heart ;—I will so ! for to-day grows the harvest of
 heaven.

What I began accomplish I now ; for what failing therein is
 I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
 Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?

What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.

Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,

'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and trans-
 gressions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas in the begin-
 ning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
 Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the fall ; in the Heart the Atone-
 ment.

Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.

See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,

Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
 Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.

Brought forth is sin full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms
 Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and of angels,

Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the harp's strings,

Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.

Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
 Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all re-
 splendent,

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
 Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence reascended,
 Not from the heart in likewise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
 Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
 Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.
 Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light everlasting
 Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
 Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
 Lieth forgiveness enshrined ; the intention alone of amendment
 Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
 Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended
 Penitence, weeping and praying ; the Will that is tried, and whose
 gold flows

Purified forth from the flames ; in a word, mankind by Atonement
 Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
 But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
 Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body.
 And the Redeemer's blood ! To himself he eateth and drinketh
 Death and doom ! And from this, preserve us, thou Heavenly Father !
 Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement ?"
 Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children
 Yes ! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplica-
 tions,

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem ;
 O ! Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
 Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy, have mercy upon us !
 Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eye-
 lids,

Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical
 symbols.

O ! then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of mid-day,
 Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
 Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves
 'gan to shiver.

But in the children, (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a
 Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy cold members.
 Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and
 above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old, before Stephen ; they saw there
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
 Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold
 clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and
 their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping fully sorely,
 Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
 Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of bless-
 ings,

Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree,
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
 And the muscles of his brawny
 arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and
 long,
 His face is like the tan ;
 His brow is wet with honest
 sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in
 the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out from morn
 till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow ;
 You can hear him swing his
 heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village
 bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from
 school
 Look in at the open door ;
 They love to see the flaming
 forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that
 fly
 Like chaff from a threshing
 floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and
 preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,

Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's
 voice
 Singing in Paradise !
 He needs must think of her once
 more,
 How in the grave she lies ;
 And with his hard, rough hand
 he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task
 begin,
 Each evening sees its close ;
 Something attempted, something
 done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my
 worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou has taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the
 stars ;
 Her level rays, like golden bars,
 Lie on the landscape green,
 With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
 As if Diana, in her dreams,
 Had dropt her silver bow,
 Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
 She woke Endymion with a kiss,

When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's skiss, unaskt, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accurst by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long!"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.
FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;

Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled,

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked.
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream,—
away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought:
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world
once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair,—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE
ANTAÑO.
—*Spanish Proverb.*

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,

And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying
Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the
sky,
Where waiting till the west wind
blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor
lie.

All things are new;—the buds,
the leaves
That gild the elm-tree's nod-
ding crest,
And even the nest beneath the
eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's
nest!

All things rejoice in youth and
love,
The fulness of their first de-
light!
And learn from the soft heavens
above
The melting tenderness of
night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple
rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not
stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and
Youth,
To some good angel leave the
rest;
For Time will teach thee soon
the truth,
There are no birds in last year's
nest!

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and
dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never
weary;

The vine still clings to the mould-
ering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves
fall,
And the day is dark and
dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and
dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never
weary;
My thoughts still cling to the
mouldering Past.
But the hopes of youth fall thick
in the blast,
And the days are dark and
dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease
repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still
shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must
fall,
Some days must be dark and
dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase,
which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre!
It is just;
It consecrates each grave within
its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the
sleeping dust.
God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed
name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the
grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered
in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no
more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be
cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall
rise again

At the great harvest, when the
archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the
chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in im-
mortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that
second birth ;
And each bright blossom, mingle
its perfume
With that of flowers, which
never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare,
Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the
seed we sow ;
This is the field and Acre of our
God,
This is the place, where human
harvests grow

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER ! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright
and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feel-
ing,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou has taught me, Silent River !
Many a lesson, deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver ;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current
glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,

I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy
stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because, thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands
hide thee
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside
thee,
And have made thy margin
dear.

More than this ;—thy name re-
minds me
Of three friends, all true and
tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds
me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remem-
bers !
How like quivering flames they
start,

When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my
heart !

'T is for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a
breath
Say, " It is Christ of Nazareth !"
And calls, in tones of agony,
'Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes in-
crease ;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !

But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and
loud ;

Until they say, " He calleth
thee ! "

Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent
stands

The crowd, " What wilt thou at
my hands ? "

And he replies, " O give me light !
Rabbi, restore the blind man's
sight ! "

And Jesus answers, " Ὑπαγε.

" Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,

Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλθέσθον με !

Θάρσει ἔγειραι ὕπαγε !

" Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the
brim ;

And though my eyes with tears
are dim,

I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chaunt a melancholy hymn

With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands
green,

Conceal the goblet's shade or
sheen,

Nor maddening draughts of Hip-
pocrene,

Like gleams of sunshine, flash
between

Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious
art,

Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the
heart.

By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel it is wreathed and
crowned,

Whose seed and foliage sun-
imbrowned,

Are in its waters steeped and
drowned,

And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow
flowers.

And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous

powers,

Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless
mood ;

And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food ;

And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress

New light and strength they
give !

And he who has not learned to
know

How false its sparkling bubbles
show,

How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may over-

flow,

He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;
Through all that dark and des-
perate fight,

The blackness of that noonday
night,

He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength
to bear

Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair

One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steeped to the lips in misery,
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
 Where floats the fennel's bitter
 leaf !
 The Battle of our Life is brief,
 The alarm,—the struggle,—the
 relief,—
 Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown
 eyes
 In whose orbs a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the
 sun,
 Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance,
 On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
 Beautiful to thee must seem,
 As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
 When bright angels in thy vision
 Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
 As the dove, with startled eye,
 Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
 That our ears perceive no more,
 Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !
 Life hath quicksands,—Life hath
 snares !
 Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet
 tune,
 Morning rises into noon,
 May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where
 slumbered
 Birds and blossoms many-num-
 bered ;—
 Age, that bough with snows en-
 cumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that
 grows,
 When the young heart overflows,
 To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
 Gates of brass cannot withstand
 One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and
 ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall
 steal
 Into the wounds, that cannot
 heal,
 Even as sleep our eyès doth seal :

And that smile, like sunshine,
 dart
 Into many a sunless heart,
 For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling
 fast,
 As through an Alpine village
 passed

A youth, who bore, 'mid snow
and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye be-
neath,
Flashed like a falchion from its
sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown
tongue.
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm
and bright,
Above, the spectral glaciers
shone,
And from his lips escaped a
groan,
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man
said ;
"Dark lowers the tempest over-
head,
The roaring torrent is deep and
wide !"

And loud that clarion voice re-
plied,
Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and
rest
Thy weary head upon this
breast !"

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a
sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered
branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last Good-
night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Ber-
nard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the start-
led air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was
found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange de-
vice,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and
gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and
far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God ! well done !"
Well done ? Thy words are great
and bold ;
At times they seem to me,

Like Luther's in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips
and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
 Speaking in tones of might,
 Like the prophetic voice, that
 cried

To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody
 tale ;

Record this dire eclipse,
 This Day of Wrath, this Endless
 Wail,

This dread Apocalypse !

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he
 lay,

His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted
 hair

Was buried in the sand.
 Again, in the midst and shadow
 of sleep,
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of
 his dreams

The lordly Niger flowed ;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the
 plain

Once more a king he strode ;
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed
 queen

Among her children stand ;
 They clasped his neck, they
 kissed his cheeks,

They held him by the hand !—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's
 lids

And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden
 chains,

And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his
 scabbard of steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn till night he followed
 their flight,

O'er plains where the tamar-
 ind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre
 huts,

And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyena scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crushed
 the reeds

Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll
 of drums,
 Through the triumph of his
 dream.

The forests, with their myriad
 tongues,

Shouted of liberty ;
 And the Blast of the Desert cried
 aloud,

With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep and
 smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For Death had illumined the
 Land of Sleep,

And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away.

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's
 side,

In valleys green and cool ;
 And all her hope and all her
 pride
 Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
 That robes the hills above,

Though not of earth, encircles
there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her
girls
With praise and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chain aside
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time fore-
tells
When all men shall be free ;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet rec-
ord
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern
Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never
cease,
That clothe her with such grace ;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay ;

He saw the fire of the midnight
camp,
And heard at times a horse's
tramp
And a bloodhound's distant
bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-
worms shine,
In bulrush and in brake ;
Where waving mosses shroud the
pine,
And the cedar grows, and the
poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could
pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green
morass
He crouched in the rank and
tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and
lame ;
Great scars deformed his face ;
On his forehead he bore the
brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his man-
gled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and
fair.
All things were glad and free ;
Lithe squirrels darted here and
there,
And wild birds filled the echoing
air
With songs of Liberty.

On him alone was the doom of
pain,
From the morning of his birth ;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered
grain,
And struck him to the earth.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !
He, a Negro and enslavèd,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is
calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalm-
ist.

In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyp-
tians,

When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emo-
tion;

For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of
might
Broke their dungeon-gates at
night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of
might

Breaks his dungeon-gates at
night ?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;
They gleam from the abyss ;
They cry, from yawning waves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives ;
Their necks are galled with
chains,
Their wrists are cramped with
gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey ;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their
play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;
Anger, and lust, and pride ;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;
They glare from the abyss ;
They cry, from unknown graves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail :
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale,

Under the shore his boat was
tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and
spice,
Reached them from time to
time,

Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face up-
raised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half
amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of
light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore save a
kirtle bright
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a
smile
A holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren,—the farm is
old ;"
The thoughtful Planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver's
gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains ;
For he knew whose passions gave
her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too
weak ;
He took the glittering gold !

Then pale as death grew the
maiden's cheek
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land !

THE WARNING.

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old,
who tore
The lion in his path,—when,
poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven
no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and
forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth
to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple
laid
His desperate hands, and in its
overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him
those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless
woe ;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff
and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished
in the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in
this land,
Shorn of his strength, and
bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel,
raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this
Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liber-
ties
A shapeless mass of wreck and
rubbish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.—BURNS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN }	<i>Students of Alcalá.</i>
HYPOLITO }	
THE COUNT OF LARA }	<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS }	
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL.	
BELTRAN CRUZADO.....	<i>Count of the Gypsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN.....	<i>A young Gypsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.	
PEDRO CRESPO.....	<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO.....	<i>Aguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO.....	<i>Lara's servant.</i>
CHISPA.....	<i>Victorian's servant.</i>
BALTASAR.....	<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA.....	<i>A Gypsy girl.</i>
ANGELICA.....	<i>A poor girl.</i>
MARTINA.....	<i>The Padre Cura's niece.</i>
DOLORES.....	<i>Preciosa's maid.</i>
	<i>Gypsies, Musicians, etc.</i>

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

ACT I.

SCENE * *The COUNT OF LARA's chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos ;
How happened it ?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there ?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded ; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi ;

The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play?

Lara.

It was a dull affair;

One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says,* the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

Lara And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman:
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.

Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

Don C.

Why do you ask?

Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell,
And, though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don C. You do her wrong: indeed, you do her wrong!
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

Don C.

You forget

She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara.

And therefore won

The easier.

* "La cólera
de un Español sentado no se templá,
sino le representan en dos horas
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis."
Lope de Vega.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all !
 The only virtue that a gypsy prizes
 Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
 Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
 A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
 Whose craft was to betray the young and fair ;
 And yet this woman was above all bribes.
 And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,
 The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
 Offered her gold to be what she made others,
 She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
 And smote him in the face !

Lara. And does that prove
 That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed
 When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
 That woman, in her deepest degradation,
 Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
 Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
 And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
 Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light !

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising.) I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.
 But why this haste ? Stay yet a little longer,
 And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'T is late. I must begone, for if I stay
 You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes ; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear !

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see !

Don C. And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams
 And greater faith in woman. [Exit.

Lara Greater faith !
 I have the greatest faith ; for I believe
 Victorian is her lover. I believe
 That I shall be to-morrow ; and thereafter
 Another, and another, and another,
 Chasing each other through her zodiac,
 As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,
 What speed with Preciosa ?

Fran. None, my lord.
 She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
 She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.
 Pray, dost thou know Victorian ?

Fran. Yes, my lord ;
 I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there !

Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring, that hid a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it ?

Fran. One so like it

I could not choose between them

Lara. It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas ! * and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I ; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman ; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover ; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry ! marry ! marry ! Mother, what does marry mean ? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter ! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum ! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way ; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets ; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night, Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic ; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend ?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee ?

First Mus. Why so ?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that ?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe,

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off ?

First Mus. No, your honor.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we ?

* "Digo Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abernuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque."—*Don Quixote*, Part II., ch. 35.

Second and third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *PRECIOSA'S chamber. She stands at the open window.*

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vault of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song,
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove ! Thou tremblest like a leaf !

Prec. I am so frightened ! 'T is for thee I tremble !
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night !
Did no one see thee ?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'Tis very dangerous ; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been ?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us ;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested.
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life indeed to make time envious !
I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air !
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night !
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair ?

Prec. Am I not always fair ?

Vict. Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

Prec. I heed them not ;
When thou art present, I see none but thee !

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often !
I see thy face in everything I see !
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray ?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest
Is this ?

Prec. It is no jest : indeed it is not,

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances ; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me—

Vict. That thou mayest dance before them !
Now viva la cachucha ! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men ?
"Twill be thy proudest conquest !

Prec. Saving one ;
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Precioso be once more a beggar.

Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms ;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away !

Prec. Dost thou remember
When first we met ?

Vict. It was at Córdoba.
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict. Thou blessed angel !

Prec. And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa !
I loved thee even then, though I was silent !

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
That farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love !
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings ?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,

So fall our thoughts into a dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it !
I cannot reason ; I can only feel !
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar ; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world !
The distance that divides us is too great !
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;
I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little sceptic !
Dost thou still doubt ? What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect !
The intellect is finite ; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth ;
What am I ? Why, a pygmy among giants !
But if thou lovest,—mark me ! I say lovest,
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not !
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced ?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven ;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it ?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more ; my heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,
And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria
Purissima ! 'T is midnight and serene !

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry ?

Prec. It is a hateful sound,
To scare thee from me !

Vict. As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray do not go !

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not.
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love take
this ;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity ;

A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (*laying her hand upon his mouth*). Hush! hush!
Good-night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict. Good-night! good-night. Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(*He descends by the balcony.*)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict. (*from the garden*). Safe as my love for thee!
But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (*throwing down her handkerchief*). Thou silly child! Take
this to blind thine eyes.
It is my benison!

Vict. And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

Prec. Good night!

Watchman (*at a distance*). Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV. *An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.*

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and
midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and
the landlord asleep. Holà! ancient Baltasar!

Balt. (*waking*).

Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town
without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Balt. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a
moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and
down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain,
that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am
in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length
of his coverlet. What have we here?

Balt. (*setting a light on the table*). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (*eating*). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Balt. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (*drinking*). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but *Vino Tinto* of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

Balt. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you, by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the *hidalgo's* dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of tablecloth.

Balt. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Balt. Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

Balt. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Balt. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa. What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (*without*). Chispa!

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. VICTORIAN'S chambers at Alcalá. HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hypo. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep! And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep! Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair, Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught! The candles have burned low; it must be late. Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,* The only place in which one cannot find him Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom Feels the caresses of its master's hand. Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!

* The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

"Siempre Fray Carrillo estás
cansándonos acá fuera;
quien en tu celda estuviera
para no verle jamás!"

Böhl de Faber. *Floresta*, No. 255.

And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco ! *

Padre Francisco !

What do you want of Padre Francisco ?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins !

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

(Enter VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito ! Padre Hypolito !

Hypo. What do you want of Padre Hypolito ?

Vict. Come, shrive me straight ; for, if love be a sin,
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

Hypo. The same old tale

Of the old woman in the chimney corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, " Come here, my child ;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full ; so full
That I must speak.

Hypo. Alas ! that heart of thine

Is like a scene in the old play ; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo ! enter

The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne !

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say ;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,

Being held more precious than the nine together,

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba

Dance the Romalis in the market-place ?

Hypo. Thou meanest Preciosa,

Vict. Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me

Long after we returned to Alcalá

She's in Madrid.

Hypo. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

Hypo. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.

Vict. O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee ;

* This is from an Italian popular song.

" Padre Francesco,

Padre Francesco ! "

—Cosa volete del Padre Francesco—

" V'è una bella ragazzina

Che si vuole confessar ! "

Fatte l'entrare, fatte l'entrare ! "

Che la Voglio confessare.

Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens
und seiner Inseln, p. 194.

But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hypo. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa,—
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary

*Ave! ejus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!**

Vict. Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

Hypo. Seriously enamored?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hypo. Surely thou wilt not marry her!

Vict.

Why not?

Hypo. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdoba

Vict. They quarrelled,

And so the matter ended.

Hypo. But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict.

In truth I will.

The angels sang in heaven when she was born!

She is a precious jewel I have found

Among the filth and rubbish of the world.

I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,

Set on my forehead like the morning star,

The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hypo. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,
'T will be indeed a wonder.

Vict.

Out upon thee,

With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,

Is there no virtue in the world?

Hypo.

Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;

Now, while we speak of her?

Vict.

She lies asleep

And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath

Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.

* From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

Hypo. Which means, in prose
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

Vict. O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

Hypo. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hypo. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the deathbed
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealèd eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funeral shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hypo. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glaucé.

Vict. Hold thy peace:
She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hypo. (*rising*). And so, good-night! Good-morning, I
should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good-night! We'll speak more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good-night!

[*Exit.*

Vict.

Good-night !

But not to bed ; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
 The changing color of the waves that break
 Upon the idle seashore of the mind !
 Visions of Fame ! that once did visit me,
 Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye ?
 O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
 Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
 Upon Olympus, making us immortal ?
 Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
 Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
 At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
 And make the mind prolific in its fancies ?
 I have the wish, but want the will to act !
 Souls of great men departed ! Ye whose words
 Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
 Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
 Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore ?
 From the barred visor of Antiquity
 Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
 As from a mirror ! All the means of action—
 The shapeless masses—the materials—
 Lie everywhere about us. What we need
 Is the celestial fire to change the flint
 Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
 That fire is genius ! The rude peasant sits
 At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
 With charcoal uncounted figures on the wall.
 The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
 And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
 He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
 And, by the magic of his torch at once
 Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
 And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
 It gleams a diamond ! Even thus transformed,
 Rude popular traditions and old tales
 Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
 Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
 Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
 But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
 Which are the dreams of Love ! Out of the heart
 Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
 As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
 And sinks again into its silent deeps,
 Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe !
 'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
 Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
 Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream ;

Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
 Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
 Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
 But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,
 Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
 Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
 Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
 The pressure of her head! God's benison
 Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
 Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
 With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

Gradually sinks asleep)

ACT II.

SCENE I. PRECIOSA's chamber. Morning. PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

Prec. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
 The poor too often turn away unheard
 From hearts that shut against them with a sound
 That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
 Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
 What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara.

Prec. The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!
 Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!
 And rather die an outcast in the streets
 Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then!

Prec. As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.
 As you would keep your name without a blemish,
 Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do?
 I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
 Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor,

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
 Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
 What is your name?

Ang. Angelica

Prec. That name

Was given you, that you might be an angel
 To her who bore you! When your infant smile
 Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
 O, be an angel still! She needs that smile,
 So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
 No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
 Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
 I have no other shield than mine own virtue:

That is the charm which has protected me !

Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it

Here on my heart ! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (*rising*). I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Prec. Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come to meet me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. O, my dear lady ! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness ?

Prec. I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell !

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. [*Exit.*]

Prec. May they guard thee too,

And all the poor ; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my *basquina*,

My richest *maja* dress,—my dancing dress,

And my most precious jewels ! Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me ! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of *Preciosa* !

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

Cruz. Ave Maria !

Prec. O God ! my evil genius !

What seekest thou here to-day ?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me ?

Cruz. Gold ! gold !

Prec. I gave thee yesterday ; I have no more.

Cruz. The gold of the *Busnè*,—give me his gold !

Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee ! Thou art not my child !

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me ?

Not to thy father ? To whom, then ?

Prec. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes ;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave ;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound ;
I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—
Not poor !

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants ; what wouldst thou more ?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné ! * give me his gold !

Prec. Beltran Cruzado ! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee ; never had a wish
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace !
Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long,
Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness ; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell ;
For here we stay not long.

Prec. What ! march again ?

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town !
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates !
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés ! †

Prec. God speed thee on thy march !—I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art !
Be silent and obey ! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (*with emotion*). O I beseech thee !
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion ; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl.
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !

* Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

† The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali ; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

I do not love him ! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone !

Cruz. O child, child, child !
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us ; and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee.

[Exit.

Prec. Woe is me !
I have a strange misgiving in my heart !
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may ; they cannot take that from me.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The ARCHBISHOP
and a CARDINAL seated.*

Archb. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.

Card. Know and approve,

Archb. And farther,
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust forever.
It was a cruel sport.

Archb. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people
Murmur at this ; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As Panem et Circenses was the cry,
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein ;
And therefore have induced your grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Archb. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(Enter PRECIOSA with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.)

Card. (aside). O, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell !

Prec. (kneeling before the ARCHB.) I have obeyed the order of
your grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Archb. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet !
I did not look for this. Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa ?

Prec. Thus I am called.

Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father ?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Archb. I have a dim remembrance of that man ;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sunburnt Ishmael !

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days ?

Prec. Yes ; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow ;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street ;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd ;
The march across the moor ; the halt at noon ;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept ; and, farther back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Archb. 'T is the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears ; and we would see thee dance.

Prec. Your grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachueha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown ; then make signs to each other ; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited ; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III. The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.

Don C. Holá ! good-evening, Don Hypolito.

Hypo. And a good-evening to my friend, Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.

Hypo. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise? *

Don C. I do;
But what of that?

Hypo. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hypo. And amen! said my Cid Campeador.†

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Hypo. Some half dozen ounces
Which, with due interest—

Don C. (*giving his purse*). What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.

Hypo. Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 't is at your service.

Hypo. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often
I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hypo. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hypo. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.
He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hypo. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hypo. For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thought! ‡

Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is

* “¿Y volviéndome á un lado, vi á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel día todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?”—*El Sueño de las Calaveras*.

† A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

“Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador.”

Line 3044.

‡ This expression is from Dante;

“Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.”

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

This floating lily ? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it ? Tell me.

Hypo. Well, it is a woman !
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know
And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

Don C. Well, well ! who is this doll ?

Hypo. Why, who do you think ?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hypo. Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don C. I cannot guess ; so tell me who it is.

Hypo. Not I.

Don C. Why not ?

Hypo. (*mysteriously*). Why ? Because Mari Franca*
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca !

Don C. Jestng aside, who is it ?

Hypo. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible ! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

Hypo. Did I say she was ?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think ;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist ! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

Don C. He comes this way.

Hypo. It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground.
These groves are sacred ! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.

Hypo. Mark him well !
See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don C. What ho ! Victorian !

* A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer ;
"Porque casó Mari Franca
quatro leguas de Salamanca."

Hypo. Wilt thou sup with us?
Vict. Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.
 How fares Don Carlos?
Don C. At your service ever.
Vict. How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
 That you both wot of?
Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes! *
 She has gone back to Cadiz.
Hypo. Ay de mi!
Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go back.
 A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
 Just that soft shade of green we sometime see
 In evening skies.
Hypo. But, speaking of green eyes,
 Are thine green?
Vict. Not a whit. Why so?
Hypo. I think
 The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
 For thou art jealous.
Vict. No. I am not jealous.
Hypo. Thou shouldst be.
Vict. Why?
Hypo. Because thou art in love.
 And they who are in love are always jealous.
 Therefore thou shouldst be.
Vict. Marry, is that all?
 Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
 Thou sayest I should be jealous?
Hypo. Ay, in truth
 I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
 I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
 Lays siege to the same citadel.
Vict. Indeed!
 Then he will have his labor for his pains.
Hypo. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me
 He boasts of his success.
Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?
Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.
 He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
 As a gay man might speak.

* The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example in the well known *Villancico*;

“ Ay ojos verdes,
 ay los mis ojos,
 ay hagan los cielos
 que de mí te acuerdes!

“Tengo confianza
 de mis verdes ojos.”

Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio* xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, “ Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.”

Vict. Death and damnation !
 I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
 And throw it to my dog ! But no, no, no !
 This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.
 Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
 We are no longer friends. And so, farewell !

Hypo. Now what a coil is here ! The Avenging Child * *[Exit.*
 Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
 And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
 To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
 Were nothing to him ! O hot-headed youth !
 But come ; we will not follow. Let us join
 The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
 We shall find merrier company ; I see
 The Marialonzos and the Almagivas,
 And fifty fans, that beckon me already. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*

Prec. (reads). All are sleeping, weary heart !
 Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian here.
 I know not what it is makes me so restless !

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
 That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
 Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
 I have a gentle jailer. Jack-a-day !

All are sleeping, weary heart !
 Thou, thou only sleepless art !
 All this throbbing, all this aching,
 Evermore shall keep thee waking,
 For a heart in sorrow breaking
 Thinketh ever of its smart ! †

Thou speakest truly, poet ! and methinks
 More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
 Than one would say. In distant villages
 And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
 The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
 Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
 And grow in silence, and in silence perish,
 Who hears the falling of the forest leaf ?

* See the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

† From the Spanish. *Böhl's Floresta*. No. 282.

Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
 Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
 Dolores!

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.*)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.
 If I have been too bold—

Prec. (*turning her back upon him.*) You are too bold!
 Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,
 First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
 'Tis for your good I come.

Prec. (*turning toward him with indignation.*) Begone! Begone!
 You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
 Would make the statues of your ancestors
 Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
 Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
 Upon a friendless girl to do her wrong?
 O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
 Should be so little noble in your thoughts
 As to send jewels here to win my love,
 And think to buy my honor with your gold!
 I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
 Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
 Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything.
 Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
 In this false world, we do not always know
 Who are our friends, and who our enemies.
 We all have enemies, and all need friends.
 Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
 Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this
 I owe the honor of the present visit,
 You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
 Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
 What strange reports are current here in town.
 For my own self, I do not credit them;
 But there are many who, not knowing you,
 Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need
 That you should take upon yourself the duty
 Of telling me these tales.

Lara.
Are ever busy with your name.

Malicious tongues

Prec. Alas!
I have no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.

Lara.
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

By none?

Prec. How mean you?
Lara. Nay, nay, I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out.
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.
Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—
You see the roof there just above the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not offended
If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair—

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back and draws a dagger from her bosom.)

Prec. Beware! Beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend—,
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unmasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;

For your sake I will put aside all anger,
 All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
 In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
 And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
 Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
 But if, without offending modesty
 And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
 I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
 To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!

Prec. Ay, in truth,
 Far better than you love yourself or me.

Lara. Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.
 Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec. Nay, come no nearer.

The words I utter are its sign and token.
 Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
 The love wherewith I love you is not such
 As you would offer me. For you came here
 To take me from the only thing I have,
 My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
 And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
 That fill your heart with happiness; but I
 Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure;
 And you would take that from me, and for what?
 To flatter your own vanity, and make me
 What you would most despise. O Sir, such love,
 That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
 Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
 Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
 It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
 Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
 And bids you look into your heart, and see
 How you do wrong that better nature in you,
 And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara. I swear to you,
 I would not harm you; I would only love you.
 I would not take your honor, but restore it,
 And in return I ask but some slight mark
 Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
 As you confess you do, O let me thus
 With this embrace—

Vict. (rushing forward). Hold! Hold! This is too much.
 What means this outrage?

Lara. First, what right have you
 To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more!
 Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?

Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
 Gives me the right!

Prec. (to LARA) Go, I beseech you, go!

Vict. I shall have business with you, Count, anon !

Lara. You cannot come too soon.

[*Exit.*

Prec. Victorian.

O we have been betrayed !

Vict. Ha ! ha ! betrayed !

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we !—not we !

Prec. Dost thou imagine—

Vict. I imagine nothing :

I see how 't is thou whilst the time away

When I am gone !

Prec. O speak not in that tone

It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'T was not meant to flatter.

Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me !

Vict. Yet I saw thee stand

And listen to him, when he told his love.

Prec. I did not heed his words.

Vict. Indeed thou didst,

And answeredest them with love.

Prec. Hadst thou heard all—

Vict. I heard enough.

Prec. Be not so angry with me.

Vict. I am not angry ; I am very calm.

Prec. If thou wilt let me speak—

Vict. Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false !

I do not like these Gypsy marriages !

Where is the ring I gave thee ?

Prec. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest ! I would not have thee wear it :

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted !

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict. Nay, nay, nay !

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips !

They are forsworn !

Prec. Victorian ! dear Victorian !

Vict. I gave up all for thee ; myself, my fame,

My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul !

And thou hast been my ruin ! Now, go on !

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,

And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,

Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was !

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

Prec. And this from thee !

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V. *The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,

And next to love the sweetest thing is hate !
 I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
 A silly girl to play the prude with me !
 The fire that I have kindled !—

(*Enter FRANCISCO.*)

What tidings from Don Juan !
 Well, Francisco,

Fran. Good, my lord ;
 He will be present,

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos ?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest ?

Fran. I've found

The men you wanted. They will all be there,
 And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
 Of such discordant noises, that the dance
 Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.

Ah ! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
 What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
 Thine eyes this night ! Give me my cloak and sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A retired spot beyond the city gates.*

Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Viet. O shame ! O shame ! Why do I walk abroad
 By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
 And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
 Cry " Hide thyself " ! O what a thin partition
 Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
 Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness !
 Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
 Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
 Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
 And in derision seems to smile at me !

Hypo. Did I not caution thee ! Did I not tell thee
 I was but half persuaded of her virtue ?

Viet. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
 We may be over-hasty in condemning !
 The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hypo. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Viet. She does not love him ! 'Tis for gold ! for gold !

Hypo. Ay, but remember, in the public streets
 He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
 A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Viet. She had that ring from me ! God ! she is false !
 But I will be revenged ! The hour is passed.
 Where stays the coward ?

Hypo. Nay, he is no coward ;
 A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.

I've seen him play with swords : it is his pastime,
And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(*Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. Good-evening, gentlemen.

Hypo. Good-evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hypo. It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

Vict. No ! none !

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito.
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count !

(*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.*)

Your life is mine ; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account ?

Lara. Strike ! strike !

Vict. You are disarmed. I will not kill you.
I will not murder you, Take up your sword.

(*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*)

Hypo. Enough ! Let it end here ! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords ; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed ; she has been false
To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself !

Lara. In truth I did not seek her ; she sought me ;
And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me! O, pluck out
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
Let me know all! all! all!

Lara, You shall know all.
Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If farther proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused!
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!
To night I leave this hateful town forever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

Hypo. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]

Lara. Farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[Exit with FRANCISCO.]

SCENE VII. *A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast
thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou
rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from
Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar,
who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The
girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—tho son of a Busné harlot.

He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX. *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray, fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music?
It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
A bumper and away; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa!

(*They rise and drink.*)

All. Preciosa.

Lara. (*holding up his glass*). Thou bright and flaming minister of
Love!

Thou wonderful magican! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name! O never more henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

(Scene closes.)

Burt. No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. *(Sound of guitars, and voices in a neighboring street.)* Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good-night! Good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.*

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

Ah! thou moon that shinest
 Argent-clear above!
 All night long enlighten
 My sweet lady-love!
 Moon that shinest,
 All night long enlighten!

Cruz. Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other ;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother !

* From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Ay, for the partridge, mother !
 The cat has run away with the partridge !
 Puss ! puss ! puss !

Bart. Follow that ! follow that ! Come with me, Puss ! puss !

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
 And draw the bolt. There, so and so, and over.
 Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
 Yon balcony. How now ? Her light still burns.
 Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(Exeunt. Reënter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark ! I hear them in the garden. *(Tries the gate.)* Bolted again ! Vive Christo ! Follow me over the wall.

(They climb the wall.)

SCENE XI. PRECIOSA'S bed-chamber. *Midnight. She is sleeping in an armchair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.*

Dolo. She sleeps at last !

(Opens the window and listens.)

All silent in the street,

And in the garden. Hark !

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence !
 Give me my cloak !

Dolo. He comes ! I hear his footsteps !

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night ;
 I am too ill ! Look at me ! See the fever
 That burns upon my cheek ! I must go hence.
 I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dolo. (from the window). Who 's there ?

Voice (from below). A friend.

Dolo. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me !
 Shame ! shame ! to treat a feeble woman thus !
 Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
 I 'm ready now,—give me my castanets.
 Where is Victorian ? Oh, those hateful lamps !
 They glare upon me like an evil eye.
 I cannot stay. Hark ! how they mock at me !
 They hiss at me like serpents ! Save me ! save me !

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores ?

Dolo. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden and voices.*)

Voice. Muera !

Another Voice. O villains ! villains !

Lara. So ! have at you !

Voice. Take that !

Lara. O, I am wounded !

Dolo. (*shutting the window*). Jesu Maria !

ACT III.

SCENE I, *A crossroad through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love !
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !
 Enemy
 Of all that mankind may not rue !
 Most untrue
 To him who keeps most faith with thee.
 Woe is me !
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
 Ah, Love !
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Vict. Yes, Love is very busy with his shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian ;
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hypo. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*.)

Thy deceits
 Give us clearly to comprehend,
 Whither tend
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !
 They are cheats,
 Thorns below and flowers above.
 Ah, Love !
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hypo. It suits thy case.

Vict.

Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

Hypo.

Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hypo.

With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and in earnest
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her ! All dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds !

I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,

And she will say, " He was indeed my friend ! "

O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet.

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf forever

To the upbraidings of this foolish heart !

Hypo. Then let that foolish heart upbraid me more !

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword

That pierces me ; for, like Excalibar,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that grasps it,

And waves it in the air ; and wailing voices

Are heard along the shore.

Hypo.

And yet at last

Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,

To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hapest on the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty health

To talk of dying.

Vict.

Yet I fain would die !

To go through life, unloving and unloved ;

To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul

We cannot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,

And struggle after something we have not

And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed beneath the cloaks

All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone !

Would I were with them !

Hypo.

We shall all be soon

Vict. It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,

Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers ;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;
 And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
 Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
 And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
 A mockery and a jest ; maddened,—confused,—
 Not knowing friend from foe.

Hypo. Why seek to know ?
 Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !
 Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
 Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,
 That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
 Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
 Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
 Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
 Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
 And sinks again into the weltering sea,
 Helpless and hopeless !

Hypo. Yet thou shalt not perish.
 The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
 Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
 A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star !

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan
 Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry !
 A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
 Over the red roofs of the cottages,
 And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
 Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
 And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
 And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin !

Hypo. Amen ! amen ! Not half a league from hence
 The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
 Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail
 Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
 And, like an idle mariner on the main,
 Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hals in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHITO PEDRO followed by CRESPO.*

Pan. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves !
 Make room for the Alcalde and for me !

Pedro C. Keep silence all ! I have an edict here
 From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,

Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen !

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura,
Good-day ! and, pray you, hear this edict read.
Padre C. Good-day, and God be with you ! Pray, what is it ?
Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies !

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pan. Silence !

Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars ; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each ;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off ;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,
Or burned as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized !
You hear the law ! Obey and disappear !

Pan. And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law ! A very righteous law !
Pray you sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sounds of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—
How came these Gypsies into Spain ?

Padre C. Why, look you ;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,

Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor——

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burned, I see it plain enough,
They should be burned.

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.*)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hypo. Good-evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good-evening to you.

Hypo. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hypo. We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of
vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [Exit.

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hypo. Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something,—
You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hypo. As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan,"

Padre C. Ah! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde!

Hypo. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an Alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true.

He is out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

Hypo. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you !
 You do me honor ! I am but too happy.
 To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
 It is not often that I have occasion
 To speak with scholars ; and *Emollit mores*,
Nec sinit esse ferus, Cicero says.

Hypo. 'T is Ovid, is it not ?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hypo. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
 Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid !
 But hang me if it is not ! (*Aside.*)

Padre C. Pass this way.
 He was a very great man, was Cicero !
 Pray you, go in ! no ceremony.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá
 I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hypo. And left behind an honored name, no doubt.
 How may I call your Grace ?

Padre C. Gerónimo
 De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

Hypo. Descended from the Marquis Santillana ?
 From the distinguished poet ?

Padre C. From the Marquis,
 Not from the poet.

Hypo. Why, they were the same.
 Let me embrace you ! O some lucky star
 Has brought me hither ! Yet once more !—once more !
 Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
 And our professor, when we are unruly,
 Will shake his hoary head, and say, " Alas !
 It was not so in Santillana's time ! "

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hypo. More than remembered ; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you ?

Hypo. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hypo. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
 O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
 As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten ?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,
 Those college days ! I ne'er shall see the like !
 I had not buried then so many hopes !
 I had not buried then so many friends !
 I've turned my back on what was then before me ;
 And the bright faces of my young companions
 Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
 Do you remember Cueva ?

Hypo. Cueva ? Gueva ?

Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time.
You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hypo. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry,
Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece.

(*Enter MARTINA.*)

Hypo. You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*Aside.*)
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.
Let us have supper.

Mart. 'T will be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.
Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[*Exit.*]

Hypo. Hist! Martina!
One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!
To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.
Is it not so?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hypo. Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mart. (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune?

Hypo. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mart. (*surprised*). How know you that?

Hypo. Ó, I know more than that.
What a soft, little hand! And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hypo. So soon?

Vict. I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hypo. What news from Court?

Vict. He brought this letter only. (*Reads.*)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

Hypo. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?

Vict. O, most infamous !
The Count of Lara is a damnèd villain !

Hypo. That is no news, forsooth.

Vict. He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged ; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
Too foul to speak of ; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies !

Hypo. To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo !

Vict. Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart !
I will go seek for her ; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her !

Hypo. O beware !
Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her !
Still fondly love her !

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

Hypo. Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood ?

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven,
I thank thee ! She is found ! is found again !

Hypo. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa ?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

Hypo. Yes, moved with hunger ;
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip and singing the Cachucha.*

Chispa. Hallo ! Don Fulano ! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa ! what a dog's life dost thou lead ! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life

of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(*Enter DON CARLOS.*)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*)

Mos. Pray, have little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mos. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mos. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mos. Are you from Madrid!

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mos. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

Mos. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to MOSQUITO.*) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mos. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mos. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama.

[*Exit.*]

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? *
Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

* In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querclar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Anadalousia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville."

BORROW'S *Zincali*. Vol. 1. ch. ix.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night, Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

Gyps. (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee? *

First Gyps. (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gyps. (at the forge sing.)

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier
And thus his ditty ran:
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gyp. (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gyp. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gyp. Have at you, Chirelin.

Gyps. (at the forge sing).

At midnight when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

* This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*.

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.

Pigeon, a simpleton.

In your morocco, stripped.

Doves, sheets.

Moon, a shirt.

Chirelin, a thief.

Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall.

Rastilleros, foot-pads.

Hermit, highway-robber.

Planets, candles.

Commandments, the fingers.

Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.

Lanterns, eyes.

Goblin, police officer.

Papagayo, a spy.

Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gyps. Ay!

Cruz (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gyps. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D' ye hear?

Gyps. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. "Vineyards and dancing John" is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gyps. Ay! ay!

Cruz. Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally.* CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being,
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O, Bartolomé!
Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb!

Prec. O touch me not
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,

Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart.

Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!

Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I am thine no longer.

Bart.

O, recall the time

When we were children! how we played together,

How we grew up together; how we plighted

Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.

I am hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!

Fulfil thy promise.

Prec

'T was my father's promise,

Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,

Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart.

False tongue of woman!

And heart more false!

Prec.

Nay, listen unto me,

I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;

I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,

It is my destiny. Thou art a man

Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live.

Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,

Better than I, and fairer; and let not

Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.

I never sought thy love; never did aught

To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,

And most of all I pity thy wild heart,

That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.

Beware, beware of that.

Bart.

For thy dear sake,

I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

Bart.

Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart.

I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart.

Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never!

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.

[*Exit.*

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!

Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!

Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
 To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
 To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
 All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
 And be at rest forever! O, dull heart,
 Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
 Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
 Under the tent-like tree!

Hypo. A woodland nymph!

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hypo. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist! Gypsy!

Prec. (aside with emotion). That voice! that voice from heaven!

O speak again!

Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (aside) 'T is he! 'T is he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.

False friend, or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true.

Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (putting a piece of gold into her hand.) There is the cross.

Prec. Is 't silver?

Vict. No, 't is gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie, the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate;

And this same passionate humor in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid;

For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air

Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold!

Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!

There is no blessing in its charity!

Make her your wife, for you have been abused;

And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,
When pleading in another's cause her own!—
That is a pretty ring upon your finger,
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

Prec. No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 't is but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!
Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare
To utter such a fiendish lie!

Vict. Not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

Prec. 'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where has thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come—

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hypo. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune!

Hypo. Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted with a whip and lantern.)

Vict. What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good-evening to you,
My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?
Chispa (to Preciosa). Good news from Court good news! Beltran
Cruzado,

The Count of the Calès, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?

Chispa. As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid,

Prec. Is this a dream! O, if it be a dream,
 Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
 Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
 Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
 This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,
 And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
 Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
 A blissful certainty, a vision bright
 Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
 Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,
 As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
 And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (*giving him her hand*). I have still
 A hand to give.

Chispa (*aside*). And I have two to take.
 I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
 To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
 I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village,
 Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
 The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
 Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed,
 And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
 To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of general joy;
 Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
 Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hypo. So farewell,
 The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
 Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
 And all that makes vacation beautiful!
 To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
 To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
 Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
 The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
 And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI. *A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning.*
A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
 Awake and open thy door,
 'T is the break of day, and we must away,
 O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
 But come with thy naked feet;

We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.*

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia Plena. Olá ! good man !

Shep. Olá !

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia ?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it ?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley ?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains ?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What ?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria ! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me ?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried ;
Onward, cabillito, mio,
With the white star in thy forehead !
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack !
Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo
Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun !

O glorious sight !

Prec. Most beautiful indeed !

Hypo. Most wonderful !

Vict. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,

* From the Spanish ; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista.

Sends up a salutation to the morn.
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory !

Prec. And which way lies
Segovia ?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it ?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder !

Hypo. 'T is a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec. O, yes ! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart, than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And, all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as, in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide,
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea !

(*She weeps.*)

Vict. O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark ! she comes !" O father ! father !

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.*)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day ! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking ; and always as merry as a thunderstorm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen ? Patience, and shuffle the cards ! I am not yet so bald, that you can see my brains ; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite !
[*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.*)

Bart. They passed this way. I hear their horses' hoofs !
Yonder I see them ! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last !

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha ! ha ! Well whistled my sweet caramillo.
Well whistled !—I have missed her !—O, my God !

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.*)

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, AND OTHER POEMS.

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blend-

ed,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's
rhymes,

Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges,

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet
anger,

When the wrangling bells had
ended,

Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.

Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air.
Save that footsteps here and
there

Of some burgher home return-
ing,

By the street lamps faintly burn-
ing,

For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges,

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic num-
bers,

As they loud proclaimed the
flight

And stolen marches of the night ;
Till their chimes in sweet collis-
ion

Mingled with each wandering
vision,

Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fan-
cies,

Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.

All else seemed asleep in Bru-
ges,

In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these
chimes

Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and
ditties,

From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in
vain,

On the roofs and stones of cities !
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear

And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished
long ;

Hears amid the chime and sing-
ing
The bells of his own village ring-
ing,
And wakes, and finds his slum-
berous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.
Thus dreamed I, as by night I
lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the
night,
Rang their changes from the
Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widow-
hood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and
vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into
air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and
high ;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the
sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalm from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the
choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brains ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders*—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of
Gold ; †

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ; ‡

“ And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the
queen,
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed be-
tween.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ; §

* The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them ; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

† When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed, “ Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines.”

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction ; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions ; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, “ We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner.”

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430, and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

‡ Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterward in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero Pfizing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

§ This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,*
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.†

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land ! " ‡

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once
more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before I was aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square.

and seven thousand cavalry ; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day, to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Éperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray ; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

* When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burned ; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterward he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle ; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might ; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterward established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

† The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterward transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

‡ The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland ; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland ; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still,
my steed,

Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy
Past

The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the
town ;

There the green lane descends,

Through which I walked to
church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving
boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they ;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

" Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting
cares,
Of earth and folly born !"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the
golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay.

Turned o'er the hymn-book's
fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's ser-
mon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with
him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, 'alas, the place seems
changed ;
Thou art no longer here :
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in
my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and
breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the
past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us
haugs,
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamor,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is, it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
 And every nation, that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would fear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
 Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
 Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them
 throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying; centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days,
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.†

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common
mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,‡
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,§
Like a foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the better land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal
lanes!

Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

* An old popular proverb of the town runs thus :—

*"Nürnberg's Hand
Geth durch alle Land."*

Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.

† Melchior Pfünzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 123.

‡ The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for their size and beauty.

§ This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

From remote and smeless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy
bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.*

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely-sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song.†
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and
long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye,
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless
lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

* The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century ; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

† Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision :—

“ An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful, with golden clasps.”

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY: CONQUÊTE DE L'ANGLÈTERRE.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thun-
dered,

And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the
gainer,

Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plun-
dered.

Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly steal-
ing.

Bells, that, from the neighboring
kloster

Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christ-
mas wassail;

Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the
waits.

And so loud these Saxon glee-
men,

Sang to slaves the songs of free-
men,

That the storm was heard but
faintly,

Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they
chaunted

Reached the chamber terror-
haunted,

Where the monk, with accents
holy,

Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like
Aaron,

Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the
sainted

Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering
baron,

"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and
fashion,

Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had van-
ished,

Falsehood and deceit were ban-
ished,

Reason spake more loud than
passion,

And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,

Every serf born to their manor.

All those wronged and wretched
creatures,

By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal,

He recorded their dismissal,

Death relaxed his iron features,

And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been num-
bered

Since in death the baron slum-
bered

By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout ;

Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on
the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted
noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,

Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain.
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil ;
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air :
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain,

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly
told,
Have not been wholly sung nor
said.

For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs
profound.

To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is
done,

On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear.
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death
to birth,

From earth to heaven, from
heaven to earth ;

Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasura-
ble wheel

Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of
Time.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy
mother's knee,
With merry-making eyes and
jocund smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and
face:

The ancient chimney of thy nur-
sery !

The lady, with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave ba-
shaw

With bearded lip and chin ;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud com-
mand

Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver
bells,

Making a merry tune !

Thousands of years in Indian
seas

That coral grew, by slow de-
grees,

Until some deadly and wild mon-
soon

Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !
Those silver bells

Reposed of yore,

As shapeless ore,

Far down in the deep-sunken
wells

Of darksome mines,

In some obscure and sunless
place,

Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and es-
cape,

The tall ships passed the stormy
cape ;

For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath the burning, tropic
clime,

The Indian peasant, chasing the
wild goat,

Himself as swift and wild,

In falling, clutched the frail
arbut.

The fibres of whose shallow root
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the pi-
rate, Time.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round

With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign
land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and sur-
prise!

And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be
free.

The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to
thee.

No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings
on the floor,

That won thy little, beating heart
before;

Thou strugglest for the open
door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.

The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of
memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these
walls,

One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and
damp

The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing
stairs.

Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave
thoughts to thee?

Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.

I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the ap¹les on
the tree,

With cheeks as round and red as
they;

And now among the yellow
stalks,

Among the flowering shrubs and
plants,

As restless as the bee.

Along the garden walks,

The tracks of thy small carriage-
wheels I trace;

And see at every turn how they
efface

Whole villages of sand-roofed
tents,

That rise like golden domes

Above the cavernous and secret
homes

Of wandering and nomadic tribes
of ants.

Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign,
Dost persecute and overwhelm
These hapless Troglodytes of thy
realm!

What! tired already! with those
suppliant looks,

And voice more beautiful than a
poet's books,

Or murmuring sound of water as
it flows,

Thou comest back to parley with
repose!

This rustic seat in the old apple-
tree,

With its o'erhanging golden can-
opy

Of leaves illuminate with autumnal
hues,

And shining with the argent
light of dews,

Shall for a season be our place of
rest.

Beneath us, like an oriole's pen-
dent nest,

From which the laughing birds
have taken wing,

By thee abandoned, hangs thy
vacant swing.

Dream-like the waters of the
 river gleam ;
 A sullied vessel drops adown the
 stream,
 And like it, to a sea as wide and
 deep,
 Thou driftest gently down the
 tides of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison !

Here at the portal thou dost
 stand,

And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious
 gate

Into the future's undiscovered
 land.

I see its valves expand,

As at the touch of Fate !

Into those realms of love and
 hate,

Into that darkness blank and
 drear,

By some prophetic feeling
 taught,

I launch the bold, adventurous
 thought,

Freighted with hope and fear ;

As upon subterranean streams,

In caverns unexplored and dark,

Men sometimes launch a fragile
 bark,

Laden with flickering fire,

And watch its swift-receding
 beams,

Until at length they disappear,

And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope !
 Like the new moon thy life ap-
 pears ;

A little strip of silver light,

And widening outward into night

The shadowy disk of future
 years ;

And yet upon its outer rim,

A luminous circle, faint and dim,

And scarcely visible to us here,

Rounds and completes the per-
 fect sphere ;

A prophecy and intimation,
 A pale and feeble adumbration,
 Of the great world of light, that
 lies

Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish
 fraught,

Should be to wet the dusty soil
 With the hot tears and sweat of
 toil,—

To struggle with imperious
 thought,

Until the overburdened brain,
 Weary with labor, faint with
 pain,

Like a jarred pendulum, retain

Only its motion, not its power,—

Remember, in that perilous hour,
 When most afflicted and op-
 prest,

From labor there shall come forth
 rest.

And if a more auspicious fate

On thy advancing steps await,

Still let it ever be thy pride

To linger by the laborer's side ;

With words of sympathy or song

To cheer the dreary march along

Of the great army of the poor,

O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous
 moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be

Without reward ; for thou shalt
 learn

The wisdom early to discern

True beauty in utility ;

As great Pythagoras of yore,

Standing beside the blacksmith's
 door,

And hearing the hammers, as
 they smote

The anvils with a different note,

Stole from the varying tones,
 that hung

Vibrant on every iron tongue,

The secret of the sounding wire.

And formed the seven-chorded
 lyre

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;
 I will no longer strive to ope
 The mystic volume, where appear
 The herald Hope, forerunning
 Fear,
 And Fear, the pursuivant of
 Hope.
 Thy destiny remains untold ;
 For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
 The swift thought kindles as it
 flies.
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.*

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
 The balance in the hand of Time.
 O'er East and West its beam im-
 pended ;
 And day, with all its hours of
 light,
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,
 While, opposite, the scale of night
 Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
 In that bright vision I beheld
 Greater and deeper mysteries.
 I saw, with its celestial keys,
 Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
 The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
 Rising through all its sevenfold
 bars,
 From earth unto the fixed stars.
 And through the dewy atmos-
 phere,
 Not only could I see, but hear,
 Its wondrous and harmonious
 strings,
 In sweet vibration, sphere by
 sphere,
 From Dian's circle light and
 near,
 Onward to vaster and wider
 rings,

Where, chanting through his
 beard of snows,
 Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
 And down the sunless realms of
 space
 Reverberates the thunder of his
 bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
 This music sounded like a march,
 And with its chorus seemed to
 be

Preluding some great tragedy.
 Sirius was rising in the east ;
 And, slow ascending one by one,
 The kindling constellations shone.
 Begirt with many a blazing star,
 Stood the great giant Algebar,
 Orion, hunter of the beast !
 His sword hung gleaming by his
 side.

And, on his arm, the lion's hide
 Scattered across the midnight air
 The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not
 faint,

And beautiful as some fair saint,
 Serenely moving on her way
 In hours of trial and dismay.
 As if she heard the voice of God,
 Unharm'd with naked feet she
 trod

Upon the hot and burning stars,
 As on the glowing coals and bars
 That were to prove her strength,
 and try

Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent
 pace,

And triumph in her sweet, pale
 face,

She reached the station of Orion.
 Aghast he stood in strange
 alarm !

And suddenly from his out-
 stretched arm

* Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect ; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song and not from that of science ; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Down fell the red skin of the lion
 Into the river at his feet.
 His mighty club no longer beat
 The forehead of the bull ; but he
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
 When, blinded by Ænopion,
 He sought the blacksmith at his
 forge,
 And, climbing up the mountain
 gorge,
 Fixed his black eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence over-
 head,
 An angel with a trumpet said,
 " Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er !"
 And, like an instrument that
 flings
 Its music on another's strings,
 The trumpet of the angel cast
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
 And on from sphere to sphere the
 words
 Reëchoed down the burning
 chords,—
 " Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er !"

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at mid-
 night,
 As the clocks were striking the
 hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church tower.
 I saw her bright reflection
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.
 And far in the hazy distance
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.
 Among the long, black rafters
 The wavering shadows lay,

And the current that came from
 the ocean
 Seemed to lift and bear them
 away ;

As, sweeping and eddying
 through them,
 Rose the belated tide.
 And, streaming into the moon-
 light.
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
 Among the wooden piers,
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at
 midnight,
 And gazed on that wave and
 sky !

How often, O, how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing
 tide
 Would bear me away on its
 bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and rest-
 less,
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could
 bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea ;
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the
 ocean
 Comes the thought of other
 years

And I think how many thou-
 sands
 Of care-encumbered men,

Each bearing his burden of sor- row, Have crossed the bridge since then. I see the long procession Still passing to and fro, The young heart hot and restless, And the old subdued and slow.	And forever and forever, As long as the river flows, As long as the heart has passions, As long as life has woes ; The moon and its broken reflection And its shadows shall appear, As the symbol of love in heaven, And its wavering image here.
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TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawbaws ;
 Gloomy and dark, as the driving clond, whose name thou hast taken !
 Wrapped in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's
 Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers
 Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.
 What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of
 the prairies?

How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the sweet air
 of the mountains?

Ah ! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
 Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pave-
 ments,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting grounds ; while down-trodden
 millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they,
 too,

Have been created heirs of earth, and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash !
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the
 maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
 Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their
 branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses !
 There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-horn,
 Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw
 Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the
 Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous
 deserts ?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
 Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
 And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,

Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires
Gleam through the night : and the cloud of dust in the gray of the
daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race ;
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !
Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the
east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smoke of thy wigwams !

SONGS.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he
scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the
rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from
edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that
buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
And from wrecks of ships, and
drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and
reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean

Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fast-
ness,

In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song.

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth ;
From the flashing surf, whose
vision

Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the
Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;
From the wreck of Hopes far-
scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate ;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more de-
part.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the dark-
ness
Falls from the wings of Night,

As a feather is wafted down-
ward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and
the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er
me,
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feel-
ing,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his
heart,
As showers from the clouds of
summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured
volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares that infest the
day,
Shall fold their tents, like the
Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG- BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems dealt harshly, with
thee,

Since, beneath the skies of Den-
mark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy
margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee
rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As these leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wan-
dered
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion
wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and
friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky bar-
racks;
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale me-
chanics,
*All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;
They, alas ! have left thee friend-
less !
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chim-
neys,
So thy twittering songs shall
nestle
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGEL-
WEID. *

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurtzburg's minster
towers.

And he gave the monks his treas-
ures,
Gave them all with this behest:

* Walter von der Vogel-veid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

They should feed the birds at
noontide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, "From these wandering
minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and
long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire.
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair.
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tomb-
stone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wart-
burg,
Which the bard had fought be-
fore.

There they sang their merry
carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste
of food ?
Be it changed to loaves hencefor-
ward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland
nests,

When the minster bells rang
noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries dis-
cordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic
spire,
Screamed the feathered Minne-
singers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscrip-
tions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend ! sit down and
listen !
From the pitcher, placed be-
tween us,
How the waters laugh and glis-
ten
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs,
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and and chat-
ters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus fol-
low ;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchan-
tes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and
thyrses,

Wild from Naxian groves, or
Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the
nations,
Bloodless victories, and the
farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for
armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,
Much this mystic throng ex-
presses;
Bacchus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the Satyrs, changed to
devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'er-
taken.

Now to rivulets from the moun-
tains
Point the rods of fortune-tell-
ers;

Youth perpetual dwells in foun-
tains,—
Not in flasks, and casks, and
cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flag-
ons
And huge tankards filled with
Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic
fables;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and
listen!
As it passes thus between us.
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement,
dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village
street
Stands the old fashioned country-
seat.

Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows
throw.

And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to
all,—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its
hands

From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his
cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who
pass,—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and
light;
But in the silent dead of night.
Distinct as the passing footsteps
fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,

And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—

“Forever—never;
Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth.

Through days of death and days of birth,

Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it
has stood,

And as if, like God, it all things
saw,

It calmly repeats those words of
awe,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;

His great fires up the chimney
roared;

The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the
feast,

That warning timepiece never
ceased,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children
played,

There youths and maidens dream-
ing strayed;

O precious hours! O golden
prime,

And affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-
piece told,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in
white,

The bride came forth on her wed-
ding night;

There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of
snow;

And in the hush that followed
the prayer,

Was heard the old clock on the
stair,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are
dead;

And when I ask, with throbs of
pain,

“Ah! when shall they all meet
again?”

As in the days long-since gone
by,

The ancient timepiece makes
reply,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,

Where all parting, pain, and
care,

And death, and time shall disap-
pear,—

Forever there, but never here!

The horologe of Eternity

Sayeth this incessantly,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

—

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and
strong,

That it can follow the flight of
song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to
end,

I found again in the heart of a
friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the
West,
Whose panes the sunken sun
incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her case-
ment, shines
The evening star, the star of love
and rest!
And then anon she doth herself
divest,
Of all her radiant garments,
and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of
yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of
love oppress.
O my beloved, my sweet Hes-
perus!
My morning and my evening
star of love!
My best and gentlest lady! even
thus,
As that fair planet in the sky
above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at
night,
And from thy darkened window
fades the light.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded
by the rain,
With banners, by great gales
incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of
Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to
thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial
Charlemagne,*
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy
royal hand

Outstretched with benedictions
o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all
thy vast domain.
Thy shield is the red harvest
moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's
o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's
prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine
the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy
ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scat-
ters the golden leaves!

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wandereth through
the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad,
majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from
thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump
of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human
sympathies,
What soft compassion glows,
as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded
lamps relume!
Methinks I see thee stand, with
pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in
golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark
the day's decrease;
And, as he asks what there the
stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister
whispers, "Peace!"

* Charlemagne may be called by preëminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

TRANSLATIONS.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !
 Green not alone in summer time,
 But in the winter's frost and rime !
 O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !
 O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !
 Love me in prosperity,
 And leave me in adversity !
 O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !
 The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !
 So long as summer laughs she sings,
 But in the autumn spreads her wings.
 The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !
 The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !
 It flows so long as falls the rain,
 In drought its springs soon dry again.
 The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
 She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
 To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
 Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood !

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
 We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
 Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
 The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
 Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou has obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand ?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife ;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest.
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell ;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS
MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are
standing

The cathedral door above ;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who bath soothed my soul with
love.

In his mantle,—wound about him.
As their robes the sowers wind,—
Bore he swallows and their fledg-
lings,

Flowers and weeds of every
kind.

And so stands he calm and child-
like,

Hill in the wind and tempest
wild ;

O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child !

And my songs,—green leaves and
blossoms,

To the doors of heaven would
bear,

Calling, even in storm and tem-
pest,

Round me still these birds of
air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS- BILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS
MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids
calm,

Feels, but scarcely feels, a trem-
bling

In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
 Sees he how with zealous care
 At the ruthless nail of iron
 A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never
 tiring,
 With its beak it doth not cease,
 From the cross 't would free the
 Saviour,
 Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mild-
 ness :
 "Blest be thou of all the good !
 Bear, as token of this moment,
 Marks of blood and holy rood !"

And that bird is called the cross-
 bill ;
 Covered all with blood so clear,
 In the groves of pine it singeth

Songs, like legends, strange to
 hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH
 HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,
 The heaven hath its stars ;
 But my heart, my heart,
 My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
 Yet greater is my heart,
 And fairer than pearls and stars
 Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
 Come unto my great heart ;
 My heart, and the sea, and the
 heaven
 Are melting away with love !

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. SEVENTEENTH
 CENTURY.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
 Who has it not wants hardihood,
 Who has it has much trouble and care,
 Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
 Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
 God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly.
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three
Extant are ; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round ;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke ;
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small ;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ah ! how soon they all are silent ! Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,
 They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs;
 For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,
 They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE DANISH OF BAGGESEN.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
 When my whole frame was but an ell in height,
 Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
 And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
 And rode a-horseback on best father's knee;
 Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,
 And Gold, and Greek, and Love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
 Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
 Like points in heaven I saw the stars arise,
 And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
 And thought, "O were I on that island there!
 I could find out of what the moon is made,
 Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies
 Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
 And yet, upon the morrow, early rise
 And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light.

And thought of God, the gracious, heavenly Father,
 Who made me and that lovely sun on high,
 And all those pearls of heaven, thick strung together,
 Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence my young lips did say
 The prayer my pious mother taught to me;
 "Oh, gentle God! Oh, let me strive alway
 Still to be wise, and good, and follow Thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
 And for my sister, and for all the town;
 The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
 Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of childhood perished,
 And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
 Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished—
 God! may I never, never lose that too!

THE GOOD GEORGE CAMP-
 BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF O. L. B.
 WOLF.

HIGH on the highlands,
 And deep in the day,
 The good George Campbell
 Rode free and away.
 All saddled, all bridled,
 Gay garments he wore;
 Home came his good steed,
 But he nevermore!

Out came his mother,
 Weeping so sadly!
 Out came his beauteous bride,
 Wailing so madly!
 All saddled, all bridled,
 Strong armor he wore;
 Home came the saddle,
 But he nevermore!

“ My meadow lies green,
 Unreaped is my corn;
 My garner is empty,
 My child is unborn!”
 All saddled, all bridled,
 Sharp weapons he bore:
 Home came the saddle,
 But he nevermore!

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
 Dealing its dole,

The Curfew Bell
 Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
 And put out the light;
 Toil comes with the morning,
 And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
 And quenched is the fire;
 Sound fades into silence,—
 All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
 No sound in the hall!
 Sleep and oblivion
 Reign over all!

II.

The book is completed,
 And closed, like the day;
 And the hand that has written it
 Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
 Forgotten they lie;
 Like coals in the ashes,
 They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
 The story is told,
 The windows are darkened,
 The hearth-stone is cold

Darker and darker
 The black shadows fall;
 Sleep and oblivion
 Reign over all.

EVANGELINE, A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the
hunter?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the
ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the north-
ward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys;
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of
maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and uprose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-
leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-
side,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her
tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her
missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
 But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
 Homely serene she walked with God's benediction upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathling around it.
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-
 grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and
 the farmyard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and
 the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered
 seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
 Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
 Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
 And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil, the blacksmith,
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
 For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
 Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
 Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their
 letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed, Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith. There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything. Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows, And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes, Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter as swift as the swoop of the eagle, Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings; Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow! Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children, He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action, She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance, Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters. Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound, Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands. Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel. All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement. Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes. Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints! Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood. Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him :
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the home-
stead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her
collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-
side,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-
dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept : their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves
howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their
fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent !

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-
wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his armchair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine,

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bag-
 pipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock
 clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
 Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
 Benedict knew by the hobnailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
 "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the
 threshold.

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
 Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee ;
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco ;
 Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
 Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside :—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad !
 Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued :—
 "Four days now are past since the English ships at their anchors
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
 What their design may be is unknown ; but all are commanded
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the meantime
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
 Then made answer the farmer :—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
 By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and chil-
 dren."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the black-
 smith,
 Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh, he continued :—
 "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds ;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer :—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our corn-fields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the glebe round
about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-month.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children ?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Évangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses with horn
bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal,
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive.
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right
hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the
village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their
errand,"

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.

Yet I am not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ? ”
“ God’s name ! ” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible black-smith ;

Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest ! ”
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above
them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the
mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman’s palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.”
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the black-smith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the
vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of
Grand-Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in the flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the other sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the
king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-
stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her
chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-
press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in
marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moon-
light

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart
of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.

Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her
shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times the feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar !

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas.
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the green-sward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
 Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and case-ment,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
 Then up rose their commander; and spake from the steps of the altar,
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
 "You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
 Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness.

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant that you may dwell there
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
 As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
 roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
 Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he
 shouted,

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them
 allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our
 harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
 All that clamorous throng : and thus he spake to his people ;
 Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.
 " What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations ?
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?
 Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you !
 See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !
 Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father, forgive
 them ! ' "

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
 Let us repeat it now, and say ' O Father, forgive them ! ' "

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ;
 And they repeated his prayer, and said, " O Father, forgive them ! "

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the
 altar.
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people re-
 sponded,
 Not with their lips alone, but with their hearts ; and the Ave Maria
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion
 translated,
 Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all
 sides
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
 Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild
 flowers ;
 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from
 the dairy ;
 And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
 Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
 Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
 Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience !
 Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
 Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
 As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church, Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion
" Gabriel ! " cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the
living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper
untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of
terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created !
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven ;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till
morning.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the wood-
land.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of play-
things.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; there on the sea-
beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the church-
yard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-
doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy proces-
sion

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their coun-
try,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their
daughters.

Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—
“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience ! ”
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by
the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above
them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whis-
pered.—

“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen ! ”
Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was his aspect !
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his
footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw
their children

Left on the land extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twi-
light

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the reflux ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders ;
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-
 yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-
 maid.

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus sounded,
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the win-
 dows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tem-
 pest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
 Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.

" *Benedicite !* " murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
 Fluttered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
 Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of
 mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the road-
 stead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands
 of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,
 uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-
 tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on ship-
 board.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
“ We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré ! ”
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encamp-
ments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the
whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the
horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o’er the
meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the
maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-
shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father’s side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near
her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-
side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying land-
ward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in
ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed :
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the
 northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfound-
 land.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of
 Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
 Friends they sought and homes : and many, despairing, heart-broken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
 Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
 Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
 Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
 Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;
 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine.
 Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor ;
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and
 tombstones,

Sat by some nameless graves, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, inarticulate whisper,
 Came with his airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and
 known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said they ; " O, yes ! we have seen him.
 He was with Basil the Blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies ;
Coueurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said others ; " O, yes ! we have seen him.
 He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say,—“ Dear child ! why dream and wait for him
 longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ?
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
 Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be happy !
 Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—“ I cannot !
 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not else-
 where.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the path-
 way.

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”
 And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
 Said, with a smile,—“ O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh within
 thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refresh-
 ment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
 Patience ! accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy work of affection !
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of
 heaven !

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean.
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, “ De-
 spair not ! ”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
 Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer's footsteps :—
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley :
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur :
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the beautiful River,
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
 It was a band of exiles : a raft as it were, from the shipwrecked
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of
Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches.
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them ;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness.—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed,
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then, in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his
bugle,
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatman rowed through the mid-
night,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
 And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the
 desert,
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before
 them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
 Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the green-
 sward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmietos,
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows.
 And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the
 sleepers;
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—“O Father Felician!
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ? ”
 Then, with a blush, she added,—“ Alas for my credulous fancy !
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.”
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
 “ Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without
 meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bride-
 groom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.”

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their
 journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;
 Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
 Floating the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
 Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to
 listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentations ;
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green
 Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling ;—
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose
 branches
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,

Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
 Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
 Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish som-
 brero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening,
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
 And the whole mass became a cloud, as shade in the distance.
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the
 garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;
 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
 There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly em-
 braces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark doubts and mis-
 givings
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bay-
ous? ”

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—
“ Gone? is Gabriel gone? ” and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
“ Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against
him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.”

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
“ Long live Michael,” they cried, “ our brave Acadian minstrel ! ”
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor ;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would
take them ;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering
lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they
listened :—

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless
and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old
one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the
water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your home-
steads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your
cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded.

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate.

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell !”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors :

Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as
strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herds-
man

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
 Fell here and there through the branches and tremulous gleam of the
 moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confes-
 sions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-
 dews.

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-
 trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
 Wandered alone, and she cried,—“O Gabriel! O my beloved!
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?”
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring
 thickets,
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
 “Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, “To-morrow!”

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
 With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
 “Farewel!” said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
 “See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was
 coming.”
 “Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil
 descended
 Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
 Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and
 gladness,
 Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
 Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river,
 Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but vague and uncertain
 Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country ;
 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous
 landlord.

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gate-
 way,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Windriver Mountains,
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska ;
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
 Like the great chords of a harp, and loud and solemn vibrations.
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
 prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
 Bright and luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck ;
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel ;
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
 Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-trails
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders ;
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers ;
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside,
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall,
 When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were
 weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the Magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before
them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest
welcome

Gave them, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among
them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the
bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering
firelight

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in
their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the
Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incanta-
tion,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom.
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the
twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the en-
chantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose.

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
 Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
 And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had
 vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
 Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western slope of these
 mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear
 him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,—
 “Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!”
 Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the moun-
 tains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
 And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
 Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
 Of its ærial roof, arose the chant of their vespers.
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
 But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the
 sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
 Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
 And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
 There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-
 ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
 Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
 “Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”
 Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of
 kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in
autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were
springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above
her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will
be answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of
nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel
came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
 Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
 Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
 And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
 There old Rene Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
 Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
 Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;
 And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her
 footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
 Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
 Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not,
 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but transfigured ;
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;
 Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
 This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
 So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman re-
 peated
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market.
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their claws but an
 acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
 So death flooded life, and, o'overflowing its natural margin,
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor ;
 But all perish alike beneath the scourge of his anger ;—
 Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-
 lands ;—

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket
 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
 Softly the words of the Lord :—" The poor ye always have with you."
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of the saints and apostles,
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance. .
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial.
 Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
 Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden ;
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east
 wind,
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ
 Church,
 While intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at
 Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;
 Something within her said,—" At length thy trials are ended ;"
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduons, careful attendants.
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brows, and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from
her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burning the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
" Gabriel ! O my beloved ! " and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodland ; and, walking under their
shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would
have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, " Father, I thank thee ! "

STILL stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
 Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their
 labors,
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its
 branches
 Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
 Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
 And seeing not the forms from which they come,
 Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends !
 I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
 And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
 His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
 Has ever given delight or consolation,
 Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,
 By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !
 Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
 That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
 Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land :
 Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
 In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
 One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among
 Our household treasures take familiar places,
 And are to us as if a living tongue
 Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces ;

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
 With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance ;
 Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
 But I've forever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !
 Your gentle voices will flow on forever,
 When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,
 As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
 Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
 But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
 With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
 Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion ;
 Not interrupting with intrusive talk
 The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
 At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
 To have my place reserved among the rest,
 Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !

BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

<p>" BUILD me straight, O worthy Master ! Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster. And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !"</p> <p>The merchant's word Delighted the Master heard For his heart was in his work, and the heart Giveth grace unto every Art. A quiet smile played round his lips. As the eddies and dimples of the tide</p>	<p>Play round the bows of ships, That steadily at anchor ride. And with a voice that was full of glee, He answered, " Ere long we will launch A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch, As ever weathered a wintry sea !"</p> <p>And first with nicest skill and art, Perfect and finished in every part, A little model the Master wrought, Which should be to the larger plan</p>
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What the child is to the man,
 Its counterpart in miniature :
 That with a hand more swift and
 sure,
 The greater labor might be
 brought
 To answer to his inward thought.
 And as he labored, his mind ran
 o'er
 The various ships that were built
 of yore.
 And above them all, and stran-
 gest of all
 Towered the great Harry, crank
 and tall,
 Whose picture was hanging on
 the wall,
 With bows and stern raised high
 in air,
 And balconies hanging here and
 there,
 And signal lanterns and flags
 afloat,
 And eight round towers, like
 those that frown
 From some old castle, looking
 down
 Upon the drawbridge and the
 moat.
 And he said with a smile, "Our
 ship, I wis,
 Shall be of another form than
 this!"

It was of another form, indeed ;
 Built for freight, and yet for
 speed,
 A beautiful and gallant craft ;
 Broad in the beam, that the
 stress of the blast
 Pressing down upon sail and
 mast,
 Might not the sharp bows over-
 whelm ;
 Broad in the beam, but sloping
 aft
 With graceful curve and slow
 degrees,
 That she might be docile to the
 helm,
 And that the currents of parted
 seas,

Closing behind, with mighty
 force,
 Might aid and not impede her
 course,
 In the shipyard stood the Master,
 With the model of the vessel,
 That should laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind
 wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,
 Lay the timber piled around ;
 Timber of chestnut, and elm,
 and oak,
 And scattered here and there,
 with these,
 The knarred and crooked cedar
 knees ;
 Brought from regions far away,
 From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
 And the banks of the roaring
 Roanoke !
 Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is
 To note how many wheels of toil
 One thought, one word, can set
 in motion !
 There's not a ship that sails the
 ocean,
 But every climate, every soil,
 Must bring its tribute, great or
 small,
 And help to build the wooden
 wall !

The sun was rising o'er the
 sea,
 And long the level shadows lay,
 As if they, too, the beams would
 be
 Of some great, airy argosy,
 Framed and launched in a single
 day.
 That silent architect, the sun,
 Had hewn them and laid every
 one,
 Ere the work of man was yet be-
 gun.
 Beside the Master, when he
 spoke,
 A youth, against an anchor lean-
 ing,
 Listened, to catch his slightest
 meaning.

Only the long waves, as they
broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth !
The old man, in whose busy
brain

Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er
again ;—

The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his
daughter's hand,

When he had built and launched
from land

What the elder head had planned.

“ Thus,” said he, “ will we build
this ship !

Lay square the blocks upon the
slip,

And follow well this plan of
mine.

Choose the timbers with greatest
care ;

Of all that is unsound beware ;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.

Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.

A goodly frame, and a goodly
fame,

And the *UNION* be her name !

For the day that gives her to the
sea

Shall give my daughter unto
thee ! ”

The Master's word

Enraptured the young man
heard ;

And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of
pride,

Standing before

Her father's door,

He saw the form of his promised
bride,

The sun shone on her golden hair,

And her cheek was glowing fresh
and fair.

With the breath of morn and
the soft sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond beyond the billow's
reach ;

But he

Was the restless, seething, stormy
sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command !
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's be-
hest

Far excelleth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,

And soon throughout the ship-
yard's bounds

Were heard the intermingled
sounds

Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every
side ;

Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening
fell,

The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and
strong,

Was lying ready, and stretched
along

The blocks, well placed upon the
slip.

Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multi-
plied.

By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was
o'er,

The young man at the Master's
door

Sat with the maiden calm and
still.

And within the porch, a little
more

Removed beyond the evening
 chill,
 The father sat, and told them
 tales
 Of wrecks in the great Septem-
 ber gales,
 Of pirates upon the Spanish
 Main,
 And ships that never came back
 again,
 The chance and change of a sail-
 or's life,
 Want and plenty, rest and strife,
 His roving fancy, like the wind,
 That nothing can stay and noth-
 ing can bind,
 And the magic charm of foreign
 lands,
 With shadows of palms, and shin-
 ing sands,
 Where the tumbling surf,
 O'er the coral reefs of Madagas-
 car,
 Washes the feet of the swarthy
 Lascar,
 As he lies alone and asleep on the
 turf.
 And the trembling maiden held
 her breath
 At the tales of that awful, piti-
 less sea,
 With all its terror and mystery,
 The dim, dark sea, so like unto
 Death,
 That divides and yet unites man-
 kind!
 And whenever the old man
 paused, a gleam
 From the bowl of his pipe would
 awhile illumine
 The silent group in the twilight
 gloom,
 And thoughtful faces, as in a
 dream;
 And for a moment one might
 mark
 What had been hidden by the
 dark,
 That the head of the maiden lay
 at rest,
 Tenderly, on the young man's
 breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
 With timbers fashioned strong
 and true,
 Stemson and keelson and stern-
 son-knee,
 Till, framed with perfect symme-
 try,
 A skeleton ship rose up to view!
 And around the bows and along
 the side
 The heavy hammers and mallets
 plied,
 Till, after many a week, at
 length,
 Wonderful for form and strength,
 Sublime in its enormous bulk,
 Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
 And around it columns of smoke,
 upwreathing,
 Rose from the boiling, bubbling,
 seething
 Caldron, that glowed,
 And overflowed
 With the black tar, heated for
 the sheathing
 And amid the clamors
 Of clattering hammers,
 He who listened heard now and
 then
 The song of the Master and his
 men:—
 “Build me straight, O worthy
 Master,
 Staunch and strong, a goodly
 vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind
 wrestle!”
 With oaken brace and copper
 band,
 Lay the rudder on the sand,
 That, like a thought, should have
 control
 Over the movement of the whole;
 And near it the anchor, whose
 giant hand
 Would reach down and grapple
 with the land
 And immovable and fast
 Hold the great ship against the
 bellowing blast!

And at the bows an image stood,
 By a cunning artist carved in
 wood,
 With robes of white, that far be-
 hind
 Seemed to be fluttering in the
 wind.
 It was not shaped in a classic
 mould,
 Not like a Nymph or Goddess of
 old,
 Or Naiad rising from the water,
 But modeled from the Master's
 daughter!
 On many a dreary and misty
 night,
 'T will be seen by the rays of the
 signal light,
 Speeding along through the rain
 and the dark,
 Like a ghost in its snow-white
 sark,
 The pilot of some phantom bark,
 Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
 By a path none other knows
 aright!
 Behold, at last,
 Each tall and tapering mast
 Is swung into its place; *
 Shrouds and stays
 Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
 In the deer-haunted forests of
 Maine,
 When upon mountain and plain
 Lay the snow,
 They fell,—those lordly pines!
 Those grand, majestic pines!
 Mid shouts and cheers
 The jaded steers,
 Panting beneath the goad,
 Dragged down the weary, wind-
 ing road

Those captive kings so straight
 and tall,
 To be shorn of their streaming
 hair,
 And, naked and bare,
 To feel the stress and the strain
 Of the wind and the reeling main,
 Whose roar
 Would remind them for ever-
 more
 Of their native forests they
 should not see again.

And everywhere
 The slender, graceful spars
 Poise aloft in the air,
 And at the mast-head,
 White, blue, and red,
 A flag unrolls the stripes and
 stars.
 Ah! when the wanderer, lonely,
 friendless,
 In foreign harbors shall behold
 That flag unrolled,
 'T will be as a friendly hand
 Stretched out from his native
 land,
 Filling his heart with memories
 sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
 Has come the bridal day
 Of beauty and of strength.
 To-day the vessel shall be launch-
 ed!
 With fleecy clouds the sky is
 blanched,
 And o'er the bay,
 Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
 The great sun rises to behold the
 sight.

The ocean old,
 Centuries old,

* I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating, that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully rigged and sparred. I have availed myself of the exception, as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Me., writes me thus:—

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,

Paces restless to and fro
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest ;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Dashed with flags and streamers gay,

In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head.

And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek

In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.

The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,

That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,

Words of warning, words of cheer,

But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.

He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow

With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,

The will from its moorings and its course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said he :—

“Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound,
are we.

Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,

Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,

And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.

Ah ! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,

But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean,

Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing

Like the compass in its brazen ring

Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,

We shall sail securely, and safely reach

The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach

The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,

Will be those of joy and not of fear !”

Then the Master,
 With a gesture of command,
 Waved his hand ;
 And at the word,
 Loud and sudden there was heard,
 All around them and below,
 The sound of hammers, blow on
 blow,
 Knocking away the shores and
 spurs.
 And see ! she stirs !
 She starts, — she moves, — she
 seems to feel
 The thrill of life along her keel,
 And, spurning with her foot the
 ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,
 She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled
 crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and
 loud,
 That to the ocean seemed to
 say,—
 “Take her, O bridegroom, old
 and gray,
 Take her to thy protecting arms,
 With all her youth and all her
 charms !”

How beautiful she is ! How fair
 She lies within those arms, that
 press
 Her form with many a soft
 caress
 Of tenderness and watchful care !
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
 Through wind and wave, right
 onward steer !
 The moistened eye, the trembling
 lip,
 Are not the signs of doubt or
 fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
 And safe from all adversity
 Upon the bosom of that sea
 Thy comings and thy goings be !
 For gentleness and love and trust
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;

And in the wreck of noble lives
 Something immortal still sur-
 vives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of
 State !
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and
 great !
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future
 years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy
 fate !
 We know what Master laid thy
 keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy
 ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail,
 and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers
 beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy
 hope !
 Fear not each sudden sound and
 shock,
 'T is of the wave and not the
 rock ;
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest's
 roar,
 In spite of false lights on the
 shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all
 with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,
 our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our
 fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with
 thee !

THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
 As the day grows fainter and
 dimmer,
 Lonely and lovely, a single star
 Lights the air with a dusty
 glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
 Falls the trail of its golden
 splendor,
 And the gleam of that single
 star
 Is ever refulgent, soft, and
 tender.

Chrysaor rising out of the sea,
 Showed thus glorious and thus
 emulous,
 Leaving the arms of Callirrhœ,
 Forever tender, soft, and trem-
 ulous.

Thus, o'er the ocean faint and
 far
 Trailed the gleam of his fal-
 chion brightly ;
 Is it a God, or is it a star
 That, entranced, I gaze on
 nightly !

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt
 me
 As I gaze upon the sea !
 All the old romantic legends,
 All my dreams, come back to
 me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
 Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
 And the singing of the sailors,
 And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
 Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
 Of the noble Count Arnaldos
 And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-
 beach,
 Where the sand as silver shines,
 With a soft, monotonous ca-
 dence,
 Flow its unrhymed lyric
 lines ;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
 With his hawk upon his hand,
 Saw a fair and stately galley,
 Steering onward to the land ;—

How he heard the ancient helms-
 man
 Chant a song so wild and clear,
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly
 Poised upon the mast to hear.

Till his soul was full of longing
 And he cried with impulse
 strong,—
 “ Helmsman ! for the love of
 heaven,
 Teach me, too, that wondrous
 song ! ”

“ Wouldst thou, ”—so the helms-
 man answered,
 “ Learn the secret of the sea ?
 Only those who brave its dan-
 gers
 Comprehend its mystery ! ”

In each sail that skims the hori-
 zon,
 In each landward-blowing
 breeze,
 I behold that stately galley,
 Hear those mournful melodies !

Till my soul is full of longing
 For the secret of the sea,
 And the heart of the great ocean
 Sends a thrilling pulse through
 me.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the
window,

As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind, bleak and
wild,
As they beat at the crazy case-
ment,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and
bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the
mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.*

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his
breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were
cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he
bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the
light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all
around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing
clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the
Spanish Main;
Yet there seems no change of
place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and
day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-
Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

*"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 21st of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."—*Belknap's American Biography*, I. 203.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare !

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save,

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
 And steadily against its solid form
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

“Sail on !” it says, “sail on, ye stately ships !
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span ;
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !”

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

We sat within the farmhouse old,
 Whose windows, looking o'er
 the bay,
 Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and
 cold,
 An easy entrance, night and
 day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
 The strange, old-fashioned, silent
 town,
 The lighthouse,—the dismantled
 fort,—
 The wooden houses, quaint and
 brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
 Descending, filled the little
 room ;
 Our faces faded from the sight,
 Our voices only broke the
 gloom.

We spake of many a vanished
 scene,
 Of what we once had thought
 and said,

Of what had been, and might
 have been,
 And who was changed, and
 who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of
 friends,
 When first they feel, with secret
 pain,
 Their lives thenceforth have
 separate ends,
 And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the
 heart,
 That words are powerless to ex-
 press,
 And leave it still unsaid in part,
 Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
 Had something strange, I could
 but mark ;

The leaves of memory seemed to
 make
 A mournful rustling in the
 dark.

Of died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded
ships,

The flames would leap and
then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed
and failed,

We thought of wrecks upon
the main,—

Of ships dismasted, that were
hailed

And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their
frames,—

The ocean, roaring up the
beach,—

The gusty blast,—the bickering
flames,—

All mingled vaguely in our
speech ;

Until they made themselves a
part

Of fancies floating through the
brain,—

The long-lost ventures of the
heart,

That send no answers back
again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts
that yearned !

They were indeed too much
akin,

The drift-wood fire without that
burned,

The thoughts that burned and
glowed within

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however
watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-
fended,

But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the
dying.

And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her chil-
dren crying,

Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe
afflictions

Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedic-
tions

Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the
mists and vapors

Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal
tapers

May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems
so is transition.

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our
affection,—

But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our
poor protection,

And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness
and seclusion,

By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from
sin's pollution,

She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she
is doing

In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps
pursuing,

Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and
keep unbroken

The bond which nature gives.

Thinking that our remembrance,
though unspoken
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again be-
hold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold
her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's
mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's
expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous
with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moan-
ing like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage
the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not con-
cealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and
great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the
rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we
build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps be-
tween ;

Think not, because no man sees.
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest
care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may
dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of
Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and
sure
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the
hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the
spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has
it been
About those deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes
has seen,
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ish-
maelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the pa-
triarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt
and bare,
Crushed it beneath their
tread ;

Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into
the air
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Naz-
areth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and
love and faith
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's
palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Ar-
menian psalms
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's
gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confidant of
Fate,
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may
have passed !
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand
at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls
expand ;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its
shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustain-
ing blast,
This little golden thread

Dilates into a column high and
vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the set-
ting sun,
Across the boundless plain
The column and its broader
shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls
again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable
plain :
The half-hour's sand is run !

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky ;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft, vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light
Of the starlit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their
flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!
 Those sounds that flow
 In murmurs of delight and woe
 Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
 Of the poet's songs,
 Murmurs of pleasures, and pains,
 and wrongs,
 The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
 Of souls, that high
 On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
 Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
 Through realms of light
 It falls into our world of night,
 With the murmuring sound of
 rhyme.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
 And on the gravelled pathway
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
 Wide open to the air;
 But the faces of the children,
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-
 dog
 Was standing by the door;
 He looked for his little playmates,
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the
 lindens,
 They played not in the hall;
 But shadow, and silence, and
 sadness
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
 With sweet, familiar tone;
 But the voices of the children
 Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside
 me,
 He could not understand
 Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
 I pressed his warm, soft hand!

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING- HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
 Ere yet his last he breathed,
 To the merry monks of Croyland
 His drinking-horn bequeath-
 ed,—

That, whenever they sat at their
 revels,
 And drank from the golden
 bowl,
 They might remember the donor,
 And breathe a prayer for his
 soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
 And bade the goblet pass;
 In their beards the red wine
 glistened
 Like dewdrops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
 They drank to Christ the Lord,
 And to each of the Twelve Apos-
 tles,
 Who had preached his holy
 word.

They drank to the Saints and
 Martyrs
 Of the dismal days of yore,
 And as soon as the horn was
 empty
 They remembered one Saint
 more.

And the reader droned from the
 pulpit,
 Like the murmur of many
 bees,
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
 And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
 From their prison in the tower,
 Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
 Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
 And the Abbot bowed his head,
 And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
 But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
 He clutched the golden bowl,
 In which like a pearl dissolving,
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul,

But not for this their revels
 The jovial monks forbore,
 For they cried, "Fill high the goblet !

We must drink to one Saint more !"

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
 Pondered o'er his secret shame ;
 Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
 Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin
 That had tasked his utmost skill ;
 But alas ; his fair ideal
 Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
 Had the precious wood been brought ;
 Day and night the anxious master
 At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
 Sat he now in shadows deep,
 And the day's humiliation
 Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master ?

From the burning brand of oak
 Shape the thought that stirs within thee !"

And the startled artist woke,—
 Woke, and from the smoking embers
 Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;
 And therefrom he carved an image,
 And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !
 Take this lesson to thy heart :
 That is best which lieth nearest ;
 Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
 Without haste and without heed,
 In the golden prime of morning,
 Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
 And, like living coals, the apples
 Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
 From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
 'T was the daily call to labor,
 Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
 In its gleaming vapor veiled ;
 Not the less he breathed the odors
 That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
 By the schoolboys he was
 found ;
 And the wise men, in their wis-
 dom,
 Put him straightway into
 pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
 Ringing loud his brazen bell,
 Wandered down the street pro-
 claiming
 There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
 Rich and poor, and young and old,
 Came in haste to see this won-
 drous

Wingéd steed, with mane of
 gold.

Thus the day passed, and the
 evening
 Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;
 But it brought no food nor
 shelter,
 Brought no straw nor stall, for
 him.

Patiently, and still expectant.
 Looked he through the wooden
 bars.
 Saw the moon rise o'er the land-
 scape,
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
 Sounded from its dark abode,
 And, from out a neighboring
 farmyard,
 Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended
 Breaking from his iron chain,
 And unfolding far his pinions,
 To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
 Woke to all its toil and care,
 Lo ! the strange steed had de-
 parted,
 And they knew not when nor
 where.

But they found, upon the green-
 sword
 Where his struggling hoofs had
 trod,
 Pure and bright, a fountain flow-
 ing
 From the hoof-marks in the
 sod.

From that hour, the fount un-
 failing
 Gladdens the whole region
 round,
 Strengthening all who drink its
 waters,
 While it soothes them with its
 sound.

TEGNER'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
 " Balder the Beautiful
 Is dead, is dead ! "
 And through the misty air
 Passed like the mournful cry
 Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse.
 Of the dead sun
 Borne through the Northern sky.
 Blasts from Niffelheim
 Lifted the sheeted mists
 Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,
 " Balder the Beautiful
 Is dead, is dead ! "
 And died away
 Through the dreary night,
 In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
 God of the summer sun,
 Fairest of all the Gods !
 Light from his forehead beamed,
 Runes were upon his tongue,
 As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
 Bound were by magic spell
 Never to do him harm ;

Even the plants and stones ;
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe !

Hœder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle
breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before !
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !
The law of love prevails !
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more.
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls !
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood !

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS
FROM SHAKSPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too
swiftly sped !
Leaving us heirs to amplest
heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the
greatest sages.
And giving tongues unto the
silent dead !
How our hearts glowed and
trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the won-
drous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns
the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be
said !
O happy Reader ! having for thy
text
The magic book, whose Sibylline
leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human
thought !
O happy Poet ! by no critic vex !
How must thy listening spirit
now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice !

THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of
mirth,
That they might touch the hearts
of men,
And bring them back to heaven
again.

The first, a youth, with soul of
fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered,
and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-
place,

And stirred with accents deep
and loud
The hearts of all the listening
crowd.

A gray old man, the third and
last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of
gold.

And those who heard the Singers
three
Disputed which the best might
be ;
For still their music seemed to
start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, " I
see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to
teach.

" These are the three great chords
of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear
away
Whatever thou canst call thine
own!
Thine image, stamped upon this
clay,
Doth give thee that, but that
alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let
them lie
Folded upon thy narrow
shelves,

As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves.

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy
tree,
And trails its blossoms in the
dust.

HYMN.

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said :
" Yet one thing more ;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to
the poor,
And come and follow me ! "

Within this temple Christ again,
unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day
have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his
way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm
and say,
" Dost thou, dear Lord, ap-
prove ? "

Beside him at the marriage feast
shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethse-
mane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of
rest !
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's
breast,
And thus to journey on !

ONLY the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
 Rehearse this little tragedy aright;
 Let me attempt it with an English quill;
 And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

JASMIN, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'aouzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs, is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

"At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gravier, is a row of small houses,—some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of 'Jasmin, Coiffeur.' We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlor at the back of the shop.

"She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honor, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:—

'Braves Gascons!
 A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre;
 Benès! benès! ey plazé de bous beyre:
 Aproucha bous!'

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honor, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and nicknacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by lady-ambassadors, and great lords; English 'misses' and 'miladis'; and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

"All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furor*, a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage, said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be: his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition, to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of 'Me cal mourir' as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abuglo,'—a few verses of 'Frauconeto';—'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping,—I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido,—my pretty Frauconeto!'

"He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes, of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace, he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *joueur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal; certain it is, that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems reilluminated.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology,—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really laboring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain 'misses,' that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours; asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. 'I am, indeed, a troubadour,' said he, with energy; 'but I am far beyond them all, they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my *Françouneto*! there are no poets in France now,—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach to the first floor of Gascon,—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder!'

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognized; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, '*enfin la voilà encore!*' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account that I was thus welcomed, than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed '*Jasmin à Londres*'; being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honor done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me respecting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him; she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

"He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naïveté*; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, 'Nonsense,—don't you see they are in tears.' This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me that he had been by some accused of vanity. 'O,' he rejoined, 'what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see.'"—*Blarn and the Pyrenees*, I. 369, *et seq.*

I.

AT the foot of the mountain
height
Where is perched Castèl-
Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and
the almond tree
In the plain below were
growing white,
This is the song one might
perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint
Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the
roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her
home!
Should blossom and bloom with
garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites
attending,
Seemed from the clouds de-
cending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the
eye.

Each one with her attendant
swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing
the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto
the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind
Heaven has sent
For their delight and our en-
couragement.
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,

Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the
roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her
home!
Should blossom and bloom with
garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced
maiden,
With garlands for the bridal
laden!

The sky was blue; without one
cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining
brightly,
And to the air the freshening
wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky
hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet
it is!

To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the
trembling bosom,

A band of maidens
Gayly frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking!

Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth as they
dance,

They retreat and ad-
vance,

Trying whose laugh shall
be loudest and merriest;

While the bride, with roguish
 eyes
 Sporting with them, now es-
 capes and cries :
 " Those who catch me
 Married merrily
 This year shall be "

And all pursue with eager
 haste,
 And all attain what they
 pursue,
 And touch her pretty apron fresh
 and new,
 And the linen kirtle round
 her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it
 that among
 These youthful maidens fresh
 and fair,
 So joyous, with such laugh-
 ing air,
 Baptiste stands sighing, with
 silent tongue ?
 And yet the bride is fair and
 young !
 Is it Saint Joseph would say to
 us all,
 That love, o'er hasty, precedeth a
 fall ?
 O no ! for a maiden frail, I
 trow,
 Never bore so lofty a brow.
 What lovers ! they give not a
 single caress !
 To see them so careless and cold
 to-day,
 These are grand people, one
 would say.
 What ails Baptiste ? What grief
 doth him oppress ?
 It is, that, half way up the
 hill,
 In yon cottage, by whose
 walls,
 Stand the cart-house and the
 stalls,
 Dwelleth the blind orphan
 still,
 Daughter of a veteran old ;
 And you must know, one
 year ago,

That Margaret, the young
 and tender,
 Was the village pride and
 splendor,
 And Baptiste her lover bold.
 Love, the deceiver, them en-
 snared ;
 For them the altar was pre-
 pared ;
 But alas ! the summer's
 blight,
 The dread disease that none
 can stay
 The pestilence that walks by
 night,
 Took the young bride's sight
 away.

All at the father's stern command
 was changed ;
 Their peace was gone, but not
 their love estranged.
 Wearied at home, e'er long the
 lover fled ;
 Returned but three short days
 ago,
 The golden chain they round
 him throw,
 He is enticed and onward led
 To marry Angela, and yet
 Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden
 cried,
 " Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !
 Here comes the cripple Jane !"
 And by a fountain's side
 A woman, bent and gray
 with years,
 Under the mulberry tree ap-
 pears,
 And all toward her run, as
 fleet
 As had they wings upon their
 feet.
 It is that Jane, the cripple
 Jane,
 Is a soothsayer, wary and
 kind.
 She telleth fortunes, and none
 complain.
 She promises one a village
 swain,

Another a happy wedding-day,
 And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
 All comes to pass as she avers ;
 She never deceives, she never errs.
 But for this once the village seer
 Wears a countenance severe,
 And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
 Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
 Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
 Who, like a statue, stands in view ;
 Changing color, as well he might,
 When the beldame, wrinkled and gray
 Takes the young bride by the hand,
 And, with the tip of her reedy wand
 Making the sign of the cross, doth say :—
 “Thoughtless Angela, beware !
 Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
 Thou diggest for thyself a tomb !”
 And she was silent ; and the maidens fair
 Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;
 But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
 What are two drops of turbid rain ?
 Saddened a moment, the bridal train
 Resumed the dance and song again ;
 The bridegroom only was pale with fear ;
 And down green alleys
 Of verdurous valleys,

With merry sallies,
 They sang the refrain :—
 “The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !

II.

And by suffering worn and weary,
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
 Thus lamented Margaret,
 In her cottage lone and dreary :—

He has arrived ! arrived at last !
 Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;
 Arrived ! yet he keeps aloof so far !
 And knows that of my night he is the star !
 Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted.
 And count the moments since he went away !
 Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
 That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !
 What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;
 Day for the others ever, but for me
 Forever night ! forever night !
 When he is gone 't is dark ! my soul is sad !
 I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.
 When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude ;
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptist has blue eyes !
 Within them shines for me a heaven of love,

A heaven all happiness, like that
above,

No more of grief ! no more of
lassitude !

Earth I forget,—and heaven and
all distresses,

When seated by my side my hand
he presses ;

But when alone, remember
all !

Where is Baptiste ? he hears not
when I call !

A branch of ivy, dying on the
ground,

I need some bough to twine
around !

In pity come ! be to my suffering
kind !

True love, they say, in grief doth
more abound !

What then—when one is
blind ?

“ Who knows ? perhaps I am
forsaken !

Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to
my grave !

O God ! what thoughts with-
in me waken !

Away ! he will return ! I do but
rave !

He will return ! I need not
fear !

He swore it by our Saviour
dear ;

He could not come at his own
will ;

Is weary, or perhaps is ill !

Perhaps his heart, in this dis-
guise,

Prepares for me some sweet
surprise !

But some one comes ! Though
blind, my heart can see !

And that deceives me not ! 't is
he ! 't is he !

And the door ajar is set,

And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises with outstretched arms,
but sightless eyes ;

'Tis only Paul, her brother, who
thus cries :—

“ Angela the bride has
passed !

I saw the wedding guests go
by ;

Tell me, my sister, why were we
not asked ?

For all are there but you
and I ! ”

“ Angela married ! and not
send

To tell her secret unto me !

O speak ! who may the bride-
groom be ? ”

“ My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy
friend ! ”

A cry the blind girl gave, but
nothing said ;

A milky whiteness spreads upon
her cheeks ;

An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother
speaks,

Upon her heart, that has
ceased to beat.

Suspends awhile its life and
heat.

She stands beside the boy, now
sore distressed,

A waxed Madonna as a peasant
dressed.

At length, the bridal song
again

Brings her back to her sor-
row and pain.

“ Hark ! the joyous airs are
ringing !

Sister, dost thou hear them
singing ?

How merrily they laugh and
jest !

Would we were bidden with
the rest !

I would don my hose of
homespun gray,

And my doublet of linen
striped and gay ;

Perhaps they will come ; for
they do not wed

Till to - morrow at seven
o'clock, it is said ! ”

"I know it!" answered
Margaret;
Whom the vision, with aspect
black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand
of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a
vice!
"Paul, be not sad! 'T is a
holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doubt-
ful gay!
But leave me now for a while
alone."
Away, with a hop and a jump,
went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the
hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled
crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful
heat!
I am faint, and weary, and
out of breath!
But thou art cold,—art chill
as death;
My little friend! what ails
thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing
home the bride;
And, as I listened to the
song,
I thought my turn would
come ere long,
Thou knowest it is at Whit-
suntide.
Thy cards, forsooth, can
never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far
and wide
When they behold him by
my side.
And poor Baptiste, what say-
est thou?"

It must seem long to him;—me-
thinks I see him now!"
Jane, shuddering, her hand
doth press:
"Thy love I cannot all ap-
prove;

We must not trust too much to
happiness;
Go, pray to God, that thou mayst
love him less!"
"The more I pray, the more
I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my
side!"
It was enough; and Jane no
more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is
barred and cold;
But to deceive the beldame
old
She takes a sweet, contented
air;
Speaks of foul weather or of
fair,
At every word the maiden
smiles!
Thus the beguiler she be-
guiles;
So that, departing at the even-
ing's close,
She says, "She may be saved!
she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sor-
ceress!
Now that thou wouldst, thou art
no prophetess!
This morning, in the fulness of
thy heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond
thine art!

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times
reverberating,
And the white daybreak, steal-
ing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maid-
ens waiting,
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers
caressed,
The one puts on her cross
and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet
her breast,

And flaunting, fluttering up
and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot
rest.

The other, blind, within her
little room,
Has neither crown nor
flower's perfume ;
But in their stead for something
gropes apart.

That in a drawer's recess
doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright
scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her
heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning
prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon
her brow,
Joins her two hands, and
kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother
opes the door,
" O God ! forgive me now ! "

And then the orphan, young
and blind,
Conducted by her brother's
hand,
Toward the church, through
paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way
doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint
and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny
ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in
every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of
high degree,

A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is
builded there ;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage
roof,

Its sacred summit, swept by au-
tumn gales,-
And its blackened steeple
high in air,
Round which the osprey
screams and sails.

" Paul, lay thy noisy rattle
by ! "

Thus Margaret said. " Where
are we ? we ascend ! "

" Yes ; seest thou not our
journey's end ? "

Hearst not the osprey from the
belfry cry ?

The hideous bird, that brings ill
luck, we know !

Dost thou remember when our
father said,

The night we watched be-
side his bed,

" O daughter, I am weak and
low ;

Take care of Paul ; I feel that I
am dying ! "

And thou, and he, and I, all fell
to crying ?

Then on the roof the osprey
screamed aloud ;

And here they brought our father
in his shroud.

There is his grave ; there stands
the cross we set ;

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear
Margaret ?

Come in ! The bride will be
here soon :

Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou
art going to swoon ! "

She could no more,—the blind
girl, weak and weary !
A voice seemed crying from that
grave so dreary,

" What wouldst thou do, my
daughter ?"—and she
started ;

And quick recoiled, aghast,
faint-hearted ;
But Paul, impatient, urges ever
more

Her steps toward the open
door ;
And when, beneath her feet, the
unhappy maid
Crushes the laurel near the house
immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks
on again,
Touches the crown of fili-
grane
Suspended from the low-
arched portal,
No more restrained, no more
afraid,
She walks, as for a feast
arrayed
And in the ancient chapel's som-
bre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding
round.
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and
down the dell.
It is broad day, with sun-
shine and with rain ;
And yet the guests delay
not long,
For soon arrives the
bridal train,
And with it brings the
village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mor-
tal gay,
For lo ! Baptiste on this triumph-
ant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-
morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's
words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross,
I wis ;
To be a bride is all ! The pretty
lisper

Feels her heart swell to hear all
round her whisper
“ How beautiful ! how beautiful
she is ! ”

But she must calm that giddy
head,
For already the Mass is said ;
At the holy table stands the
priest ;
The wedding ring is blessed ; Bap-
tiste receives it ;
Ere on the finger of the bride he
leaves it,
He must pronounce one
word at least !
’T is spoken ; and sudden at the
groomsman’s side
“ ’T is he ! ” a well-known voice
has cried.
And while the wedding guests all
hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the
blind girl, see !
“ Baptiste,” she said, “ since thou
hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for
thee ! ”
And calmly in the air a knife sus-
pended !
Doubtless her guardian angel
near attended,
For anguish did its work so
well,
That, ere the fatal stroke de-
scended,
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal
verse,
The De Profundis filled the
air ;
Decked with flowers a simple
hearse
To the churchyard forth they
bear ;
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go ;
Nowhere was a smile that
day,
No, ah no ! for each one seemed
to say :—

<p>“The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom, So fair a corpse shall leave its home !</p>	<p>Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away ! So fair a corpse shall pass to- day !”</p>
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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BARÔZAI.

THE following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'oeil sur les Noël en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noël Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye (Gui Barôzai)*, 1842.

“Every year, at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin including, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearthstone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity,—*non qualitas, sed quantitas*; then (to finish at once with the minstrel), when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

“More or less, until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening; it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). ‘Look you,’ say they to the children, ‘if you are good this evening, Noël’ (for with children one must always personify) ‘will rain down sugar-plums in the night.’ And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noël. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noël! Noël! Noël! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o’clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colors (the Christmas Candle), goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups: they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rossignon*. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite’s returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind. *Rossignon* then goes

on merrily, —sometimes far into the morning hour; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat, or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes, of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log."

In the Glossary, the *Sucbe*, or Yule-log, is thus defined:—

"This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *laî Sucbe de Noël*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas
songs!

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry
rhymes.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing
feet.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,

For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have
tried.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

ELEGY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH
VON MATTHISSON, WRITTEN IN
THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE.*

I.

SILENT, in the veil of evening
twilight,
Rests the plain; the woodland
song is still,

* This poem is as celebrated, in Germany, as Gray's *Elegy* in a Country Church-yard is in England and America. A pensive tone prevails throughout, as in most of Matthiesson's writings. He and his friend *Salis* are "two melancholy gentlemen, to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to death, to come and ferry them over the lake." The scene of the "Elegy" is in the old castle of Baden-Baden.—EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

Save that here, amid these mould-
 ering ruins,
 Chirps a cricket, mournfully
 and shrill ;
 Silence sinks from skies without
 a shadow,
 Slowly wind the herds from field
 and meadow,
 And the weary hind to the re-
 pose,
 Of his father's lowly cottage
 goes.

II.

Here upon this hill, by forests
 bounded
 Mid the ruins of departed days,
 By the awful shapes of Eld sur-
 rounded,
 Sadness ! unto thee my song I
 raise !
 Sadly think I what in gray old
 ages,
 Were these wrecks of lordly her-
 itages ;
 A majestic castle, like a crown,
 Placed upon the mountain's
 brow of stone.

III.

There, where round the column's
 gloomy ruins,
 Sadly whispering, clings the
 ivy green,
 And the evening twilight's
 mournful shimmer
 Blinks the empty window space
 between,
 Blessed perhaps a father's tear-
 ful eye
 Once the noblest son of Ger-
 many ;
 One whose heart, with high
 ambition rife,
 Warmly swelled to meet the
 coming strife.

IV.

Go in peace ! thus spake the
 hoary warrior,
 As he girded on his sword of
 fame ;

Come not back again, or come as
 victor,

Oh be worthy of thy father's
 name !
 And the noble youth's bright
 eyes were throwing
 Deadly flashes forth ! his cheeks
 were glowing,
 As with full blown branches
 the red rose
 In the purple light of morning
 glows.

V.

Then a cloud of thunder flew
 the champion,
 Even as Richard Lion-Heart to
 fight !
 Like a wood of pines in storm
 and tempest,
 Bowed before his path the hos-
 tile might !
 Gently, as a brook through flow-
 ers descendeth,
 Homeward to the castle crag he
 wendeth,
 To his father's glad yet tearful
 face,
 To the modest maiden's chaste
 embrace.

VI.

O with anxious longings looks
 the Fair One,
 From her turret down the val-
 ley drear ;
 Shield and breastplate glow in
 gold of evening,
 Steeds fly forward, the Beloved
 draws near.
 Him the faithful right-hand
 mute extending,
 Stands she, pallid looks with
 blushes blending,
 O but what that soft, soft eye
 doth say,
 Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en
 Sappho's lay.

VII.

Merrily echoed there the sound
 of goblets,

Where the rank grass waving
 in the gale,
 O'er the nest of owls is blackly
 spreading,
 Till the silver glance of stars
 grew pale.
 Tales of hard-won battle fought
 afar,
 Wild adventures in the Holy
 War,
 Wakened in the breast of
 hardy Knight
 The remembrance of his fierce
 delight.

VIII.

Oh, what changes! Awe and
 night o'ershadow
 Now the scene of all that proud
 array!
 Winds of evening, full of sad-
 ness, whisper,
 Where the strong ones revelled
 and were gay.
 Thistles lonely nod, in places
 seated,
 Where for shield and spear the
 boy entreated,
 When aloud the war-horn's
 summons rang
 And to horse in speed the
 father sprang.

IX.

Ashes are the bones of these—
 the mighty!
 Deep they lie within earth's
 gloomy breast;
 Hardly the half-sunken funeral
 tablets
 Now point out the places where
 they rest!
 Many to the winds were long
 since scattered,
 Like their tombs, their memo-
 ries sunk and shattered!
 O'er the brilliant deeds of ages
 gone,
 Sweep the cloud-folds of ob-
 livion,

X.

Thus depart life's pageantry and
 glory!
 Thus flit by the visions of vain
 might!
 Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of
 ages,
 All that earth doth bear, to
 empty night!
 Laurels, that the victor's brow
 encircle,
 High deeds, that in brass and
 marble sparkle,
 Urns devoted unto Memory.
 And the songs of Immortality!

XI.

All, all, that with longing and
 with rapture,
 Here on earth a noble heart
 doth warm,
 Vanishes like sunshine in the
 autumn.
 When the horizon's verge is
 veiled in storm,
 Friends at evening part with
 fond embraces,
 Morning looks upon the death
 pale faces;
 Even the joys that Love and
 Friendship find,
 Leave on earth no lasting trace
 behind.

XII.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields
 of roses
 Bounded close by thorny des-
 erts lie!
 And a sudden tempest's awful
 shadow
 Oft doth darken Friendship's
 brightest sky!
 Vain are titles, honor, might,
 and glory!
 On the monarch's temples proud
 and hoary,
 And the way-worn pilgrim's
 trembling head,
 Doth the grave one common
 darkness spread!

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou
said

That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of
shame !

All common things—each day's
events

That with the hour begin and
end ;

Our pleasures and discontents
Are rounds by which we may
ascend.

The low desire—the base design
That makes another's virtue
less ;

The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess !

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more
than truth,

The hardening of the heart, that
brings
Irreverence for the dreams of
youth !

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts
of ill,

Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will !

All these must first be trampled
down

Beneath our feet if we would
gain

In the bright fields of Fair Re-
nown

The right of eminent domain !

We have not wings—we cannot
soar—

But we have feet to scale and
climb

By slow degrees—by more and
more—

The cloudy summits of our
time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the des-
ert airs,

When nearer seen, and better
known,

Are but gigantic flights of
stairs.

The distant mountains that up-
rear

Their frowning foreheads to
the skies,

Are crossed by pathways that
appear

As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached
and kept,

Were not attained by sudden
flight,

But they, while their companions
slept,

Were toiling upward in the
night,

Standing on what too long we
bore

With shoulders bent and down-
cast eyes,

We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted — wholly
vain—

If rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnolia Christi,
Of the old colonial time
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in
rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven
And the keen and frosty airs
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's
prayers.

"O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure,"
 This prayed the old divine,
 "To bury our friends in the
 ocean,
 Take them, for they are thine."

But Master Lamberton muttered
 And under his breath said he—
 "This ship is so crank and wolty
 I fear our grave she will be !"

And the ships that came from
 England,
 When the winter months were
 gone,
 Brought no tidings of this vessel
 Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people praying
 That the Lord would let them
 hear,
 What in his greater wisdom
 He had done with friends so
 dear.

And at last their prayers were
 answered :—
 It was in the month of June,
 An hour before the sunset
 Of a windy afternoon ;

When steadily steering landward
 A ship was seen below,

And they knew it was Lamber-
 ton, Master,
 Who sailed so long ago.

On she came with cloud of canvas,
 Right against the wind that
 blew,
 Until the eye could distinguish
 The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining top-masts,
 Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
 And her sails were loosened and
 lifted,
 And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rig-
 ging,
 Fell slowly one by one,
 And the hulk dilated and van-
 ished,
 As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people who saw this
 marvel
 Each said unto his friend,
 That this was the mould of their
 vessel,
 And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
 Gave thanks to God in prayer,
 That to quiet their troubled
 spirits
 He had sent this Ship of Air.

LETTER FROM H. W. LONGFELLOW.

To the Editor of *Graham's Magazine*.

CAMBRIDGE, February 19, 1845.

DEAR SIR.—Perhaps you may remember that, a year or two ago, I published in your magazine a translation from the German of O. L. B. Wolf, entitled "The Good George Campbell." Within a few days I have seen a paragraph in the newspaper asserting, in very discourteous language, that this was not a translation from the German, but a plagiarism from a Scotch ballad published in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy." My object in writing you is to deny this charge, and to show you that the poem I sent you is what it pretended to be.

As I was passing up the Rhine, in the summer of 1842, a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted on board the steamer put into my hands a collection of German poems, entitled *Deutscher Sän-*

ger-Saal, edited by Gollmich. In this collection I found "The Good George Campbell." It there appeared as an original poem by Wolf, and I was so much struck with its simplicity and beauty that I immediately wrote a translation of it, with a pencil, in my pocketbook; and the same evening, at Mayence, made a copy of the German, which I inclose.

Soon after my return to this country my version was published in your magazine. At that time I had not the slightest suspicion that the German poem was itself a translation, nor was I aware of the fact till Mr. Griswold, then one of the editors of the magazine, wrote to me upon the subject and sent me a copy of the Scotch ballad from which he supposed the German poem to have been taken. I had never before seen it, and I could not but smile at my own ignorance, which had thus led me to re-translate a translation. I immediately answered Mr. Griswold's note, but as he did not publish my answer, I thought no more of the matter.

My attention being again called to the subject by the paragraph alluded to above, and the ballad from Motherwell's Collection, which was printed with it, and which I do not remember to have seen before, I turned to Mr. Griswold's letter and found that his version of the poem differed very materially from Motherwell's and seemed to be but a fragment of some longer ballad. It is as follows:—

HAME NEVER CAME HE.

SADDLED and bridled and booted rode he,
A plume at his helmet, a sword at his knee;
But torn cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he.

Down cam' his gray father, sabbin' sae sair,
Down cam' his auld mither, tearin' her hair,
Down cam' his sweet wife, wie bonnie bairns thre,
Ane at her bosom an' twa at her knee.

There stood the fleet steed, all foamin' an' hot,
There shrieked his sweet wife, an' sank on the spot;
There stood his gray father, weepin' sae free,—
Sae hame cam' his steed, but hame never cam' he.

Having with some difficulty procured a copy of Motherwell's "Minstrelsy" I find the following note prefixed to the ballad: "Bonnie George Campbell is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlievat, stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594 (*Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland*). Of this ballad Mr. Finlay had only recovered three stanzas, which he has given in the preface to his '*Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*,' page 33, introduced by the following remarks—'There is another fragment still remaining, which appears to have belonged to a ballad of adventure, perhaps of real history. I am acquainted with no poem, of which the lines, as they stand, can be supposed to have formed a part.' The words and the music of this Lament are published in the fifth volume of the '*Scot-*

tish Minstrelsy.' The other 'fragment still remaining' is probably the poem sent me by Mr. Griswold."

Since I have seen the Scotch ballad in Motherwell I have detected, by means of it, a misprint in the German poem. The last word in the second line is *Tag* (day) instead of *Tay*, the name of the river. I translated the word as it stood, and thus the accidental misprint of a single letter has become an unimpeachable witness of the falsity of the charge brought against me.

Will you have the goodness to publish this letter and the several versions of the poem inclosed?

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[For Longfellow's version of this Poem, see page 149 of this volume.]

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

FROM MOTHERWELL'S COLLECTION.

Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he.

Out cam his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair,
And out cam his bonnie bride,
Rivin her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he,
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he.

"My meadow lies green
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is too big,
And my baby's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he.

PROEM TO THE WAIF.

I SEE the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the
mist,

And a feeling of sadness comes
o'er me
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless
feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his
heart,
As showers from the clouds of
summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies,

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured
 volume
 The poem of my choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the
 poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
 music,
 And the cares, that infest the
 day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the
 Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

THE SOUL.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUB-
 LISHED POEM.

AND this is education? This the
 training
 Of an immortal spirit for the
 skies?
 Would you thus teach it virtue
 by restraining
 Its heavenward aspirations till
 it dies?
 Thus fit it for a life beyond the
 grave,
 By making it a helot and a slave?

To earth-born passions, and un-
 holy lust,
 And grovelling appetites? Oh
 no! The soul,
 Blazoned with shame, and foul
 with earthly dust,
 And for an emblem bearing o'er
 the whole
 The crafty serpent not the peace-
 ful dove,
 Has no escutcheon for the courts
 above.

Why, then, prove false to Na-
 ture's noblest trust?

Why thus restrain the spirit's
 upward flight,
 And make its dwelling in the
 loathsome dust
 Until earth's shadow hath
 eclipsed its light?
 Why deck the flesh,—the sensual
 slave of sin,
 And leave in rags the immortal
 guest within?

Beware! The Israelite of old,
 who tore
 The lion in his path, when poor
 and blind,
 He saw the blessed light of
 heaven no more,—
 Shorn of his noble strength,
 and forced to grind
 In prison, and at times led forth
 to be
 A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Destroyed himself, and with him
 those that made
 A cruel mockery of his sight-
 less eyes!
 So, too, the immortal soul, when
 once betrayed
 To minister to lusts it doth
 despise,
 A poor, blind slave—the scoff
 and jest of all,—
 Expires,—and thousands perish
 in the fall!

PROEM TO THE ESTRAY.

ONCE into a quiet village,
 Without haste and without
 heed,
 In the golden prime of morning,
 Strayed the poet's winged
 steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
 Piped the quails from shocks
 and sheaves,

And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering
leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was
ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
'T was the daily call to labor,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odors
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the schoolboys he was
found ;
And the wise men in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into
pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and
old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Wingèd steed, with mane of
gold.

Thus the day passed, and the
evening
Fell with vapors cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for
him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden
bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars.

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring
farmyard,
Loud the cock Alectryon
crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide expanded,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor
where.

But the found upon the green-
sward
Where his struggling hoofs had
trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof prints in the
sod.

From that hour, the fount un-
failing
Gladdens the whole region
round,
Strengthening all who drink its
waters,
While it soothes them with its
sound.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Night and storm. LUCIFER. *with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.*

Lucifer. HASTEN ! hasten !
O ye spirits !
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air !

Voices. O, we cannot !
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it ;
They defeat us everywhere !

The Bells. Laudo Deum verum !
Plebem voco !
Congrego clerum !

Lucifer. Lower ! lower !
Hover downward !
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower !

Voices. All thy thunders
Here are harmless !
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water !
They defy our utmost power.

The Bells. Defunctos ploro !
Pestem fugo !
Festa decoro !

Lucifer. Shake the casements !
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson ;
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast !

Voices. O, we cannot !
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

The Bells. Funera plango !
Fulgora frango !
Sabbata pango !

Lucifer. Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,

Massive, iron-studded portals !
 Sack the house of God, and scatter
 Wide the ashes of the dead !

Voices. O, we cannot !

The Apostles
 And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
 Stand as wardens at the entrance,
 Stand as sentinels o'erhead !

The Bells. Excito lentos !
 Dissipo ventos !
 Paco cruentos !

Lucifer. Baffled ! baffled !
 Inefficient,
 Craven spirits ! leave this labor
 Unto Time, the great Destroyer !
 Come away, ere night is gone !

Voices. Onward ! onward !
 With the night-wind,
 Over field and farm and forest,
 Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
 Blighting all we breathe upon !

(They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.)
Choir. Noete surgentes
 Vigilemus omnes !

I

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY, sitting alone ill and restless.

Prince Henry. I cannot sleep ! my fervid brain
 Calls up the vanished Past again,
 And throws its misty splendors deep
 Into the pallid realms of sleep !
 A breath from that far-distant shore
 Comes freshening ever more and more,
 And wafts o'er intervening seas
 Sweet odors from the Hesperides !
 A wind, that through the corridor
 Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
 And, touching the æolian strings,
 Faints with the burden that it brings !
 Come back ! ye friendships long departed !
 That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
 And now are dwindled, one by one,
 To stony channels in the sun !
 Come back ! ye friends, whose lives are ended !
 Come back, with all that light attended,
 Which seemed to darken and decay
 When ye arose and went away !

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
 The airy crowds of long-ago,
 The dreams and fancies known of yore,
 That have been, and shall be no more.
 They change the cloisters of the night
 Into a garden of delight ;
 They make the dark and dreary hours
 Open and blossom into flowers !
 I would not sleep ! I love to be
 Again in their fair company ;
 But ere my lips can bid them stay
 They pass and vanish quite away !

Alas ! our memories may retrace
 Each circumstance of time and place,
 Season and scene come back again,
 And outward things unchanged remain ;
 The rest we cannot reinstate ;
 Ourselves we cannot re-create,
 Nor set our souls to the same key
 Of the remembered harmony !

Rest ! rest ! O, give me rest and peace !
 The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
 Has something in it like despair,
 A weight I am too weak to bear !
 Sweeter to this afflicted breast
 The thought of never-ending rest !
 Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
 Tranquillity of endless sleep !

(*A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of
 a travelling Physician.*)

Lucifer. All hail Prince Henry !

Prince Henry (startling). Who is it speaks ?
 Who and what are you ?

Lucifer. One who seeks
 A moment's audience with the Prince.

Prince Henry. When came you in ?

Lucifer. A moment since.

I found your study door unlocked,
 And thought you answered when I knocked.

Prince Henry. I did not hear you.

Lucifer. You heard the thunder ;
 It was loud enough to waken the dead.

And it is not a matter of special wonder

That, when God is walking overhead,
 You should not have heard my feeble tread.

Prince Henry. What may your wish or purpose be ?

Lucifer. Nothing or everything, as it pleases
 Your Highness. You behold in me

Only a travelling Physician ;
 One of the few who have a mission
 To cure incurable diseases,
 Or those that are called so.

Prince Henry. Can you bring
 The dead to life ?

Lucifer. Yes ; very nearly.
 And, what is a wiser and better thing,
 Can keep the living from ever needing
 Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,
 By showing conclusively and clearly
 That death is a stupid blunder merely,
 And not a necessity of our lives.
 My being here is accidental ;
 The storm, that against your casement drives,
 In the little village below waylaid me.
 And there I heard, with a secret delight,
 Of your maladies physical and mental,
 Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.
 And I hastened hither, though late in the night,
 To proffer my aid !

Prince Henry (ironically). For this you came !
 Ah, how can I ever hope to requite
 This honor from one so erudite ?

Lucifer. The honor is mine, or will be when
 I have cured your disease.

Prince Henry. But not till then.

Lucifer. What is your illness ?

Prince Henry. It has no name.

A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
 As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
 Sending up vapors to the head ;
 My heart has become a dull lagoon,
 Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains ;
 I am accounted as one who is dead,
 And, indeed, I think that I shall be soon.

Lucifer. And has Gordonius the Divine,
 In his famous Lily of Medicine,—
 I see the book lies open before you,—
 No remedy potent enough to restore you ?

Prince Henry. None whatever !

Lucifer. The dead are dead,
 And their oracles dumb, when questioned
 Of the new diseases that human life
 Evolves in its progress, rank and rife.
 Consult the dead upon things that were,
 But the living only on things that are.
 Have you done this, by the appliance
 And aid of doctors ?

Prince Henry. Ay, whole schools
 Of doctors, with their learned rules ;
 But the case is quite beyond their science.

Even the doctors of Salern
 Send me back word they can discern
 No cure for a malady like this,
 Save one which in its nature is
 Impossible, and cannot be !

Lucifer. That sounds oracular !

Prince Henry.

Unendurable !

Lucifer. What is their remedy ?

Prince Henry.

You shall see ;

Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer (*reading*). " Not to be cured, yet not incurable !

The only remedy that remains

Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,

Who of her own free will shall die,

And give her life as the price of yours ! "

That is the strangest of all cures,

And one, I think, you will never try ;

The prescription you may well put by,

As something impossible to find

Before the world itself shall end !

And yet who knows ? One cannot say

That into some maiden's brain that kind

Of madness will not find its way.

Meanwhile permit me to recommend,

As the matter admits of no delay,

My wonderful Catholicon,

Of very subtile and magical powers !

Prince Henry. Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal

The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,

Not me ! My faith is utterly gone

In every power but the Power Supernal !

Pray tell me, of what school are you ?

Lucifer. Both of the Old and of the New !

The school of Hermes Trismegistus,

Who uttered his oracles sublime

Before the Olympiads, in the dew

Of the early dawn and dusk of Time,

The reign of dateless old Hephæstus !

As northward, from its Nubian springs,

The Nile, forever new and old,

Among the living and the dead,

Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled ;

So, starting from its fountain head

Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,

From the dead demigods of eld,

Through long, unbroken lines of kings

Its course the sacred art has held,

Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,

And in alembics, finely wrought,

Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered

The secret that so long had hovered

Upon the misty verge of Truth,
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech !
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach !

Prince Henry. What ! an adept ?

Lucifer.

Nor less, nor more !

Prince Henry. I am a reader of such books,
A lover of that mystic lore !
With such a piercing glance it looks
Into great Nature's open eye,
And sees within it trembling lie
The portrait of the Deity !
And yet, alas ! with all my pains,
The secret and the mystery
Have baffled and eluded me,
Unseen the grand result remains !

Lucifer (showing a flask). Behold it here ! this little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence,
Of all the knowledge man can ask !
Hold it up thus against the light !

Prince Henry. How limpid, pure, and crystalline,
How quick, and tremulous, and bright
The little wavelets dance and shine,
As were it the Water of Life in sooth !

Lucifer. It is ! It assuages every pain,
Cures all disease, and gives again
To age the swift delights of youth.
Inhale its fragrance.

Prince Henry. It is sweet.
A thousand different odors meet
And mingle in its rare perfume,
Such as the winds of summer waft
At open windows through a room !

Lucifer. Will you not taste it ?

Prince Henry. Will one draught
Suffice ?

Lucifer. If not, you can drink more.

Prince Henry. Into this crystal goblet pour
So much as safely I may drink.

Lucifer (pouring). Let not the quantity alarm you ;
You may drink all ; it will not harm you.

Prince Henry. I am as one who on the brink.
Of a dark river stands and sees
The waters flow, the landscape dim
Around him waver, wheel, and swim,
And, ere he plunges, stops to think
Into what whirlpools he may sink ;
One moment pauses, and no more,
Then madly plunges from the shore !
Headlong into the dark mysteries
Of life and death I boldly leap,

Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,
 Nor what in ambush lurks below !
 For death is better than disease !

(*An ANGEL with an æolian harp hovers in the air.*)

Angel. Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !
 Not only the whispered prayer
 Of love,
 But the imprecations of hate,
 Reverberate
 Forever and ever through the air
 Above !
 This fearful curse
 Shakes the great universe !
Lucifer (disappearing). Drink ! drink !
 And thy soul shall sink
 Down into the dark abyss,
 Into the infinite abyss,
 From which no plummet nor rope
 Ever drew up the silver sand of hope !

Prince Henry (drinking). It is like a draught of fire !
 Through every vein
 I feel again
 The fever of youth, the soft desire ;
 A rapture that is almost pain
 Throbs in my heart and fills my brain !
 O joy ! O joy ! I feel
 The band of steel
 That so long and heavily has pressed
 Upon my breast
 Uplifted, and the malediction
 Of my affliction
 Is taken from me, and my weary breast
 At length finds rest.

The Angel. It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air
 has been taken !
 It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is not shaken !
 It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow !
 It is but the rest of the wind between the flaws that blow !
 With fiendish laughter,

Hereafter,
 This false physician
 Will mock thee in thy perdition.

Prince Henry. Speak ! speak !
 Who says that I am ill ?
 I am not ill ! I am not weak !
 The trance, the swoon, the dream, is o'er !
 I feel the chill of death no more !
 At length,
 I stand renewed in all my strength !
 Beneathme I can feel

The great earth stagger and reel,
 As if the feet of a descending God
 Upon its surface trod,
 And like a pebble it rolled beneath his heel!
 This, O brave physician! this
 Is thy great Palingenesis!

(*Drinks again.*)

The Angel. Touch the goblet no more!
 It will make thy heart sore
 To its very core!
 Its perfume is the breath
 Of the Angel of Death,
 And the light that within it lies
 Is the flash of his evil eyes.
 Beware! O, beware!
 For sickness, sorrow, and care
 All are there!

Prince Henry (sinking back). O thou voice within my breast!
 Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
 When the steadfast tongues of truth
 And the flattering hopes of youth
 Have all deceived me and betrayed me?
 Give me, give me rest, O, rest!
 Golden visions wave and hover,
 Golden vapors, waters streaming,
 Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming,
 I am like a happy lover
 Who illumines life with dreaming!
 Brave physician! Rare physician!
 Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission!

(*His head falls on his book.*)

The Angel (receding). Alas! alas!
 Like a vapor the golden vision
 Shall fade and pass,
 And thou wilt find in thy heart again
 Only the blight of pain,
 And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT *standing by the gateway.*

Hubert. How sad the grand old castle looks!
 O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
 Upon the turret's windy top
 Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;
 Here in the court-yard springs the grass,

So few are now the feet that pass ;
 The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
 Come hopping down the steps of stone,
 As if the castle were their own ;
 And I, the poor old seneschal,
 Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet hall.
 Alas ! the merry guests no more
 Crowd through the hospital door ;
 No eyes with youth and passion shine,
 No cheeks glow redder than the wine ;
 No song, no laugh, no jovial din
 Of drinking wassail to the pin ;
 But all is silent, sad, and drear,
 And now the only sounds I hear
 Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
 And horses stamping in their stalls !

(A horn sounds.)

What ho ! that merry, sudden blast
 Reminds me of the days long past !
 And, as of old resounding, grate
 The heavy hinges of the gate,
 And, clattering loud, with iron clank,
 Down goes the sounding bridge of plank,
 As if it were in haste to greet
 The pressure of a traveller's feet !

(Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.)

Walter. How now, my friend ! This looks quite lonely !
 No banner flying from the walls,
 No pages and no seneschals,
 No wardens, and one porter only !
 Is it you, Hubert ?

Hubert. Ah ! Master Walter !

Walter. Alas ! how forms and faces alter !
 I did not know you. You look older !
 Your hair has grown much grayer and thinner,
 And you stoop a little in the shoulder !

Hubert. Alack ! I am a poor old sinner,
 And, like these towers, begin to moulder ;
 And you have been absent many a year !

Walter. How is the Prince ?

Hubert. He is not here ;
 He has been ill : and now has fled.

Walter. Speak it out frankly : say he's dead !
 Is it not so ?

Hubert. No ; if you please ;
 A strange, mysterious disease
 Fell on him with a sudden blight.
 Whole hours together he would stand
 Upon the terrace, in a dream,

Resting his head upon his hand,
 Best pleased when he was most alone,
 Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,
 Looking down into a stream.
 In the Round Tower, night after night,
 He sat, and bleared his eyes with looks;
 Until one morning we found him there
 Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon
 He had fallen from his chair.
 We hardly recognized his sweet looks!

Walter. Poor Prince!

Hubert. I think he might have mended;
 And he did mend; but very soon
 The priests came flocking in, like rooks,
 With all their crosiers and their crooks,
 And so at last the matter ended.

Walter. How did it end?

Hubert. Why, in Saint Rochus
 They made him stand, and wait his doom;
 And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,
 Began to mutter their hocuspocus.
 First, the Mass for the Dead they chaunted.
 Then three times laid upon his head
 A shovelful of church-yard clay,
 Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,
 "This is a sign that thou art dead,
 So in thy heart be penitent!"
 And forth from the chapel door he went
 Into disgrace and banishment,
 Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,
 And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
 Whose sound should be a perpetual knell
 To keep all travellers away.

Walter. O, horrible fate! Outcast, rejected,
 As one with pestilence infected!

Hubert. Then was the family tomb unsealed,
 And broken helmet, sword and shield,
 Buried together, in common wreck,
 As is the custom, when the last
 Of any princely house has passed,
 And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,
 A herald shouted down the stair
 The words of warning and despair,—
 "O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!"

Walter. Still in my soul that cry goes on,—
 Forever gone! forever gone!
 Ah, what a cruel sense of loss.
 Like a black shadow, would fall across
 The hearts of all, if he should die!
 His gracious presence upon earth
 Was as a fire upon a hearth;
 As pleasant songs, at morning sung,

The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts : or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
Where is he?

Hubert. In the Odenwald.
Some of his tenants, unappalled
By fear of death, or priestly word,—
A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord,—
Have him beneath their watch and ward,
For love of him, and Jesus' sake!
Pray you come in. For why should I
With outdoor hospitality
My prince's friend thus entertain?

Walter. I would a moment here remain.
But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May drink,
As aromatic as the May
From which it steals the breath away,
And which he loved so well of yore;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.
Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there;
They taste not food, they drink not wine,
But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine!

(Leaning over the parapet.)

The day is done ; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!
Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!

II.

A FARM IN THE ODENWALD

A garden ; morning ; PRINCE HENRY seated, with a book. ELSIE, at a distance, gathering flowers.

Prince Henry (reading). One morning, all alone,
 Out of his convent of gray stone,
 Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
 His lips moving as if in prayer,
 His head sunken upon his breast
 As in a dream of rest,
 Walked the Monk Felix. All about
 The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
 Filling the summer air ;
 And within the woodlands as he trod,
 The twilight was like the Truce of God
 With worldly woe and care ;
 Under him lay the golden moss ;
 And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
 Waved, and made the sign of the cross.
 And whispered their Benedicites ;
 And from the ground
 Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
 Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
 Vines that wandered,
 Seeking the sunshine, round and round.
 These he heeded not, but pondered
 On the volume in his hand,
 A volume of Saint Augustine,
 Wherein he read of the unseen
 Splendors of God's great town
 In the unknown land,
 And, with his eyes cast down
 In humility, he said :
 " I believe, O God,
 What herein I have read,
 But alas ! I do not understand ! "

And lo ! he heard
 The sudden singing of a bird,
 A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
 Dropped down,
 And among the branches brown
 Sat singing
 So sweet, and clear, and loud,
 It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
 And the Monk Felix closed his book,
 And long, long,
 With rapturous look,
 He listened to the song,

And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain ;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change !
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange ;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chaunted in the choir ;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a Friar.
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face !"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell :
And he answered with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed ;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours !"

"Years!" said a voice close by.
 It was an aged monk who spoke,
 From a bench of oak
 Fastened against the wall;—
 He was the oldest monk of all.
 For a whole century
 Had he been there,
 Serving God in prayer,
 The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
 He remembered well the features
 Of Felix, and he said,
 Speaking distinct and slow :
 "One hundred years ago,
 When I was a novice in this place,
 There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
 Who bore the name
 Of Felix, and this man must be the same."
 And straightway
 They brought forth to the light of day
 A volume old and brown,
 A huge tome, bound
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,
 Wherein were written down
 The names of all who had died
 In the convent, since it was edified.
 And there they found,
 Just as the old monk said,
 That on a certain day and date,
 One hundred years before,
 Had gone forth from the convent gate
 The Monk Felix, and never more
 Had entered that sacred door.
 He had been counted among the dead !
 And they knew, at last,
 That, such had been the power
 Of that celestial and immortal song,
 A hundred years had passed,
 And had not seemed so long
 As a single hour !

(ELSIE comes in with flowers.)

Elsie. Here are flowers for you,
 But they are not all for you.
 Some of them are for the Virgin
 And for Saint Cecilia.

Prince Henry. As thou standest there,
 Thou seemest to me like the angel
 That brought the immortal roses
 To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

Elsie. But these will fade.

Prince Henry. Themselves will fade,

But not their memory,
And memory has the power
To re-create them from the dust.
They remind me, too,
Of martyred Dorothea,
Who from celestial gardens sent
Flowers as her witnesses
To him who scoffed and doubted.

Elsie. Do you know the story
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?
That is the prettiest legend of them all.

Prince Henry. Then tell it to me.
But first come hither.
Lay the flowers down beside me,
And put both thy hands in mine.
Now tell me the story.

Elsie. Early in the morning
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden,
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.

Prince Henry. Just as thou hast been doing
This morning, dearest *Elsie*.

Elsie. And as she gathered them,
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the Flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
"In my heart," she said,
"I love him; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labor in his garden."

Prince Henry. Dear, innocent child!
How sweetly thou recallest
The long-forgotten legend,
That in my early childhood
My mother told me!
Upon my brain
It reappears once more,
As a birth-mark on the forehead
When a hand suddenly
Is laid upon it, and removed!

Elsie. And at midnight,
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And, looking forth from her window,
She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers.
It was the Lord Jesus;
And she went down to him
And opened the door for him;

And he said to her, "O maiden !
 Thou hast thought of me with love,
 And for thy sake
 Out of my Father's kingdom
 Have I come hither :
 I am the Master of the Flowers.
 My garden is in Paradise,
 And if thou wilt go with me,
 Thy bridal garland
 Shall be of bright red flowers."
 And then he took from his finger
 A golden ring,
 And asked the Sultan's daughter
 If she would be his bride.
 And when she answered him with love,
 His wounds began to bleed,
 And she said to him,
 "O Love ! how red thy heart is,
 And thy hands are full of roses."
 "For thy sake," answered he,
 "For thy sake is my heart so red,
 For thee I bring these roses.
 I gathered them at the cross
 Whereon I died for thee !
 Come, for my Father calls.
 Thou art my elected bride !"
 And the Sultan's daughter
 Followed him to his Father's garden.
Prince Henry. Wouldst thou have done so, *Elsie* ?
Elsie. Yes, very gladly.
Prince Henry. Then the Celestial Bridegroom
 Will come for thee also.
 Upon thy forehead he will place,
 Not his crown of thorns,
 But a crown of roses.
 In thy bridal chamber,
 Like Saint Cecilia,
 Thou shalt hear sweet music,
 And breathe the fragrance
 Of flowers immortal !
 Go now and place these flowers
 Before her picture.

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

Twilight. URSULA spinning. GOTTLIEB asleep in his chair.

Ursula. Darker and darker ! Hardly a glimmer
 Of light comes in at the window-pane ;
 Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer ?
 I cannot disentangle this skein,

Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.
Elsie !

Gottlieb (starting). The stopping of thy wheel
Has wakened me out of a pleasant dream.
I thought I was sitting beside a stream,
And heard the grinding of a mill,
When suddenly the wheels stood still,
And a voice cried "Elsie" in my ear !
It startled me, it seemed so near.

Ursula. I was calling her : I want a light.
I cannot see to spin my flax.

Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou hear ?

Elsie (within). In a moment !

Gottlieb. Where are Bertha and Max ?

Ursula. They are sitting with Elsie at the door.
She is telling them stories of the wood,
And the Wolf, and Little Red Ridinghood.

Gottlieb. And where is the Prince ?

Ursula. In his room overhead ;
I heard him walking across the floor,
As he always does, with a heavy tread.

(ELSIE comes in with a lamp. MAX and BERTHA follow her ; and they
all sing the Evening Song on the lighting of the lamp.)

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour ! .

Now to the sunset
Again hast thou brought us ;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee !

Father omnipotent !
Son, the Life-giver !
Spirit, the Comforter !
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder !

Prince Henry (at the door). Amen !

Ursula. Who was it said Amen ?

Elsie. It was the Prince : he stood at the door,
And listened a moment, as we chaunted
The evening song. He is gone again.
I have often seen him there before.

Ursula. Poor Prince !

Gottlieb. I thought the house was haunted !

Poor Prince, alas ! and yet as mild
And patient as the gentlest child !

Max. I love him because he is so good,
And makes me such fine bows and arrows,
To shoot at the robins and the sparrows,
And the red squirrels in the wood !

Bertha. I love him, too !

Gottlieb. Ah, yes ! we all
Love him, from the bottom of our hearts ;
He gave us the farm, the house, and the grange,
He gave us the horses and the carts,
And the great oxen in the stall,
The vineyard, and the forest range !
We have nothing to give him but our love !

Bertha. Did he give us the beautiful stork above
On the chimney-top, with its large, round nest ?

Gottlieb. No, not the stork ; by God in heaven,
As a blessing, the dear, white stork was given ;
But the Prince has given us all the rest.
God bless him, and make him well again.

Elsie. Would I could do something for his sake,
Something to cure his sorrow and pain !

Gottlieb. That no one can ; neither thou nor I,
Nor any one else.

Elsie. And must he die ?

Ursula. Yes ; if the dear God does not take
Pity upon him, in his distress,
And work a miracle !

Gottlieb. Or unless
Some maiden, of her own accord,
Offers her life for that of her lord,
And is willing to die in his stead,

Elsie. I will !

Ursula. Prithee, thou foolish child, be still !
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not mean !

Elsie. I mean it truly !

Max. O father ! this morning,
Down by the mill, in the ravine,
Hans killed a wolf, the very same
That in the night to the sheepfold came,
And ate up my lamb, that was left outside.

Gottlieb. I am glad he is dead. It will be a warning
To the wolves in the forest, far and wide.

Max. And I am going to have his hide !

Bertha. I wonder if this is the wolf that ate
Little Red Ridinghood !

Ursula. O, no !
That wolf was killed a long while ago.
Come, children, it is growing late.

Max. Ah, how I wish I were a man,
As stout as Hans is, and as strong !
I would do nothing else, the whole day long,

But just kill wolves.

Gottlieb. Then go to bed,
And grow as fast as a little boy can.
Bertha is half asleep already.
See how she nods her heavy head,
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady
She will hardly be able to creep upstairs.

Ursula. Good-night, my children. Here's the light,
And do not forget to say your prayers
Before you sleep.

Gottlieb. Good-night !

Max and Bertha. Good-night !

(*They go out with ELsie.*)

Ursula (spinning). She is a strange and wayward child,
That Elsie of ours. She looks so old,
And thoughts and fancies weird and wild
Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart, that was once so docile and mild !

Gottlieb. She is like all girls.

Ursula. Ah no, forsooth !

Unlike all I have ever seen.
For she has visions and strange dreams,
And in all her words and ways, she seems
Much older than she is in truth.
Who would think her but fourteen ?
And there has been of late such a change !
My heart is heavy with fear and doubt
That she may not live till the year is out.
She is so strange,—so strange,—so strange !

Gottlieb. I am not troubled with any such fear !
She will live and thrive for many a year.

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

Night. ELsie praying.

Elsie. My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning !

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side.
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, that hast died,

Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
 And in the grave hast thou been buried !
 If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
 O my Saviour. I beseech thee,
 Even as thou hast died for me,
 More sincerely
 Let me follow where thou ledest,
 Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
 Die, if dying I may give
 Life to one who asks to live,
 And more nearly,
 Dying thus, resemble thee !

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB AND URSULA.

Midnight. ELsie standing by their bedside, weeping.

Gottlieb. The wind is roaring ; the rushing rain
 Is loud upon roof and window pane,
 As if the Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,
 Boding evil to me and mine,
 Were abroad to-night with his ghostly train !
 In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,
 The dogs howl in the yard : and hark !
 Some one is sobbing in the dark,
 Here in the chamber !

Elsie. It is I.

Ursula. Elsie ! what ails thee, my poor child ?

Elsie. I am disturbed and much distressed,
 In thinking our dear Prince must die ;
 I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

Gottlieb. What wouldst thou ? In the Power Divine
 His healing lies, not in our own ;
 It is in the hand of God alone.

Elsie. Nay, he has put it into mine,
 And into my heart !

Gottlieb. Thy words are wild !

Ursula. What dost thou mean ? my child ! my child !

Elsie. That for our dear Prince Henry's sake
 I will myself the offering make,
 And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula. Am I still dreaming, or awake ?
 Thou speakest carelessly of death,
 And yet thou knowest not what it is.

Elsie. 'T is the cessation of our breath.
 Silent and motionless we lie ;
 And no one knoweth more than this.
 I saw our little Gertrude die ;
 She left off breathing, and no more !
 I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
 She was more beautiful than before.

Like violets faded were her eyes ;
 By this we knew that she was dead.
 Through the open window looked the skies
 Into the chamber where she lay,
 And the wind was like the sound of wings,
 As if angels came to bear her away.
 Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,
 I found it difficult to stay ;
 I longed to die, as she had died,
 And go forth with her, side by side.
 The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
 And Mary, and our Lord ; and I
 Would follow in humility
 The way by them illumined !

Ursula. My child ! my child ! thou must not die !

Elsie. Why should I live ? Do I not know
 The life of woman is full of woe ?
 Toiling on and on and on,
 With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
 And silent lips, and in the soul
 The secret longings that arise,
 Which this world never satisfies !
 Some more, some less, but of the whole
 Not one quite happy, no, not one !

Ursula. It is the malediction of Eve !

Elsie. In place of it, let me receive
 The benediction of Mary, then.

Gottlieb. Ah, woe is me ! Ah, woe is me !
 Most wretched am I among men !

Ursula. Alas ! that I should live to see
 Thy death, beloved, and to stand
 Above thy grave ! Ah, woe the day !

Elsie. Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie
 Beneath the flowers of another land,
 For at Salerno, far away
 Over the mountains, over the sea,
 It is appointed me to die !

And it will seem no more to thee
 Than if at the village on market-day
 I should a little longer stay
 Than I am used.

Ursula. Even as thou sayest !
 And how my heart beats, when thou stayest !
 I cannot rest until my sight
 Is satisfied with seeing thee.
 What, then, if thou wert dead ?

Gottlieb. Ah me !
 Of our old eyes thou art the light !
 The joy of our old hearts art thou !
 And wilt thou die ?

Ursula. Not now ! not now !

Elsie. Christ died for me, and shall not I

Be willing for my Prince to die ?
 You both are silent ; you cannot speak.
 This said I, at our Saviour's feast,
 After confession, to the priest,
 And even he made no reply.

Does he not warn us all to seek
 The happier, better land on high,
 Where flowers immortal never wither ;
 And could he forbid me to go thither ?

Gottlieb. In God's own time, my heart's delight !
 When he shall call thee, not before !

Elsie. I heard him call. When Christ ascended
 Triumphantly, from star to star,
 He left the gates of heaven ajar.

I had a vision in the night,
 And saw him standing at the door
 Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,
 And beckoning to me from afar.
 I cannot stay !

Gottlieb. She speaks almost
 As if it were the Holy Ghost
 Spake through her lips, and in her stead !
 What if this were of God ?

Ursula. Ah, then
 Gainsay it dare we not.

Gottlieb. Amen !
Elsie ! the words that thou hast said
 Are strange and new for us to hear,
 And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.
 Whether it be a dark temptation
 Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,
 We in our blindness cannot say.
 We must think upon it, and pray ;
 For evil and good in both resembles.
 If it be of God, his will be done !
 May he guard us from the Evil One !
 How hot thy hand is ! how it trembles !
 Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

Ursula. Kiss me. Good-night ; and do not weep !

(*ELSIE goes out.*)

Ah, what an awful thing is this !
 I almost shuddered at her kiss,
 As if a ghost had touched my cheek,
 I am so childish and so weak !
 As soon as I see the earliest gray
 Of morning glimmer in the east,
 I will go over to the priest,
 And hear what the good man has to say !

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

A woman kneeling at the confessional.

The Parish Priest (from within). Go, sin no more! Thy penance o'er,

A new and better life begin !
 God maketh thee forever free
 From the dominion of thy sin !
 Go, sin no more ! He will restore
 The peace that filled thy heart before,
 And pardon thine iniquity !

(The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth, and walks slowly up and down the church.)

O blessed Lord ! how much I need
 Thy light to guide me on my way !
 So many hands, that, without heed,
 Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed !
 So many feet, that, day by day,
 Still wander from thy fold astray !
 Unless thou fill me with thy light,
 I cannot lead thy flock aright ;
 Nor, without thy support, can bear
 The burden of so great a care,
 But am myself a castaway !

(A pause.)

The day is drawing to its close ;
 And what good deeds, since first it rose,
 Have I presented, Lord, to thee,
 As offerings of my ministry ?
 What wrong repressed, what right maintained,
 What struggle passed, what victory gained,
 What good attempted and attained ?
 Feeble, at best, is my endeavor !
 I see, but cannot reach, the height
 That lies forever in the light,
 And yet forever and forever,
 When seeming just within my grasp,
 I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
 And sink discouraged into night !
 For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
 The strife and the discouragement !

(A pause.)

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hohenecck ?
 Why keep me pacing to and fro
 Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,
 Counting my footsteps as I go,

And marking with each step a tomb?
 Why should the world for thee make room,
 And wait thy leisure and thy beck?
 Thou comest in the hope to hear
 Some word of comfort and of cheer.
 What can I say? I cannot give
 The counsel to do this and live;
 But rather, firmly to deny
 The tempter, though his power is strong,
 And, inaccessible to wrong,
 Still like a martyr live and die!

(A pause.)

The evening air grows dusk and brown;
 I must go forth into the town,
 To visit beds of pain and death,
 Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
 And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
 That see, through tears, the sun go down,
 But never more shall see it rise.
 The poor in body and estate,
 The sick and the disconsolate,
 Must not on man's convenience wait.

(Goes out. Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest. LUCIFER, with a genuflection, mocking.)

This is the Black Pater-noster.
 God was my foster,
 He fostered me
 Under the book of the Palm-tree!
 St. Michael was my dame.
 He was born at Bethlehem,
 He was made of flesh and blood.
 God send me my right food,
 My right food, and shelter too,
 That I may to yon kirk go,
 To read upon yon sweet book
 Which the mighty God of heaven shook.
 Open, open, hell's gates!
 Shut, shut, heaven's gates!
 All the devils in the air
 The stronger be, that hear the Black Prayer!

(Looking round the church.)

What a darksome and dismal place!
 I wonder that any man has the face
 To call such a hole the House of the Lord,
 And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such is the word.
 Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,
 Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs.
 Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs !
 The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons
 Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans,
 With about as much real edification
 As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
 Had fallen, and struck them on the head ;
 And I ought to remember that sensation !
 Here stands the holy-water stoup !
 Holy-water it may be to many,
 But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennæ !
 It smells like a filthy fast-day soup !
 Near it stands the box for the poor ;
 With its iron padlock, safe and sure.
 I and the priest of the parish know
 Whither all these charities go ;
 Therefore, to keep up the institution,
 I will add my little contribution !

(He puts in money.)

Underneath this mouldering tomb,
 With statue of stone, and scutcheon of brass,
 Slumbers a great lord of the village.
 All his life was riot and pillage,
 But at length, to escape the threatened doom
 Of the everlasting, penal fire,
 He died in the dress of a mendicant friar,
 And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.
 But all that afterward came to pass,
 And whether he finds it dull or pleasant,
 Is kept a secret for the present,
 At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall.
 Shadowy, silent, apart from all,
 With its awful portal open wide,
 And its latticed windows on either side,
 And its step well-worn by the bended knees
 Of one or two pious centuries,
 Stands the village confessional !
 Within it, as an honored guest,
 I will sit me down awhile and rest !

(Seats himself in the confessional.)

Here sits the priest ; and faint and low,
 Like the sighing of an evening breeze,
 Comes through these painted lattices
 The ceaseless sound of human woe ;
 Here, while her bosom aches and throbs
 With deep and agonizing sobs,
 That half are passion, half contrition,
 The luckless daughter of perdition

Slowly confesses her secret shame !
 The time, the place, the lover's name !
 Here the grim murderer, with a groan,
 From his bruised conscience rolls the stone,
 Thinking that thus he can atone
 For ravages of sword and flame !
 Indeed, I marvel and marvel greatly,
 How a priest can sit here so sedately,
 Reading, the whole year out and in,
 Naught but the catalogue of sin,
 And still keep any faith whatever
 In human virtue ! Never ! never !

I cannot repeat a thousandth part
 Of the horrors and crimes and sins and woes
 That arise, when with palpitating throes
 The graveyard in the human heart
 Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,
 As if he were an archangel, at least.
 It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
 This odor of earthly passions and crimes,
 Such as I like to breathe, at times,
 And such as often brings me here
 In the hottest and most pestilential season.
 To-day, I come for another reason ;
 To foster and ripen an evil thought
 In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,
 And to make a murderer out of a prince,
 A sleight of hand I learned long since !
 He comes. In the twilight he will not see
 The difference between his priest and me !
 In the same net was the mother caught !

(Prince Henry entering and kneeling at the confessional.)

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,
 I come to crave, O Father holy,
 Thy benediction on my head.
Lucifer. The benediction shall be said
 After confession, not before !
 'T is a God-speed to the departing guest,
 Who stands already at the door,
 Sandalled with holiness, and dressed
 In garments pure from earthly stain.
 Meanwhile, hast thou searched well thy breast ?
 Does the same madness fill thy brain ?
 Or have thy passion and unrest
 Vanished forever from thy mind ?

Prince Henry. By the same madness still made blind,
 By the same passion still possessed,
 I come again to the house of prayer,
 A man afflicted and distressed !
 As in a cloudy atmosphere,

Through unseen sluices of the air,
 A sudden and impetuous wind
 Strikes the great forest white with fear,
 And every branch, and bough, and spray
 Points all its quivering leaves one way,
 And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,
 And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,
 And smoke from chimneys of the town,
 Yield themselves to it, and bow down,
 So does this dreadful purpose press
 Onward, with irresistible stress,
 And all my thoughts and faculties,
 Struck level by the sense of this,
 From their true inclination turn,
 And all stream forward to Salern !

Lucifer. Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,
 Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
 Along the highway of the world
 A moment only, then to fall
 Back to a common level all,
 At the subsiding of the gust !

Prince Henry. O holy Father ! pardon in me
 The oscillation of a mind
 Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
 Its centre of rest and harmony !
 For evermore before mine eyes
 This ghastly phantom flits and flies,
 And as a madman through a crowd,
 With frantic gestures and wild cries,
 It hurries onward, and aloud
 Repeats its awful prophecies !
 Weakness is wretchedness ! To be strong
 Is to be happy ! I am weak,
 And cannot find the good I seek,
 Because I feel and fear the wrong !

Lucifer. Be not alarmed ! The Church is kind,
 And in her mercy and her meekness
 She meets half-way her children's weakness,
 Writes their transgressions in the dust !
 Though in the Decalogue we find
 The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill !"
 Yet there are cases when we must.
 In war, for instance, or from scathe
 To guard and keep the one true Faith !
 We must look at the Decalogue in the light
 Of an ancient statute, that was meant
 For a mild and general application,
 To be understood with the reservation,
 That, in certain instances, the Right
 Must yield to the Expedient !
 Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,
 What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie !

What noble deeds, what fair renown,
 Into the grave with thee go down !
 What acts of valor and courtesy
 Remain undone, and die with thee !
 Thou art the last of all thy race !
 With thee a noble name expires,
 And vanishes from the earth's face
 The glorious memory of thy sires !
 She is a peasant. In her veins
 Flows common and plebeian blood ;
 It is such as daily and hourly stains
 The dust and the turf of battle plains,
 By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,
 Without reserve, and without reward,
 At the slightest summons of their lord !
 But thine is precious ; the fore-appointed
 Blood of kings, of God's anointed !
 Moreover, what has the world in store
 For one like her, but tears and toil ?
 Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,
 A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,
 And her soul within her sick and sore
 With the roughness and barrenness of life.
 I marvel not at the heart's recoil
 From a fate like this, in one so tender,
 Nor at its eagerness to surrender
 All the wretchedness, want, and woe
 That awaits it in this world below,
 For the unutterable splendor
 Of the world of rest beyond the skies.
 So the Church sanctions the sacrifice :
 Therefore inhale this healing balm,
 And breath this fresh life into thine ;
 Accept the comfort and the calm
 She offers, as a gift divine ;
 Let her fall down and anoint thy feet
 With the ointment costly and most sweet
 Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

Prince Henry. And will the righteous heaven forgive ?
 No action, whether foul or fair,
 Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
 A record, written by fingers ghostly,
 As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
 In the greater weakness or greater strength
 Of the acts which follow it. till at length
 The wrongs of ages are redressed,
 And the justice of God made manifest !

Lucifer. In ancient records it is stated
 That, whenever an evil deed is done,
 Another devil is created
 To scourge and torment the offending one !
 But evil is only good perverted,

And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,
But an angel fallen and deserted,
Thrust from his Father's house with a curse
Into the black and endless night,

Prince Henry. If justice rules the universe,
From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

Lucifer. Yes; if the world were not so rotten,
And so given over to the Devil!

Prince Henry. But this deed, is it good or evil?
Have I thine absolution free
To do it, and without restriction?

Lucifer. Ay; and from whatsoever sin
Lieth around it and within,
From all crimes in which it may involve thee,
I now release thee and absolve thee!

Prince Henry. Give me thy holy benediction.

Lucifer. (*stretching forth his hand and muttering*).

Maledictione perpetua

Maledicat vos

Pater eternus!

The Angel (with the wolian harp). Take heed! take heed!

Noble art thou in thy birth,
By the good and the great of earth
Hast thou been taught!
Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretences!
I entreat thee. I implore,
Listen no more
To the suggestions of an evil spirit,
That even now is there,
Making the foul seem fair,
As selfishness itself a virtue and a merit!

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

Gottlieb. It is decided! For many days,
And nights as many, we have had
A nameless terror in our breast,
Making us timid, and afraid
Of God, and his mysterious ways!
We have been sorrowful and sad;
Much have we suffered, much have prayed
That he would lead us as is best,
And show us what his will required.

It is decided ; and we give
 Our child, O Prince, that you may live !
Ursula. It is of God. He has inspired
 This purpose in her ; and through pain,
 Out of a world of sin and woe,
 He takes her to himself again.
 The mother's heart resists no longer ;
 With the Angel of the Lord in vain
 It wrestled, for he was the stronger.
Gottlieb. As Abraham offered long ago
 His son unto the Lord, and even
 The Everlasting Father in heaven
 Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,
 So do I offer up my daughter !

(*URSULA hides her face.*)

Elsie. My life is little.
 Only a cup of water,
 But pure and limpid.
 Take it, O my Prince !
 Let it refresh you,
 Let it restore you.
 It is given willingly,
 It is given freely ;
 May God bless the gift !
Prince Henry. And the giver !
Gottlieb. Amen !
Prince Henry. I accept it !
Gottlieb. Where are the children ?
Ursula. They are already asleep.
Gottlieb. What if they were dead ?

IN THE GARDEN.

Elsie. I have one thing to ask of you.
Prince Henry. What is it ?
 It is already granted.
Elsie. Promise me,
 When we are gone from here, and on our way
 Are journeying to Salerno, you will not,
 By word or deed, endeavor to dissuade me
 And turn me from my purpose ; but remember
 That as a pilgrim to the Holy City
 Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon
 Occupied wholly, so would I approach
 The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,
 With my petition, putting off from me
 All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet.
 Promise me this.
Prince Henry. Thy words fall from thy lips

Like roses from the lips of Angelo : and angels
Might stoop to pick them up !

Elsie. Will you not promise ?

Prince Henry. If ever we depart upon this journey,
So long to one or both of us, I promise.

Elsie. Shall we not go, then ! Have you lifted me
Into the air, only to hurl me back
Wounded upon the ground ? and offered me
The waters of eternal life, to bid me
Drink the polluted puddles of this world ?

Prince Henry. O Elsie ! what a lesson thou dost teach me !
The life which is, and that which is to come,
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise
A breath disturbs the balance ; and that scale
In which we throw our hearts preponderates,
And the other, like an empty one, flies up,
And is accounted vanity and air !
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch ;
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls !
O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
"Ave Maria" in characters of gold !

III.

A STREET IN STRASBURG.

Night. PRINCE HENRY *wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.*

Prince Henry. Still is the night. The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty street,
And like an artisan, bending down
His head on his anvil, the dark town
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.
Sleepless and restless, I alone,
In the dusk and damp of these walls of stone,
Wander and weep in my remorse !

Crier of the dead (ringing a bell). Wake ! Wake !

All ye that sleep !
Pray for the Dead !
Pray for the Dead !

Prince Henry. Hark ! with what accents loud and hoarse
This warder on the walls of death
Sends forth the challenge of his breath !
I see the dead that sleep in the grave !
They rise up and their garments wave,

Dimly and spectral, as they rise,
 With the light of another world in their eyes !
Crier of the dead. Wake ! wake !
 All ye that sleep !
 Pray for the Dead !
 Pray for the Dead !

Prince Henry. Why for the dead, who are at rest ?
 Pray for the living, in whose breast
 The struggle between right and wrong
 Is raging terrible and strong,
 As when good angels war with devils !
 This is the Master of the Revels,
 Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes
 The health of absent friends, and pledges,
 Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,
 And tinkling as we touch their edges,
 But with his dismal, tinkling bell,
 That mocks and mimics their funeral knell !
Crier of the dead. Wake ! wake !
 All ye that sleep !
 Pray for the Dead !
 Pray for the Dead !

Prince Henry. Wake not, beloved ! be thy sleep
 Silent as night is, and as deep !
 There walks a sentinel at thy gate
 Whose heart is heavy and desolate,
 And the heavings of whose bosom number
 The respirations of thy slumber,
 As if some strange, mysterious fate
 Has linked two hearts in one, and mine
 Went madly wheeling about thine,
 Only with wider and wilder sweep !
Crier of the dead (at a distance). Wake ! wake !
 All ye that sleep !
 Pray for the Dead !
 Pray for the Dead !

Prince Henry. Lo ! with what depth of blackness thrown
 Against the clouds, far up the skies,
 The walls of the cathedral rise,
 Like a mysterious grove of stone,
 With fitful lights and shadows blending,
 As from behind, the moon, ascending,
 Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown !
 The wind is rising ; but the boughs
 Rise not and fall not with the wind
 That through their foliage sobs and soughs ; —
 Only the cloudy rack behind,
 Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
 Gives to each spire and buttress jagged

A seeming motion undefined,
 Below on the square, an armed knight,
 Still as a statue and as white,
 Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams quiver
 Upon the points of his armor bright
 As on the ripples of a river.
 He lifts the visor from his cheek,
 And beckons, and makes as he would speak.

Walter the Minnesinger. Friend! can you tell me where
 alight

Thuringia's horsemen for the night?
 For I have lingered in the rear
 And wander vainly up and down.

Prince Henry. I am a stranger in the town,
 As thou art; but the voice I hear
 Is not a stranger to mine ear.
 Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

Walter. Thou hast guessed rightly; and thy name
 Is Henry of Hohenneck!

Prince Henry. Ay, the same.

Walter (embracing him). Come closer, closer to my side!
 What brings thee hither? What potent charm
 Has drawn thee from thy German farm
 Into the old Alsatian city?

Prince Henry. A tale of wonder and of pity!
 A wretched man, almost by stealth
 Dragging my body to Salerno,
 In the vain hope and search for health,
 And destined never to return.
 Already thou hast heard the rest.
 But what brings thee, thus armed and dight
 In the equipments of a knight?

Walter. Dost thou not see upon my breast
 The cross of the Crusaders shine?
 My pathway leads to Palestine.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that way were also mine!
 O noble poet! thou whose heart
 Is like a nest of singing-birds
 Rocked on the topmost bough of life.
 Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,
 And in the clangor of the strife
 Mingle the music of thy words?

Walter. My hopes are high, my heart is proud,
 And like a trumpet long and loud,
 Thither my thoughts all clang and ring!
 My life is in my hand, and lo!
 I grasp and bend it as a bow,
 And shoot forth from its trembling string
 An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
 Like the arrow of the Israelite king
 Shot from the window toward the east,
 That of the Lord's deliverance!

Prince Henry. My life, alas! is what thou seest!
 O enviable fate! to be
 Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee
 With lyre and sword, with song and steel;
 A hand to smite, a heart to feel!
 Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,
 Thou givest all unto thy Lord;
 While I, so mean and abject grown,
 Am thinking of myself alone.

Walter. Be patient: Time will reinstate
 Thy health and fortunes.

Prince Henry. 'T is too late!
 I cannot strive against my fate!

Walter. Come with me; for my steed is weary;
 Our journey has been long and dreary,
 And, dreaming of his stall, he dints
 With his impatient hoofs the flints.

Prince Henry (aside). I am ashamed, in my disgrace,
 To look into that noble face!
 To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

Walter. To-morrow, at the dawn of day,
 I shall again be on my way.
 Come with me to the hostelry,
 For I have many things to say.
 Our journey into Italy
 Perchance together we may make;
 Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

Prince Henry. A sick man's pace would but impede
 Tifine eager and impatient speed.
 Besides, my pathway leads me round
 To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,
 Where I assemble man and steed,
 And all things for my journey's need.

(*They go out. LUCIFER, flying over the city.*)

Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light
 Wakes you to sin and crime again,
 Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,
 I scatter downward through the night
 My maledictions dark and deep.
 I have more martyrs in your walls
 Than God has; and they cannot sleep;
 They are my bondsmen and my thralls;
 Their wretched lives are full of pain,
 Wild agonies of nerve and brain;
 And every heart-beat, every breath,
 Is a convulsion worse than death!
 Sleep, sleep, O city! though within
 The circuit of your walls there lies
 No habitation free from sin,
 And all its nameless miseries;

The aching heart, the aching head,
 Grief for the living and the dead,
 And foul corruption of the time,
 Disease, distress, and want, and woe,
 And crimes, and passions that may grow
 Until they ripen into crime !

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT preaching to the crowd from a pulpit in the open air. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing the square.

Prince Henry. This is the day, when from the dead
 Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,
 Out of their darkness and despair,
 Triumphant over fears and foes,
 The heart of his disciples rose,
 When to the women, standing near,
 The Angel in shining vesture said,
 " The Lord has risen ; he is not here ! "
 And, mindful that the day is come,
 On all the hearths in Christendom
 The fires are quenched, to be again
 Rekindled from the sun, that high
 Is dancing in the cloudless sky.
 The churches are all decked with flowers,
 The salutations among men
 Are but the Angel's words divine,
 " Christ is arisen ! " and the bells
 Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,
 And chaunt together in their towers.
 All hearts are glad ; and free from care
 The faces of the people shine.
 See what a crowd is in the square,
 Gaily and gallantly arrayed !

Elsie. Let us go back ; I am afraid !

Prince Henry. Nay, let us mount the church-steps here,
 Under the doorway's sacred shadow ;
 We can see all things, and be freer
 From the crowd that madly heaves and presses !

Elsie. What a gay pageant ! what bright dresses !
 It looks like a flower-besprinkled meadow.
 What is that yonder on the square ?

Prince Henry. A pulpit in the open air,
 And a Friar, who is preaching to the crowd
 In a voice so deep and clear and loud,
 That, if we listen, and give heed,
 His lowest words will reach the ear.

Friar Cuthbert (gesticulating and cracking a postilion's whip.)
 What ho ! good people ! do you not hear ?
 Dashing along at the top of his speed,

Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,
 A courier comes with words of cheer.
 Courier ! what is the news, I pray ?
 " Christ is arisen ! " Whence come you ? " From court."
 Then I do not believe it ; you say it in sport.

(Cracks his whip again.)

Ah, here comes another, riding this way ;
 We soon shall know what he has to say.
 Courier ! what are the tidings to-day ?
 " Christ is arisen ! " Whence come you ? " From town."
 Then I do not believe it ; away with you, clown.

(Cracks his whip more violently.)

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain ;
 What news do you bring, with your loose-hanging rein,
 Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam ?
 " Christ is arisen ! " Whence come you ? " From Rome."
 Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.
 Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed !

(Great applause among the crowd.)

To come back to my text ! When the news was first spread
 That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,
 Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven ;
 And as great the dispute as to who should carry
 The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,
 Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven.
 Old Father Adam was first to propose,
 As being the author of all our woes ;
 But he was refused, for fear, said they,
 He would stop to eat apples on the way !
 Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,
 Because he might meet with his brother Cain !
 Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness for wine
 Should delay him at every tavern-sign ;
 And John the Baptist could not get a vote,
 On account of his old-fashioned, camel's-hair coat ;
 And the Penitent Thief, who died on the cross,
 Was reminded that all his bones were broken !
 Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,
 The company being still at a loss,
 The Angel, who had rolled away the stone,
 Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone.
 And filled with glory that gloomy prison,
 And said to the Virgin, " The Lord is arisen ! "

(The Cathedral bells ring.)

But hark ! the bells are beginning to chime ;
 And I feel that I am growing hoarse.
 I will put an end to my discourse,
 And leave the rest for some other time.

For the bells themselves are the best of preachers ;
 Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
 From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
 Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
 Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
 Now a sermon and now a prayer.
 The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
 This way, that way, beaten and swung,
 That from mouth of brass, as from Mouth of Gold,
 May be taught the Testament, New and Old.
 And above in the great crossbeam of wood
 Representeth the Holy Rood,
 Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.
 And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
 Is the mind of man, that round and round
 Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound !
 And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,
 Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
 Of Morals, and Symbols, and History ;
 And the upward and downward motions show
 That we touch upon matters high and low ;
 And the constant change and transmutation
 Of action and of contemplation,
 Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,
 Upward, exalted again to the sky ;
 Downward, literal interpretation,
 Upward, the Vision and Mystery !

And now, my hearers, to make an end,
 I have only one word more to say ;
 In the church, in honor of Easter day,
 Will be represented a Miracle Play :
 And I hope you will all have the grace to attend.
 Christ bring us at last to his felicity !
 Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHAUNT.

Kyrie Eleison !
 Christe Eleison !

Elsie. I am at home here in my Father's house !
 These paintings of the Saints upon the walls
 Have all familiar and benignant faces.

Prince Henry. The portraits of the family of God !
 Thine own hereafter shall be placed among them.

Elsie. How very grand it is and wonderful !
 Never have I beheld a church so splendid !
 Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,
 So many tombs and statues in the chapels,

And under them so many confessionals.
They must be for the rich. I should not like
To tell my sins in such a church as this.
Who built it ?

Prince Henry. A great master of his craft,
Erwin von Steinbach ; but not he alone,
For many generations labored with him.
Children that came to see these Saints in stone,
As day by day out of the blocks they rose,
Grew old and died, and still the work went on,
And on, and on, and is not yet completed.
The generation that succeeds our own
Perhaps may finish it. The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes
Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.
That is the image of the master, carved
By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

Elsie. How beautiful is the column that he looks at !

Prince Henry. That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it.
Stand the Evangelists ; above their heads
Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,
And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded
By his attendant ministers, upholding
The instruments of his passion.

Elsie. O my Lord !

Would I could leave behind me upon earth
Some monument to thy glory, such as this !

Prince Henry. A greater monument than this thou leavest.
In thine own life, all purity and love !
See, too, the Rose, above the western portal
Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colors,
The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness !

Elsie. And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,
Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us.

A BISHOP in armor, booted and spurred, passes with his train.)

Prince Henry. But come away ; we have not time to look.
The crowd already fills the church, and yonder
Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet.
Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims
The Mystery that will now be represented.

THE NATIVITY. A MIRACLE PLAY.

THE NATIVITY.

INTROITUS.

Præco. Come, good people, all and each,
Come and listen to our speech !
In your presence here I stand,
With a trumpet in my hand,
To announce the Easter Play,
Which we represent to-day !
First of all we shall rehearse,
In our action and our verse,
The Nativity of our Lord,
As written in the old record
Of the Protevangelion,
So that he who reads may run !

(*Blows his trumpet.*)

I. HEAVEN.

Mercy (at the feet of God). Have pity, Lord ! be not afraid
To save mankind, whom thou hast made,
Nor let the souls that were betrayed
Perish eternally !

Justice. It cannot be, it must not be !
When in the garden placed by thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree
He ate, and he must die !

Mercy. Have pity, Lord ! let penitence
Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery !

Justice. What penitence proportionate
Can e'er be felt for sin so great ?
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,
And damned must he be !

God. He shall be saved, if that within
The bounds of earth one free from sin
Be found, who for his kith and kin
Will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord ! we have searched the world
around,
From centre to the utmost bound,

But no such mortal can be found ;
 Despairing, back we come.
Wisdom. No mortal, but a God made man.
 Can ever carry out this plan.
 Achieving what none other can,
 Salvation unto all !
God. Go, then, O my beloved Son !
 It can by thee alone be done ;
 By thee the victory shall be won
 O'er Satan and the Fall !

(*Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave Paradise and fly towards the earth ; the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.*)

II. MARY AT THE WELL.

Mary. Along the garden walk, and thence
 Through the wicket in the garden fence,
 I steal with quiet pace,
 My pitcher at the well to fill,
 That lies so deep and cool and still
 In this sequestered place.
 These sycamores keep guard around ;
 I see no face, I hear no sound,
 Save bubblings of the spring,
 And my companions, who within
 The threads of gold and scarlet spin,
 And at their labor sing.
The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace !

(*Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith:*)

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this place
 With such a gentle voice ?
Gabriel. The Lord of heaven is with thee now !
 Blessed among all women thou,
 Who art his holy choice !
Mary (setting down the pitcher). What can this mean ?
 No one is near,
 And yet, such sacred words I hear,
 I almost fear to stay.

(*Here the ANGEL, appearing to her, shall say:*)

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary ! but believe !
 For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
 A child this very day.
 Fear not, O Mary . from the sky
 The majesty of the Most High
 Shall overshadow thee !
Mary. Behold the handmaid of the Lord !

According thy holy word,
So be it unto me !

(*Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.*)

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS,

bearing the Star of Bethlehem.

The Angels. The Angels of the Planets Seven,
Across the shining fields of heaven

The natal star we bring !

Dropping our sevenfold virtues down,
As priceless jewels in the crown

Of Christ, our new-born King,

Raphael. I am the Angel of the Sun,
Whose flaming wheels began to run

When God's almighty breath

Said to the darkness and the night,

Let there be light ! and there was light !

I bring the gift of Faith.

Gabriel. I am the Angel of the Moon,
Darkened, to be rekindled soon

Beneath the azure cope !

Nearest to earth, it is my ray

That best illumines the midnight way.

I bring the gift of Hope !

Anael. The Angel of the Star of Love,
The Evening Star, that shines above

The place where lovers be,

Above all happy hearths and homes,

On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,

I give him Charity !

Zobiachel. The Planet Jupiter is mine !
The mightiest star of all that shine,

Except the sun alone !

He is the High Priest of the Dove,

And sends, from his great throne above,

Justice, that shall atone !

Michael. The Planet Mercury, whose place
Is nearest to the sun in space,

Is my allotted sphere !

And with celestial ardor swift

I bear upon my hands the gift

Of heavenly Prudence here !

Uriel. I am the Minister of Mars,
The strongest star among the stars !

My songs of power prelude

The march and battle of man's life,

And for the suffering and the strife,

I give him Fortitude !

Anachiel. The Angel of the uttermost
Of all the shining, heavenly host,

From the far-off expanse
Of the Saturnian, endless space
I bring the last, the crowning grace,
The gift of Temperance !

(*A sudden light shines from the windows of the stable in the village below.*)

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN and CHILD. Three Gypsy Kings,
GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BELSHAZZAR, shall come in.*

Gaspar. Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth !
Though in a manger thou drawest thy breath,
Thou art greater than Life and Death,

Greater than Joy or Woe !
This cross upon the line of life
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with dangers rife

In darkness shalt thou go !

Melchior. Hail to thee, King of Jerusalem !
Though humbly born in Bethlehem,
A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand !
The sceptre is a simple reed,
The crown will make thy temples bleed,
And in thy hour of greatest need,

Abashed thy subjects stand !

Belshazzar. Hail to thee, Christ of Christendom !
O'er all the earth thy kingdom come !
From distant Trebizond to Rome

Thy name shall men adore !
Peace and good-will among all men,
The Virgin has returned again,
Returned the old Saturnian reign

And Golden Age once more.

The Child Christ. Jesus, the Son of God, am I,
Born here to suffer and to die
According to the prophecy,

That other men may live !

The Virgin. And now these clothes, that wrapped him, take
And keep them precious, for his sake ;
Our benediction thus we make,
Naught else have we to give.

(*She gives them swaddling-clothes and they depart.*)

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*Here shall JOSEPH come in, leading an ass, on which are seated MARY
and the CHILD.*

Mary. Here will we rest us, under these
O'erhanging branches of the trees,

Where robins chant their Litanies,
And canticles of joy.

Joseph. My saddle-girths have given way
With trudging through the heat to-day ;
To you I think it is but play
To ride and hold the boy.

Mary. Hark ! how the robins shout and sing,
As if to hail their infant King !
I will alight at yonder spring
To wash his little coat.

Joseph. And I will hobble well the ass,
Lest, being loose upon the grass,
He should escape ; for, by the mass.
He is nimble as a goat.

(Here MARY shall alight and go to the spring.)

Mary. O Joseph ! I am much afraid,
For men are sleeping in the shade ;
I fear that we shall be waylaid,
And robbed and beaten sore !

*(Here a band of robbers shall be seen sleeping, two of whom shall rise
and come forward.)*

Dumachus. Cock's soul ! deliver up your gold,

Joseph. I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold !
Of wealth I have no store.

Dumachus. Give up your money !

Titus. Prithee cease !

Let these good people go in peace !

Dumachus. First let them pay for their release.

And then go on their way.

Titus. These forty groats I give in fee,
If thou wilt only silent be.

Mary. May God be merciful to thee
Upon the Judgment Day !

Jesus. When thirty years shall have gone by,
I at Jerusalem shall die,
By Jewish hands exalted high
On the accursed tree.

Then on my right and my left side,
These thieves shall both be crucified,
And Titus thenceforth shall abide
In paradise with me.

*(Here a great rumor of trumpets and horses, like the noise of a king
with his army, and the robbers shall take flight,)*

VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

King Herod. Potz-tausend ! Himmel-sacrament !
Filled am I with great wonderment
At this unwelcome news !
Am I not Herod ? Who shall dare

My crown to take, my sceptre bear,
As king among the Jews ?

(Here he shall stride up and down and flourish his sword.)

What ho ! I fain would drink a can
Of the strong wine of Canaan !

The wine of Helbon bring,
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,
As red as blood, as hot as fire,
And fit for any king !

(He quaffs great goblets of wine.)

Now at the window will I stand,
While in the street the armed band
The little children slay :
The babe just born in Bethlehem
Will surely slaughtered be with them,
Nor live another day !

(Here a voice of lamentation shall be heard in the street.)

Rachel. O wicked king ! O cruel speed !
To do this most unrighteous deed !

My children all are slain !

Herod. Ho seneschal ! another cup !
With wine of Sorek fill it up !

I would a bumper drain !

Rahab. May maledictions fall and blast
Thyself and lineage, to the last
Of all thy kith and kin !

Herod. Another goblet ! quick ! and stir
Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh
And calamus therein !

Soldiers (in the street). Give up thy child into our hands !
It is King Herod who commands
That he should thus be slain !

The Nurse Medusa. O monstrous men ! What have ye done !
It is King Herod's only son
That ye have cleft in twain !

Herod. Ah, luckless day ! What words of fear
Are these that smite upon my ear
With such a doleful sound !

What torments rack my heart and head !
Would I were dead ! would I were dead,
And buried in the ground !

*(He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens,
and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.)*

VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.

Jesus. The shower is over. Let us play,
And make some sparrows out of clay,

Down by the river's side.

Judas. See, how the stream has overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Its spreading far and wide !

*(They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools.
JESUS makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.)*

Jesus. Look ! look ! how prettily I make
These little sparrows by the lake
Bend down their necks and drink !
Now will I make them sing and soar
So far, they shall return no more
Unto this river's brink.

Judas. That canst thou not ! They are but clay,
They cannot sing, nor fly away
Above the meadow lands !

Jesus. Fly, fly ! ye sparrows ! you are free !
And while you live, remember me,
Who made you with my hands.

*(Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and the sparrows shall fly away,
chirruping.)*

Judas. Thou art a sorcerer, I know ;
Oft has my mother told me so,
I will not play with thee !

(He strikes JESUS on the right side.)

Jesus. Ah, *Judas* ! thou has smote my side,
And when I shall be crucified,
There shall I pierced be !

(Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say :)

Joseph. Ye wicked boys ! why do ye play,
And break the holy Sabbath day ?
What, think ye, will your mothers say
To see you in such plight !
In such a sweat and such a heat,
With all that mud upon your feet !
There's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight !

VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool,
with a rod his hand.*

Rabbi. I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,
Throughout this village known full well,
And, as my scholars all will tell,
Learned in things divine ;

The Kabala and Talmud hoar
 Than all the prophets prize I more,
 For water is all Bible lore,
 But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to East,
 And always, at the Purim feast,
 I am as drunk as any beast
 That wallows in his sty ;
 The wine it so elateth me,
 That I no difference can see
 Between " Accursed Haman be !"
 And " Blessed be Mordecai !"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot.
 Say, if thy lesson thou hast got
 From the Rabbinical Book or not.

Why howl the dogs at night ?

Judas. In the Rabbinical Book, it saith
 The dogs howl, when with icy breath
 Great Sammaël, the Angel of Death,

Takes through the town his flight !

Rabbi. Well, boy ! now say, if thou art wise,
 When the Angel of Death, who is full of eyes,
 Comes where a sick man dying lies,

What doth he to the wight ?

Judas. He stands beside him, dark and tall,
 Holding a sword, from which doth fall
 Into his mouth a drop of gall,

And so he turneth white.

Rabbi. And now, my Judas, say to me
 What the great Voices Four may be,
 That quite across the world do flee,

And are not heard by men ?

Judas. The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,
 The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,
 The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,

And the Angel of the Rain !

Rabbi. Well have ye answered every one !
 Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son,
 Let us see how thy task is done.

Canst thou thy letters say ?

Jesus. Aleph.

Rabbi. What next ? Do not stop yet !
 Go on with all the alphabet.

Come, Aleph, Beth ; dost thou forget ?

Cock's soul ! thou 'dst rather play !

Jesus. What Aleph means I fain would know,
 Before I any farther go !

Rabbi. O, by Saint Peter ! wouldst thou so ?
 Come hither, boy, to me.

As surely as the letter Jod

Once cried aloud, and spake to God,
 So surely shalt thou feel this rod,
 And punished shalt thou be !

(Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up his rod to strike JESUS, and his right arm shall be paralyzed.)

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

JESUS sitting among his playmates, crowned with flowers as their King.

Boys. We spread our garments on the ground
 With fragrant flowers thy head is crowned.
 While like a guard we stand around,
 And hail thee as our King !
 Thou art the new King of the Jews !
 Nor let the passers-by refuse
 To bring that homage which men use
 To majesty to bring.

(Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold of his garments and say :)

Boys. Come hither ! and all reverence pay
 Unto our monarch, crowned to-day !
 Then go rejoicing on your way.
 In all prosperity !
 Traveller. Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
 Who weareth in his diadem
 The yellow crocus for the gem
 Of his authority.

(He passes by ; and others come in, bearing on a litter a sick child.)

Boys. Set down the litter and draw near !
 The King of Bethlehem is here !
 What ails the child, who seems to fear
 That we shall do him harm ?
 The Bearers. He climbed up to the robin's nest,
 And out there darted, from his rest,
 A serpent with a crimson crest,
 And stung him in the arm.
 Jesus. Bring him to me, and let me feel
 The wounded place ; my touch can heal
 The sting of serpents, and can steal
 The poison from the bite !

(He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.)

Cease to lament ! I can foresee
 That thou hereafter known shalt be,
 Among the men who follow me
 As Simon the Canaanite !

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day
 Will be represented another play,
 Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,
 Beginning directly after Nones !
 At the close of which we shall accord,
 By way of benison and reward,
 The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

IV.

THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, *with their attendants, on horseback.*

Elsie. Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city,
 impatiently bearing
 Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and
 daring !

Prince Henry. This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a
 joyous strain,
 But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

Elsie. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and
 bleeds with the stigma
 Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its
 dark enigma.

Prince Henry. Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care
 of what may betide ;
 Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an
 angel's side ?

Elsie. All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog un-
 der the creaking wain
 Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and
 strain.

Prince Henry. Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner
 laughs with the landlord's daughter,
 While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern
 sides with water.

Elsie. All through life there are wayside inns, where man may
 refresh his soul with love ;
 Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from
 above.

Prince Henry. Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey
 along the highway ends,
 And over the fields, by a bridlepath, down into the broad green valley
 descends.

Elsie. I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust
 and heat ;
 The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our
 horses' feet.

(They turn down a green lane.)

Elsie. Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry. Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill ;
We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

Elsie. Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side !
What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide ?

Prince Henry. It is the home of the Counts of Calva ; well have I known these scenes of old,
Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

Elsie. Hark from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain !
Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

Prince Henry. They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,
That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

(*They pass on.*)

THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK FOREST.

The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.

Friar Claus. I always enter this sacred place
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,
Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines
That produce these various sort of wines !

For my part, I am well content
That we have got through with the tedious Lent !
Fasting is all very well for those
Who have to contend with invisible foes ;
But I am quite sure it does not agree
With a quiet, peaceable man like me,
Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind
That are always distressed in body and mind !
And at times it really does me good
To come down among this brotherhood,
Dwelling forever under ground,
Silent, contemplative, round and sound ;
Each one old, and brown with mould,
But filled to the lips with the ardor of youth,
With the latent power and love of truth,
And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,
 When buds are swelling on every side,
 And the sap begins to move in the vine,
 Then in all the cellars, far and wide,
 The oldest, as well as the newest, wine
 Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
 With a kind of revolt and discontent
 At being so long in darkness pent,
 And fain would burst from its sombre tun
 To bask on the hillside in the sun ;
 As in the bosom of us poor friars,
 The tumult of half-subdued desires
 For the world that we have left behind
 Disturbs at times all peace of mind !
 And now that we have lived through Lent,
 My duty it is, as often before,
 To open awhile the prison-door
 And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,
 And has stood a hundred years or more,
 Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,
 Trailing and sweeping along the floor,
 Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
 Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,
 Till his beard has grown through the table of stone !
 It is of the quick and not of the dead !
 In its veins the blood is hot and red,
 And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak
 That time may have tamed, but has not broke !
 It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,
 Is one of the three best kinds of wine,
 And costs some hundred florins the ohm ;
 But that I do not consider dear,
 When I remember that every year
 Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.
 And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,
 The old rhyme keeps running in my brain :
 At Bacharach on the Rhine,
 At Hochheim on the Main,
 And at Würzburg on the Stein,
 Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better far
 Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.
 In particular, Würzburg well may boast
 Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,
 Which of all wines I like the most.
 This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,
 Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

(Fills a flagon.)

Ah ! how the streamlet laughs and sings !
 What a delicious fragrance springs
 From the deep flagon, while it fills,
 As of hyacinths and daffodils !
 Between this cask and the Abbot's lips
 Many have been the sips and slips ;
 Many have been the draughts of wine,
 On their way to his, that have stopped at mine ,
 And many a time my soul has bankered
 For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,
 When it should have been busy with other affairs,
 Less with its longings and more with its prayers.
 But now there is no such awkward condition,
 No danger of death and eternal perdition ;
 So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all.
 Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul !

(He drinks.)

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !
 It flashes like sunshine into my brain !
 A benison rest on the Bishop who sends
 Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends !

And now a flagon for such as may ask
 A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,
 And I will be gone, though I know full well
 The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.
 Behold where he stands, all sound and good,
 Brown and old in his oaken hood ;
 Silent he seems externally
 As any Carthusian monk may be ;
 But within, what a spirit of deep unrest !
 What a seething and simmering in his breast !
 As if the heaving of his great heart
 Would burst his belt of oak apart !
 Let me unloose this button of wood,
 And quiet a little his turbulent mood,

(Sets it running.)

See ! how its currents gleam and shine,
 As if they had caught the purple hues
 Of autumn sunset on the Rhine,
 Descending and mingling with the dews ;
 Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood
 Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,
 Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
 In that ancient town of Bacharach ;
 Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
 In that ancient town of Bacharach !
 The beautiful town that gives us wine
 With the fragrant odor of Muscadine !

I should deem it wrong to let this pass
 Without first touching my lips to the glass,
 For here in the midst of the current I stand,
 Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,
 Taking toll upon either hand,
 And much more grateful to the giver.

(*He drinks.*)

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
 Such as in any town you may find,
 Such as one might imagine would suit
 The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.
 And, after all, it was not a crime,
 For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim.
 A jolly old toper ! who at a pull
 Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,
 And ask with a laugh when that was done,
 If the fellow had left the other one !
 This wine is as good as we can afford
 To the friars, who sit at the lower board,
 And cannot distinguish bad from good,
 And are far better-off than if they could,
 Being rather the rude disciples of beer
 Than of anything more refined and dear !

(*Fills the other flagon and departs.*)

THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing and illuminating.*

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark ! Yet one line more,
 And then my work for the day is o'er.
 I come again to the name of the Lord !
 Ere I that awful name record,
 That is spoken so lightly among men,
 Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen ;
 Pure from blemish and blot must it be
 When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I labored on and on,
 Nearly through the Gospel of John.
 Can it be that from the lips
 Of this same gentle Evangelist,
 That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
 Came the dread Apocalypse !
 It has a very awful look.
 As it stands there at the end of the book,
 Like the sun in an eclipse.
 Ah me ! when I think of that vision divine,
 Think of writing it, line by line,
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,

Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse !
 God forgive me ! if ever I
 Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
 Lest my part too should be taken away
 From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it !
 I should not be afraid to display it,
 In open day, on the self-same shelf
 With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
 Or of Theodosius, who of old
 Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !
 That goodly folio standing yonder,
 Without a single blot or blunder,
 Would not bear away the palm from mine,
 If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter !
 King René himself never made a better !
 Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
 Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail !
 And now, as I turn the volume over,
 And see what lies between cover and cover,
 What treasures of art these pages hold,
 All ablaze with crimson and gold,
 God forgive me ! I seem to feel
 A certain satisfaction steal
 Into my heart, and into my brain,
 As if my talent had not lain
 Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
 Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
 Here is a copy of thy Word,
 Written out with much toil and pain ;
 Take it, O Lord, and let it be
 As something I have done for thee !

(He looks from the window.)

How sweet the air is ! How fair the scene !
 I wish I had as lovely a green
 To paint my landscapes and my leaves !
 How the swallows twitter under the eaves !
 There, now, there is one in her nest ;
 I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
 And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
 For the margin of my Gospel book.

(He makes a sketch.)

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder
 A shower is passing ; I hear the thunder
 Mutter its curses in the air,
 The Devil's own and only prayer !
 The dusty road is brown with rain,

And, speeding on with might and main,
 Hitherward rides a gallant train.
 They do not parley, they cannot wait,
 But hurry in at the convent gate.
 What a fair lady ! and beside her
 What a handsome, graceful, noble rider !
 Now she gives him her hand to alight ;
 They will beg a shelter for the night.
 I will go down to the corridor,
 And try to see that face once more ;
 It will do for the face of some beautiful Saint,
 Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.

(*Goes out.*)

THE CLOISTERS.

The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.

Abbot. Slowly, slowly up the wall
 Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ;
 Evening damps begin to fall,
 Evening shadows are displayed.
 Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
 All the sky is grand with clouds,
 And athwart the evening air
 Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
 Shafts of sunshine from the west
 Paint the dusky windows red ;
 Darker shadows, deeper rest,
 Underneath and overhead.
 Darker, darker, and more wan,
 In my breast the shadows fall ;
 Upward steals the life of man,
 As the sunshine from the wall,
 From the wall into the sky,
 From the roof along the spire ;
 Ah, the souls of those that die
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

(*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*)

Prince Henry. Christ is arisen !

Abbot. Amen ! he is arisen !

His peace be with you !

Prince Henry. Here it reigns forever !

The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
 Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent ?

Abbot. I am.

Prince Henry. And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
 Who crave your hospitality to-night.

Abbot. You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.

You do us honor ; and we shall requite it,
 I fear, but poorly, entertaining you
 With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,
 The remnants of our Easter holidays.

Prince Henry. How fares it with the holy monks of Hirschau ?
 Are all things well with them ?

Abbot. All things are well.

Prince Henry. A noble convent ! I have known it long
 By the report of travellers. I now see
 Their commendations lag behind the truth.
 You lie here in the valley of the Nagold
 As in a nest : and the still river, gliding
 Along its bed, is like an admonition
 How all things pass. Your lands are rich and ample,
 And your revenues large. God's benediction
 Rests on your convent.

Abbot. By our charities
 We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master,
 When he departed, left us in his will,
 As our best legacy on earth, the poor !
 These we have always with us ; had we not,
 Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

Prince Henry. If I remember right, the Counts of Calva
 Founded your convent.

Abbot. Even as you say.

Prince Henry. And, if I err not, it is very old.

Abbot. Within these closters lie already buried,
 Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the flags
 On which we stand, the Abbot William lies,
 Of blessed memory.

Prince Henry. And whose tomb is that,
 Which bears the brass escutcheon ?

Abbot. A benefactor's.

Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood
 Godfather to our bells.

Prince Henry. Your monks are learned
 And holy men, I trust.

Abbot. There are among them
 Learned and holy men. Yet in this age
 We need another Hildebrand, to shake
 And purify us like a mighty wind.
 The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder
 God does not lose his patience with it wholly,
 And shatter it like glass ! Even here, at times,
 Within these walls, where all should be at peace,
 I have my trials. Time has laid his hand
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
 But as a harper lays his open palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
 Ashes are on my head, and on my lips
 Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness
 And weariness of life, that makes me ready

To say to the dead Abbots under us,
 "Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk
 Of evening twilight coming, and have not
 Completed half my task; and so at times
 The thought of my shortcomings in this life
 Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

Prince Henry. We must all die, and not the old alone;
 The young have no exemption from that doom.

Abbot. Ah, yes! the young may die, but the old must!
 That is the difference.

Prince Henry. I have heard much laud
 Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium
 Is famous among all, your manuscripts
 Praised for their beauty and their excellence.

Abbot. That is indeed our boast. If you desire it,
 You shall behold these treasures. And meanwhile
 Shall the Refectorarius bestow
 Your horses and attendants for the night.

(They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.)

THE CHAPEL.

*Vespers; after which the monks retire, a chorister leading an old monk
 who is blind.*

Prince Henry. They are all gone, save one who lingers,
 Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.
 As if his heart could find no rest,
 At times he beats his heaving breast
 With clenched and convulsive fingers,
 Then lifts them trembling in the air.
 A chorister, with golden hair,
 Guides hitherward his heavy pace.
 Can it be so? Or does my sight
 Deceive me in the uncertain light?
 Ah no! I recognize that face,
 Though Time has touched it in his flight,
 And changed the auburn hair to white.
 It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,
 The deadliest foe of all our race,
 And hateful unto me and mine!

The Blind Monk. Who is it that doth stand so near
 His whispered words I almost hear?

Prince Henry. I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
 And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!
 I know you, and I see the scar,
 The brand upon your forehead, shine
 And redden like a baleful star!

The Blind Monk. Count Hugo once, but now the wreck
 Of what I was. O Hoheneck!
 The passionate will, the pride, the wrath

That bore me headlong on my path,
 Stumbled and staggered into fear.
 And failed me in my mad career,
 As a tired steed some evil-doer,
 Alone upon a desolate moor,
 Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
 And hearing loud and close behind
 The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.
 Then suddenly from the dark there came
 A voice that called me by my name,
 And said to me, "Kneel down and pray!"
 And so my terror passed away,
 Passed utterly away forever.
 Contrition, penitence, remorse,
 Came on me, with o'erwhelming force;
 A hope, a longing, an endeavor,
 By days of penance and nights of prayer,
 To frustrate and defeat despair!
 Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,
 With tranquil waters overflowed;
 A lake whose unseen fountains start,
 Where once the hot volcano glowed.
 And you, O Prince of Hohenek!
 Have known me in that earlier time,
 A man of violence and crime,
 Whose passions brooked no curb nor check.
 Behold me now, in gentler mood,
 One of this holy brotherhood.
 Give me your hand; here let me kneel;
 Make your reproaches sharp as steel;
 Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;
 No violence can harm the meek,
 There is no wound Christ cannot heal!
 Yes; lift your princely hand, and take
 Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek;
 Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!
Prince Henry. Arise, Count Hugo! let there be
 No farther strife nor enmity
 Between us twain! we both have erred!
 Too rash in act, too wroth in word,
 From the beginning have we stood
 In fierce, defiant attitude,
 Each thoughtless of the other's right,
 And each reliant on his might.
 But now our souls are more subdued;
 The hand of God, and not in vain,
 Has touched us with the fire of pain.
 Let us kneel down, and side by side
 Pray, till our souls are purified,
 And pardon will not be denied!

(*They kneel.*)

THE REFECTORY.

Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight. LUCIFER disguised as a Friar

Friar Paul (sings). Ave ! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia !

Friar Cuthbert. Not so much noise, my worthy freres,
You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

Friar Paul (sings). O ! quam placens in colore !
O ! quam fragrans in odore !
O ! quam sapidum in ore !
Dulce linguæ vinculum !

Friar Cuthbert. I should think your tongue had broken its chain !

Friar Paul (sings). Felix venter quem intrabis !
Felix guttur quod rigabis !
Felix os quod tu lavabis !
Et beata labia !

Friar Cuthbert. Peace ! I say, peace !
Will you never cease !

You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you again !

Friar John. No danger ! to-night he will let us alone,
As I happen to know he has guests of his own.

Friar Cuthbert. Who are they ?

Friar John, A German Prince and his train,
Who arrived here just before the rain.
There is with him a damsel fair to see,
As slender and graceful as a reed !
When she alighted from her steed,
It seemed like a blossom blown from a tree.

Friar Cuthbert. None of your pale-faced girls for me !
(*Kisses the girl at his side.*)

Friar John. Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg !
But do not drink any farther, I beg !

Friar Paul (sings). In the days of gold,
The days of old,
Cross of wood
And bishop of gold !

Friar Cuthbert (to the girl). What an infernal racket and din !
You need not blush so, that's no sin.
You look very holy in this disguise,
Though there's something wicked in your eyes !

Friar Paul (continues.) Now we have changed
That law so good,
To cross of gold
And bishop of wood !

Friar Cuthbert. I like your sweet face under a hood.
Sinner ! how came you into this way ?

Girl. It was you, Friar Cuthbert, who led me astray.
Have you forgotten that day in June,

When the church was so cool in the afternoon,
And I came in to confess my sins?
That is where my ruin begins.

Friar John. What is the name of yonder friar,
With an eye that glows like a coal of fire,
And such a black mass of tangled hair?

Friar Paul. He who is sitting there,
With a rollicking,
Devil may care,
Free and easy look and air,
As if he were used to such feasting and frolicking?

Friar John. The same.

Friar Paul. He's a stranger. You had better ask his name,
And where he is going, and whence he came.

Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar!

Friar Paul. You must raise your voice a little higher,
He does not seem to hear what you say.
Now, try again! He is looking this way.

Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar!
We wish to inquire
Whence you came, and where you are going,
And anything else that is worth the knowing.
So be so good as to open your head.

Lucifer. I am a Frenchman born and bred,
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.
My home

Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys,
Of which, very like, you never have heard.

Monks. Never a word!

Lucifer. You must know, then, it is in the diocese
Called the Diocese of Vannes,
In the province of Brittany.
From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea;

The very seashore where,
In his great despair,
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas
The name of his sweet Heloise!

Whilst overhead
The convent windows gleamed as red
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,
Who with jovial din
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!
Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!
Over the doors,
None of your death-heads carved in wood,
None of your Saints looking pious and good,
None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!
But the heads and tusks of boars,
And the cells

Hung all round with the fells
 Of the fallow-deer.
 And then what cheer !
 What jolly, fat friars,
 Sitting round the great, roaring fires,
 Roaring louder than they,
 With their strong wines,
 And their concubines,
 And never a bell,
 With its swagger and swell,
 Calling you up with a start of affright
 In the dead of night.
 To send you grumbling down dark stairs,
 To mumble your prayers.
 But the cheery crow
 Of cocks in the yard below,
 After daybreak, an hour or so,
 And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds,
 These are the sounds
 That, instead of bells, salute the ear.
 And then all day
 Up and away
 Through the forest, hunting the deer !
 Ah, my friends ! I'm afraid that here
 You are a little too pious, a little too tame,
 And the more is the shame.
 'T is the greatest folly
 Not to be jolly ;
 That's what I think !
 Come, drink, drink,
 Drink, and die game !
Monks. And your Abbot What's-his-name ?
Lucifer. Abelard !
Monks. Did he drink hard ?
Lucifer. O, no ! Not he !
 He was a dry old fellow,
 Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.
 There he stood,
 Lowering at us in sullen mood,
 As if he had come into Brittany
 Just to reform our brotherhood !

(*A roar of laughter.*)

But you see
 It never would do !
 For some of us knew a thing or two,
 In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuis !
 For instance, the great ado
 With old Fulbert's niece,
 The young and lovely Heloise !
Friar John. Stop there, if you please,
 Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

All (drinking and shouting). Heloise ! Heloise !

(The Chapel-bell tolls.)

Lucifer (starting). What is that bell for ? Are you such asses
As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses ?

Friar Cuthbert. It is only a poor, unfortunate brother.
Who is gifted with most miraculous powers
Of getting up at all sorts of hours.
And, by way of penance and Christian meekness,
Of creeping silently out of his cell
To take a pull at that hideous bell ;
So that all the monks who are lying awake
May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake,
And adapted to his peculiar weakness !

Friar John. From frailty and fall—

All. Good Lord, deliver us all !

Friar Cuthbert. And before the bell for matins sounds,
He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,
Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,
Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you please,
With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuy's.

Lucifer. Well, it finally came to pass
That, half in fun and half in malice,
One Sunday at Mass
We put some poison into the chalice.
But, either by accident or design,
Peter Abelard kept away
From the chapel that day,
And a poor, young friar, who in his stead
Drank the sacramental wine,
Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !
But look ! do you see at the window there
That face, with a look of grief and despair,
That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?

Monks. Who ? where ?

Lucifer. As I spoke, it vanished away again.

Friar Cuthbert. It is that nefarious
Siebald the Refectorarius.
That fellow is always playing the scout,
Creeping and peeping and prowling about ;
And then he regales
The Abbot with scandalous tales.

Lucifer. A spy in the convent ? One of the brothers
Telling scandalous tales of the others ?
Out upon him, the lazy loon !
I would put a stop to that pretty soon,
In a way he should rue it.

Monks.

How shall we do it ? "

Lucifer.

Do you, brother Paul.

Creep under the window, close to the wall,
And open it suddenly when I call,

Then seize the villain by the hair,
And hold him there,
And punish him soundly, once for all.

Friar Cuthbert. As St. Dunstan of old,
We are told,

Once caught the Devil by the nose!

Lucifer. Ha! ha! that story is very clever,
But has no foundation whatsoever.

Quick! for I see his face again

Glaring in at the window-pane;

Now! now! and do not spare your blows.

(*FRIAR PAUL opens the window suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD. They beat him.*)

Friar Siebald. Help! help! are you going to slay me?

Friar Paul. That will teach you again to betray me!

Friar Siebald. Mercy! mercy!

Friar Paul (shouting and beating). Rumpas bellorum lorum,

Vim confer amorum

Morum verorum, rorum.

Tu plena polorum!

Lucifer. Who stands in the doorway yonder,

Stretching out his trembling hand,

Just as Abelard used to stand,

The flash of his keen, black eyes

Forerunning the thunder?

The Monks (in confusion). The Abbot! the Abbot!

Friar Cuthbert (to the girl). Put on your disguise!

Friar Francis. Hide the great flagon

From the eyes of the dragon!

Friar Cuthbert. Pull the brown hood over your face,

Least you bring me into disgrace!

Abbot. What means this revel and carouse?

Is this a tavern and drinking house?

Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,

To pollute this convent with your revels?

Were Peter Damian still upon earth,

To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,

He would write your names, with pen of gall,

In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all!

Away, you drunkards! to your cells.

And pray till you hear the matin-bells;

You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother Paul!

And as a penance mark each prayer

With the scourge upon your shoulders bare;

Nothing atones for such a sin

But the blood that follows the discipline.

And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with me

Alone into the sacristy;

You, who should be a guide to your brothers,

And are ten times worse than all the others,

For you I've a draught that has long been brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the doing !
 Away to your prayers, then, one all !
 I wonder the very convent wall
 Does not crumble and crush you in its fall !

THE NEIGHBORING NUNNERY.

The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELSIE in the moonlight.

Irmingard. The night is silent, the wind is still,
 The moon is looking from yonder hill
 Down upon convent, and grove, and garden ;
 The clouds have passed away from her face,
 Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,
 Only the tender and quiet grace
 Of one, whose heart had been healed with pardon !

And such am I, My soul within
 Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.
 But now its wounds are healed again ;
 Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain ;
 For across that desolate land of woe,
 O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,
 A wind from heaven began to blow ;
 And all my being trembled and shook,
 As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,
 And I was healed, as the sick are healed,
 When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book !

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,
 Its glory flooding thy golden hair,
 And the only darkness that which lies
 In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,
 I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
 Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,
 As to one I have known and loved before ;
 For every soul is akin to me
 That dwells in the land of mystery !
 I am the Lady Irmingard,
 Born of a noble race and name !
 Many a wandering Suabian bard,
 Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and hard,
 Has found through me the way to fame.
 Brief and bright were those days, and the night
 Which followed was full of a lurid light.
 Love, that of every woman's heart
 Will have the whole, and not a part,
 That is to her, in Nature's plan,
 More than ambition is to man,
 Her light, her life, her very breath,
 With no alternative but death,
 Found me a maiden soft and young,

Just from the convent's cloistered school,
And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid
And, whatsoever may betide,
Still I think of him with pride !
His song was of the summer-time,
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers, were there,
And I grew restless as I heard,
Restless and buoyant as a bird,
Down soft, ærial currents sailing,
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in bloom,
And through the momentary gloom
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,
Yielding and borne I knew not where,
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and day.
One night,—it was a night in May,
Within the garden, unawares,
Under the blossoms in the gloom,
I heard it utter my own name
With protestations and wild prayers ;
And it rang through me, and became
Like the archangel's trump of doom,
Which the soul hears, and must obey ;
And mine arose as from a tomb,
My former life now seemed to me
Such as hereafter death may be
When in the great Eternity
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay ;
A dream, that in a single night
Faded and vanished out of sight.
My father's anger followed fast
This passion, as a freshening blast
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage
It may increase, but not assuage,
And he exclaimed : " No wandering bard
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard !
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied :
" Henry of Hohenneck, I discard !
Never the hand of Irmingard
Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride !"
This said I, Walter, for thy sake ;
This said I, for I could not choose.
After a pause, my father spake
In that cold and deliberate tone
Which turns the hearer into stone,
And seems itself the act to be
That follows with such dread certainty ;
" This, or the cloister and the veil !"
No other words than these he said,
But they were like a funeral wail ;
My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went down,
With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,
Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,
Taking the narrow path that leads
Into the forest dense and brown.
In the leafy darkness of the place,
One could not distinguish form nor face,
Only a bulk without a shape,
A darker shadow in the shade ;
One scarce could say it moved or stayed,
Thus it was we made our escape !
A foaming brook, with many a bound.
Followed us like a playful hound ;
Then leaped before us, and in the hollow
Paused, and waited for us to follow,
And seemed impatient, and afraid
That our tardy flight should be betrayed
By the sound our horses' hoof-beats made.
And when we reached the plain below,
We paused a moment and drew rein
To look back at the castle again ;
And we saw the windows all aglow
With lights that were passing to and fro ;
Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ;
The brook kept silent to our feet ;
We knew what most we feared to know.
Then suddenly horns began to blow ;
And we heard a shout, and a heavy tramp,
And our horses snorted in the damp
Night-air of the meadows green and wide,
And in a moment, side by side,
So close, they must have seemed but one,
The shadows across the moonlight run,
And another came, and swept behind,
Like the shadow of clouds before the wind !

How I remember the breathless flight
Across the moors, in the summer night !
How under our feet the long, white road
Backward like a river flowed,
Sweeping with it fences and hedges,
Whilst farther away, and overhead,
Paler than I, with fear and dread,
The moon fled with us, as we fled
Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;
But of what afterward befell
I nothing further can recall
Than a blind, desperate, headlong fall ;
The rest is a blank and darkness all.
When I awoke out of this swoon,
The sun was shining, not the moon,
Making a cross upon the wall
With the bars of my windows narrow and tall ;
And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to pray,
From early childhood, day by day,
Each morning, as in bed I lay !
I was lying again in my own room !
And I thanked God, in my fever and pain,
That those shadows on the midnight plain
Were gone, and could not come again !
I struggled no longer with my doom !

This happened many years ago.
I left my father's home to come
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
For blindly I esteemed it so ;
And when I heard the convent door
Behind me close, to ope no more,
I felt it smite me like a blow.
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,
And on my bruised spirit fell
The dampness of my narrow cell
As night-air on a wounded man,
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.
I felt the agony decrease
By slow degrees, then wholly cease,
Ending in perfect rest and peace !
It was not apathy, nor dulness,
That weighed and pressed upon my brain,
But the same passion I had given
To earth before, now turned to heaven
With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas ! the world is full of peril !
The path that runs through the fairest meads,

On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
 Into a region bleak and sterile !
 Alike in the high-born and the lowly.
 The will is feeble, and passion strong.
 We cannot sever right from wrong ;
 Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;
 Nor is it strange the heart of youth
 Should waver and comprehend but slowly
 The things that are holy and unholy !

But in this sacred and calm retreat,
 We are all well and safely shielded
 From winds that blow, and waves that beat,
 From the cold, and rain, and blighting heat,
 To which the strongest hearts have yielded.
 Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,
 For our celestial bridegroom yearning ;
 Our hearts are lamps forever burning,
 With a steady and unwavering flame,
 Pointing upward, forever the same,
 Steadily upward toward the Heaven !

The moon is hidden behind a cloud ;
 A sudden darkness fills the room,
 And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
 Shine like jewels in a shroud.
 On the leaves is the sound of falling rain ;
 A bird, awakened in its nest,
 Gives a faint twitter of unrest,
 Then smoothes its plumes and sleeps again.

No other sounds than these I hear ;
 The hour of midnight must be near,
 Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue
 Of riding many a dusty league
 Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;
 Me so many cares encumber,
 So many ghosts, and forms of fright,
 Have started from their graves to-night,
 They have driven sleep from mine eyes away ;
 I will go down to the chapel and pray.

V.

A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE,

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the architects who build
 The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
 Before impassable to human feet,
 No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
 Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
 The dark and terrible abyss of death.

Well has the name of Pontifex been given
 Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
 And architect of the invisible bridge
 That leads from earth to heaven.

Elsie. How dark it grows!

What are these paintings on the walls around us?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Macaber.

Elsie. What?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Death!

All that go to and fro must look upon it,
 Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,
 Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
 Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
 With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
 Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

Elsie. O, yes! I see it now!

Prince Henry. The grim musician
 Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
 To different sounds in different measures moving;
 Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,
 To tempt or terrify.

Elsie. What is this picture?

Prince Henry. It is a young man singing to a nun,
 Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
 Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile,
 Is putting out the candles on the altar!

Elsie. Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen
 Unto such songs, when in her orisons
 She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

Prince Henry. Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,
 And dances with the Queen.

Elsie. A foolish jest.

Prince Henry. And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,
 Coming from church with her beloved lord,
 He startles with the rattle of his drum.

Elsie. Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 't is best
 That he should die, with all the sunshine on her,
 And all the benedictions of the morning,
 Before this affluence of golden light
 Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,
 Then into darkness!

Prince Henry. Under it is written,
 "Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

Elsie. And what is this, that follows close upon it?

Prince Henry. Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,
 A poor old woman, with a rosary,
 Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
 Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,
 The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

Elsie. Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thousands
 Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
 That song of consolation, till the air

Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

Prince Henry. Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy.
Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

Elsie. Why is it hateful to you?

Prince Henry. For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely.
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

Elsie. The grave is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

Prince Henry (emerging from the bridge). I breathe again more
freely! Ah! how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day,
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being! Overhead,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

(*They pass on.*)

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing, with attendants.

Guide. This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge,
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if, in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep!

Lucifer (under the bridge.) Ha! ha!

Guide. Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss;
All the rest, of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.

He toppled crags from the precipice,
 And whatsoe'er was built by day
 In the night was swept away ;
 None could stand but this alone.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !

Guide. I showed you in the valley a boulder
 Marked with the imprint of his shoulder ;
 As he was bearing it up this way,
 A peasant, passing, cried, " Herr Jé !"
 And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
 And vanished suddenly out of sight !

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !

Guide. Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,
 For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
 Built this at last, with a single arch,
 Under which, on its endless march,
 Runs the river, white with foam,
 Like a thread through the eye of a needle.
 And the Devil promised to let it stand,
 Under compact and condition
 That the first living thing which crossed
 Should be surrendered into his hand,
 And be beyond redemption lost.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha ! perdition !

Guide. At length, the bridge being all completed,
 The Abbot, standing at its head,
 Threw across it a loaf of bread,
 Which a hungry dog sprang after,
 And the rocks reëchoed with peals of laughter
 To see the Devil thus defeated !

(*They pass on.*)

Lucifer (under the bridge.) Ha ! ha ! defeated !
 For journeys and for crimes like this
 I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss !

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

Prince Henry. This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers
 Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
 Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
 Becomes a benefaction to the towns
 They visit, wandering silently among them,
 Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

Elsie. How bleak and bare it is ! Nothing but mosses
 Grow on these rocks.

Prince Henry. Yet are they not forgotten ;
 Beneficent nature sends the mists to feed them.

Elsie. See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft,
 So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
 Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to me

The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels !

Prince Henry. Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone !

Elsie. Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,
Upon angelic shoulders ! Even now
I seem uplifted by them, light as air !
What sound is that ?

Prince Henry. The tumbling avalanches !

Elsie. How awful, yet how beautiful !

Prince Henry. These are
The voices of the mountains ! Thus they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,
In the primeval language, lost to man.

Elsie. What land is this that spreads itself beneath us ?

Prince Henry. Italy ! Italy !

Elsie. Land of the Madonna !
How beautiful it is ! It seems a garden
Of Paradise !

Prince Henry. Nay, of Gethsemane
To thee and me, of passion and of prayer !
Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago
I wandered as a youth among its bowers,
And never from my heart has faded quite
Its memory, that, like a summer sunset,
Encircles with a ring of purple light
All the horizon of my youth.

Guide. O friends !
The days are short, the way before us long ;
We must not linger, if we think to reach
The inn at Belinzona before vespers !

(*They pass on.*)

AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

A halt under the trees at noon.

Prince Henry. Here let us pause a moment in the trembling
Shadow and sunshine of the roadside trees,
And, our tired horses in a group assembling,
Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze.
Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants ;
They lag behind us with a slower pace ;
We will await them under the green pendants
Of the great willows in this shady place.
Ho, Barbarossa ! how thy mottled haunches
Sweat with this canter over hill and glade !
Stand still, and let these overhanging branches
Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade !

Elsie. What a delightful landscape spreads before us,
Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there !

And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us,
 Blossoms of grapevines scent the sunny air.

Prince Henry. Hark ! what sweet sounds are those, whose accents
 holy

Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet !

Elsie. It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly
 On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

Pilgrims (chaunting the hymn of St. Hildebert).

Me receptet Sion illa
 Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
 Cujus faber auctor lucis,
 Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
 Cujus claves lingua Petri,
 Cujus cives semper læti,
 Cujus muri lapis vivus,
 Cujus custos Rex festivus !

Lucifer (as a Friar in the procession). Here am I, too, in the pious
 band,

in the garb of a barefooted Carmelite dressed !

The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned

As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand,

The Holy Satan, who made the wives

Of the bishops lead such shameful lives.

All day long I beat my breast,

And chaunt with a most particular zest

The Latin hymns, which I understand

Quite as well, I think, as the rest.

And at night such lodging in barns and sheds

Such a hurly-burly in country inns,

Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,

Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins !

Of all the contrivances of the time

For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime,

There is none so pleasing to me and mine

As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine !

Prince Henry. If from the outward man we judge the inner,

And cleanliness is godliness, I fear

A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner,

Must be that Carmelite now passing near.

Lucifer. There is my German Prince again,

Thus far on his journey to Salern,

And the lovesick girl, whose heated brain

Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain ;

But it's a long road that has no turn !

Let them quietly hold their way,

I have also a part in the play.

But first I must act to my heart's content

This mummery and this merriment,

And drive this motley flock of sheep

Into the fold, where drink and sleep

The jolly old friars of Benevent.

Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh

To see these beggars hobble along,
 Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,
 Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,
 And, to make up for not understanding the song,
 Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong!
 Were it not for my magic garters and staff,
 And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff,
 And the mischief I make in the idle throng,
 I should not continue the business long.

Pilgrims (chanting). In hâc urbe, lux solennis,
 Ver æternum, pax perennis;
 In hâc odor implens cælos,
 In hâc semper festum melos!

Prince Henry. Do you observe that monk among the train,
 Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass,
 As a cathedral spout pours out the rain,
 And this way turns his rubicund, round face?

Elsie. It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,
 Preached to the people in the open air.

Prince Henry. And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and fell,
 On that good steed, that seems to bear him well,
 The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,
 His own stout legs! He, too, was in the play,
 Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.
 Good morrow, Friar!

Friar Cuthbert. Good morrow, noble Sir!

Prince Henry. I speak in German, for, unless I err,
 You are a German.

Friar Cuthbert. I cannot gainsay you.
 But by what instinct, or what secret sign,
 Meeting me here, do you straightway divine
 That northward of the Alps my country lies?

Prince Henry. Your accent, like St. Peter's would betray you,
 Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes.
 Moreover, we have seen your face before,
 And heard you preach at the Cathedral door
 On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.
 We were among the crowd that gathered there,
 And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,
 As if, by leaning o'er so many years
 To walk with little children, your own will
 Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,
 A kind of stooping in its form and gait,
 And could no longer stand erect and straight.
 Whence come you now?

Friar Cuthbert. From the old monastery
 Of Hirschau, in the forest; being sent
 Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,
 To see the image of the Virgin Mary,
 That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,
 And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,
 To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

Prince Henry. O, had I faith, as in the days gone by,
 That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery !
Lucifer (at a distance). Ho, Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !
Friar Cuthbert. Farewell, Prince !

I cannot stay to argue and convince.

Prince Henry. This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
 Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !
 All hearts are touched and softened at her name ;
 Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,
 The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
 The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
 Pay homage to her as one ever present !
 And even as children, who have much offended
 A too indulgent father, in great shame,
 Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
 To go into his presence, at the gate
 Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
 Till she goes in before and intercedes ;
 So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
 And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
 With their requests an angry father's ear,
 Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
 And she for them in heaven makes intercession.
 And if our Faith had given us nothing more
 Than this example of all womanhood,
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
 This were enough to prove it higher and truer
 Than all the creeds the world had known before.

Pilgrims (chaunting afar off). Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
 Supra petram collocata,
 Urbs in portu satis tuto
 De longinquo te saluto,
 Te saluto ; te suspiro,
 Te affecto, te requiro !

THE INN AT GENOA.

A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.

Prince Henry. It is the sea, it is the sea.
 In all its vague immensity,
 Fading and darkening in the distance !
 Silent, majestic, and slow,
 The white ships haunt it to and fro,
 With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
 As phantoms from another world
 Haunt the dim confines of existence !
 But ah ! how few can comprehend
 Their signals, or to what good end
 From land to land they come and go !

Upon a sea more vast and dark
 The spirits of the dead embark,
 All voyaging to unknown coasts.
 We wave our farewells from the shore,
 And they depart, and come no more,
 Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death
 Looms the great life that is to be,
 A land of cloud and mystery,
 A dim mirage, with shapes of men
 Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.
 Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
 Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
 Leaving us in perplexity,
 And doubtful whether it has been
 A vision of the world unseen,
 Or a bright image of our own
 Against the sky in vapors thrown.

Lucifer (singing from the sea). Thou didst not make it, thou canst
 not mend it,

But thou hast the power to end it !
 The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
 Deep it lies at thy very feet ;
 There is no confessor like unto Death !
 Thou canst not see him, but he is near ;
 Thou needest not whisper above thy breath,
 And he will hear ;

He will answer the questions,
 The vague surmises and suggestions,
 That fill thy soul with doubt and fear !

Prince Henry. The fisherman, who lies afloat,
 With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
 Is singing softly to the Night !

But do I comprehend aright
 The meaning of the words he sung
 So sweetly in his native tongue ?

Ah, yes ! the sea is still and deep.
 All things within its bosom sleep !
 A single step, and all is o'er ;
 A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;
 And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free
 From martyrdom and agony.

Elsie (coming from her chamber upon the terrace).

The night is calm and cloudless,
 And still as still can be,
 And the stars come forth to listen
 To the music of the sea.
 They gather, and gather, and gather,
 Until they crowd the sky,
 And listen, in breathless silence,
 To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,
 As a voice that chaunts alone
 To the pedals of the organ
 In monotonous undertone ;
 And anon from shelving beaches,
 And shallow sands beyond,
 In snow-white robes uprising
 The ghostly choirs respond.
 And sadly and unceasing
 The mournful voice sings on,
 And the snow-white choirs still answer
 Christe eleison !

Prince Henry. Angel of God ! thy finer sense perceives
 Celestial and perpetual harmonies !
 Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,
 Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,
 And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,
 Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,
 And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.
 But I hear discord only and despair,
 And whispers as of demons in the air !

AT SEA.

Il Padrone. The wind upon our quarter lies,
 And on before the freshening gale,
 That fills the snow-white lateen sail,
 Swiftly our light felucca flies.
 Around, the billows burst and foam ;
 They lift her o'er the sunken rock,
 They beat her sides with many a shock,
 And then upon their flowing dome
 They poise her, like a weathercock !
 Between us and the western skies
 The hills of Corsica arise ;
 Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,
 The summits of the Apennine,
 And southward, and still far away,
 Salerno, on its sunny bay.
 You cannot see it, where it lies.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that never more mine eyes
 Might see its towers by night or day !

Elsie. Behind us, dark and awfully,
 There comes a cloud out of the sea,
 That bears the form of a hunted deer,
 With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,
 And antlers laid upon its back,
 And fleeing fast and wild with fear,
 As if the hounds were on its track !

Prince Henry. Lo ! while we gaze, it breaks and falls
 In shapeless masses, like the walls

Of a burnt city. Broad and red
 The fires of the descending sun
 Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,
 Athwart the vapors, dense and dun,
 Long shafts of silvery light arise,
 Like rafters that support the skies !

Elsie. See ! from its summit the lurid levin
 Flashes downward without warning,
 As Lucifer, son of the morning,
 Fell from the battlements of heaven !

Il Padrone. I must entreat you, friends, below !
 The angry storm begins to blow,
 For the weather changes with the moon.
 All this morning, until noon,
 We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws
 Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.
 Only a little hour ago
 I was whistling to Saint Antonio
 For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
 And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.
 Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,
 With their glimmering lanterns, all at play
 On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,
 And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.
 Cheerly, my hearties ! yo heave ho !
 Brail up the mainsail, and let her go
 As the winds will and Saint Antonio !

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
 That vessel to the windward yonder,
 Running with her gunwale under ?
 I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.
 She had all sail set, and the only wonder
 Is, that at once the strength of the blast
 Did not carry away her mast.
 She is a galley of the Gran Duca,
 That, through the fear of the Algerines,
 Convoys those lazy brigantines,
 Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.
 Now all is ready, high and low ;
 Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !

Ha ! that is the first dash of the rain,
 With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,
 Just enough to moisten our sails,
 And make them ready for the strain.
 See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,
 And speeds away with a bone in her mouth !
 Now keep her head toward the south.
 And there is no danger of bank or breaker.
 With the breeze behind us, on we go ;
 Not too much, good Saint Antonio !

VI.

THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

A traveling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College.

Scholastic. There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield,
Hung up as a challenge to all the field !
One hundred and twenty-five propositions,
Which I will maintain with the sword of the tongue
Against all disputants, old and young.
Let us see if doctors or dialecticians
Will dare to dispute my definitions,
Or attack any one of my learned theses.
Here stand I ; the end shall be as God pleases.
I think I have proved, by profound research
The error of all those doctrines so vicious
Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,
That are making such terrible work in the churches,
By Michael the Stammerer sent from the East,
And done into Latin by that Scottish beast,
Erigena Johannes, who dares to maintain,
In the face of the truth, the error infernal,
That the universe is and must be eternal ;
At first laying down, as a fact fundamental,
That nothing with God can be accidental ;
Then asserting that God before the creation
Could not have existed, because it is plain
That ; had he existed, he would have created ;
Which is begging the question that should be debated,
And moveth me less to anger than laughter.
All nature, he holds, is a respiration
Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing, hereafter
Will inhale it into his bosom again,
So that nothing but God alone will remain.
And therein he contradicteth himself ;
For he opens the whole discussion by stating,
That God can only exist in creating.
That question I think I have laid on the shelf !

(He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by pupils.)

Doctor Serafino. I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,
That a word which is only conceived in the brain
Is a type of eternal Generation :
The spoken word is the Incarnation.

Doctor Cherubino. What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic,
With all his wordy chaffer and traffic ?

Doctor Serafino. You make but a paltry show of resistance :
Universals have no real existence !

Doctor Cherubino. Your words are but idle and empty chatter ;
Ideas are eternally joined to matter !

Doctor Serafino. May the Lord have mercy on your position,

You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs !

Doctor Cherubino. May he send your soul to eternal perdition,
For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs !

(They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.)

First Scholar. Monte Cassino, then, is your College.
What think you of ours here at Salern ?

Second Scholar. To tell the truth, I arrived so lately,
I hardly yet have had time to discern.
So much, at least, I am bound to acknowledge :
The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,
And on the whole I like it greatly.

First Scholar. Yes, the air is sweet ; the Calabrian hills
Send us down puffs of mountain air ;
And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills
With its coolness cloister, and court, and square.
Then at every season of the year.

There are crowds of guests and travellers here ;
Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders
From the Levant, with figs and wine,
And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,
Coming back from Palestine.

Second Scholar. And what are the studies you pursue ?
What is the course you here go through ?

First Scholar. The first three years of the college course
Are given to Logic alone, as the source
Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

Second Scholar. That seems rather strange, I must confess,
In a Medical School ; yet, nevertheless,
You doubtless have reasons for that.

First Scholar. O, yes !

For none but a clever dialectician
Can hope to become a great physician ;
That has been settled long ago.
Logic makes an important part
Of the mystery of the healing art ;
For without it how could you hope to show
That nobody knows so much as you know ?
After this there are five years more
Devoted wholly to medicine,
With lectures on surgical lore,
And dissections of the bodies of swine,
As likest the human form divine.

Second Scholar. What are the books now most in vogue ?

First Scholar. Quite an extensive catalogue ;
Mostly, however, books of our own ;
As Gariopontus' *Passionarius*,
And the writings of Matthew Platearius ;
And a volume universally known
As the *Regimen* of the School of Salern,
For Robert of Normandy written in terse
And very elegant Latin verse.

Each of these writings has its turn.
 And when at length we have finished these,
 Then comes the struggle for degrees,
 With all the oldest and ablest critics ;
 The public thesis and disputation,
 Question, and answer, and explanation
 Of a passage out of Hippocrates,
 Or Aristotle's Analytics.
 There the triumphant Magister stands !
 A book is solemnly placed in his hands,
 On which he swears to follow the rule
 And ancient forms of the good old School ;
 To report if any confectionarius
 Mingles his drugs with matters various,
 And to visit his patients twice a day,
 And once in the night, if they live in town,
 And if they are poor, to take no pay.
 Having faithfully promised these,
 His head is crowned with a laurel crown ;
 A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,
 The Magister Artium et Physices
 Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.
 And now, as we have the whole morning before us
 Let us go in, if you make no objection,
 And listen awhile to a learned prelection
 On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

(They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.)

Lucifer. This is the great School of Salerno !
 A land of wrangling and of quarrels,
 Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn,
 Where every emulous scholar hears,
 In every breath that comes to his ears,
 The rustling of another's laurels !
 The air of the place is called salubrious ;
 The neighborhood of Vesuvius lends it
 An odor volcanic, that rather mends it,
 And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,
 That inspires a feeling of awe and terror
 Into the heart of the beholder,
 And befits such an ancient homestead of error,
 Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,
 And yearly by many hundred hands
 Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,
 And sown like tares in the field of truth,
 To blossom and ripen in other lands.
 What have we here, affixed to the gate ?
 The challenge of some scholastic wight,
 Who wishes to hold a public debate
 On sundry questions wrong or right !
 Ah, now this is my great delight !
 For I have often observed of late

That such discussions end in a fight,
 Let us see what the learned wag maintains
 With such a prodigal waste of brains.

(*Reads.*)

‘Whether angels in moving from place to place
 Pass through the intermediate space.
 Whether God himself is the author of evil,
 Or whether that is the work of the Devil.
 When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,
 And whether he now is chained in hell.”

I think I can answer that question well !
 So long as the boastful human mind
 Consents in such mills as this to grind,
 I sit very firmly upon my throne !
 Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,
 To see men leaving the golden grain
 To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
 That old Peter Lombard thrashed with his brain,
 To have it caught up and tossed again
 On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne !

But my guests approach ! there is in the air
 A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful Garden
 Of Paradise, in the days that were !
 An odor of innocence, and of prayer,
 And of love, and faith that never fails,
 Such as the fresh young heart exhales
 Before it begins to wither and harden !
 I cannot breathe such an atmosphere !
 My soul is filled with a nameless fear,
 That, after all my trouble and pain,
 After all my restless endeavor,
 The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,
 The most ethereal, most divine,
 Will escape from my hands forever and ever.
 But the other is already mine !
 Let him live to corrupt his race,
 Breathing among them, with every breath,
 Weakness, selfishness, and the base
 And pusillanimous fear of death.
 I know his nature, and I know
 That of all who in my ministry
 Wander the great earth to and fro,
 And on my errands come and go,
 The safest and subtlest are such as he.

(*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE with attendants.*)

Prince Henry. Can you direct us to Friar Angelo ?

Lucifer. He stands before you.

Prince Henry. Then you know our purpose.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this
The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

Lucifer. It is a very grave and solemn business !
We must not be precipitate. Does she
Without compulsion, of her own free will,
Consent to this ?

Prince Henry. Against all opposition,
Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations.
She will not be persuaded.

Lucifer. That is strange !
Have you thought well of it ?

Elsie. I come not here
To argue, but to die. Your business is not
To question, but to kill me. I am ready.
I am impatient to be gone from here
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again
The spirit of tranquillity within me.

Prince Henry. Would I had not come here !
Would I were dead,
And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,
And hadst not known me ! Why have I done this ?
Let me go back and die.

Elsie. It cannot be ;
Not if these cold, flat stones on which we tread
Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway
Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.
I must fulfil my purpose.

Prince Henry. I forbid it !
Not one step farther. For I only meant
To put thus far thy courage to the proof.
It is enough. I, too, have courage to die,
For thou hast taught me !

Elsie. O my Prince ! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.
You do not look on life and death as I do.
There are two angels, that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent ; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now if my act be good, as I believe it,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
The rest is yours. Why wait you ? I am ready,

(To her attendants.)

Weep not, my friends ! rather rejoice with me.
I shall not feel the pain, but shal' be gone,

And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

(To PRINCE HENRY.)

And you, O Prince ! bear back my benison
Unto my father's house, and all within it.
This morning in the church I prayed for them,
After confession, after absolution,
When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.
God will take care of them, they need me not.
And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you.
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting.
I have no more to say. Let us go in.

Prince Henry. Friar Angelo ! I charge you on your life,
Believe not what she says, for she is mad,
And comes here not to die, but to be healed.

Elsie. Alas ! Prince Henry !

Lucifer. Come with me ; this way.

(ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and closes the door.)

Prince Henry. Gone ! and the light of all my life gone with her !
A sudden darkness falls upon the world !
O, what a vile and abject thing am I,
That purchase length of days at such a cost !
Not by her death alone, but by the death
Of all that's good and true and noble in me !
All manhood, excellence, and self-respect,
All love, and faith, and hope, and heart are dead !
All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited forever.
I am a Prince in nothing but in name !

(To the attendants.)

Why did you let this horrible deed be done ?
Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her
From self-destruction ? Angelo ! murderer !

(Struggles at the door, but cannot open it. ELSIE within.)

Farewell, dear Prince ! farewell !

Prince Henry.

Unbar the door !

Lucifer.

It is too late !

Prince Henry.

It shall not be too late !

(They burst the door open and rush in.)

THE COTTAGE IN THE ODENWALD.

URSULA *spinning. Summer afternoon. A table spread.*

Ursula. I have marked it well,—it must be true,—
 Death never takes one alone, but two !
 Whenever he enters in at a door,
 Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
 He always leaves it upon the latch,
 And comes again ere the year is o'er.
 Never one of a household only !
 Perhaps it is a mercy of God,
 Lest the dead there under the sod,
 In the land of strangers, should be lonely !
 Ah me ! I think I am lonelier here !
 It is hard to go,—but harder to stay !
 Were it not for the children, I should pray
 That Death would take me within the year !
 And Gottlieb !—he is at work all day,
 In the sunny field, or the forest murk,
 But I know that his thoughts are far away,
 I know that his heart is not in his work !
 And when he comes to me at night
 He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,
 And I see the great tears in his eyes,
 And try to be cheerful for his sake.
 Only the children's hearts are light.
 Mine is weary, and ready to break.
 God help us ! I hope we have done right ;
 We thought we were acting for the best !

(Looking through the open door.)

Who is it coming under the trees ?
 A man, in the Prince's livery dressed !
 He looks about him with doubtful face,
 As if uncertain of the place.
 He stops at the beehives ;—now he sees
 The garden gate ;—he is going past !
 Can he be afraid of the bees ?
 No ; he is coming in at last !
 He fills my heart with strange alarm !

(Enter a Forester.)

Forester. Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm ?

Ursula. This is his farm, and I his wife.

Pray sit. What may your business be ?

Forester. News from the Prince !

Ursula. Of death or life ?

Forester. You put your questions eagerly !

Ursula. Answer me, then ! How is the Prince ?

Forester. I left him only two hours since
 Homeward returning down the river,

As strong and well as if God, the Giver.
Had given him back in his youth again.

Ursula (despairing). Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead !

Forester. That, my good woman, I have not said.
Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

Ursula. Keep me no longer in this pain !

Forester. It is true your daughter is no more ;—
That is, the peasant she was before.

Ursula. Alas ! I am simple and lowly bred
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.
And it is not well that you of the court
Should mock me thus, and make a sport
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,
For you, too, were of mother born !

Forester. Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well !
You will learn ere long how it all befell.
Her heart for a moment never failed ;
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.
And he was healed, in his despair,
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones ;
Though I think the long ride in the open air,
That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,
In the miracle must come in for a share !

Ursula. Virgin ! who lovest the poor and lonely.
If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving !
Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it
Into the awful presence of God ;
For thy feet with holiness are shod,
And if thou bearest it he will hear it.
Our child who was dead again is living !

Forester. I did not tell you she was dead ;
If you thought so 'twas no fault of mine ;
At this very moment, while I speak,
They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,
In a splendid barge, with golden prow,
And decked with banners white and red
As the colors on your daughter's cheek.
They call her the Lady Alicia now ;
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow
That Elsie only would he wed.

Ursula. Jesu Maria ! what a change !
All seems to me so weird and strange !

Forester. I saw her standing on the deck,
Beneath an awning cool and shady
Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,

That flowed and floated like the stream,
 And fell in masses down her neck.
 As fair and lovely did she seem
 As in a story or a dream
 Some beautiful and foreign lady.
 And the Prince looked so grand and proud,
 And waved his hand thus to the crowd
 That gazed and shouted from the shore,
 All down the river, long and loud.

Ursula. We shall behold our child once more ;
 She is not dead ! She is not dead !
 God, listening, must have overheard
 The prayers, that, without sound or word,
 Our hearts in secrecy have said !
 O, bring me to her ; for mine eyes
 Are hungry to behold her face ;
 My very soul within me cries ;
 My very hands seem to caress her,
 To see her, gaze at her, and bless her ;
 Dear Elsie, child of God and grace !

(Goes out toward the garden.)

Forester. There goes the good woman out of her head ;
 And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here ;
 A very capacious flagon of beer,
 And a very portentous loaf of bread.
 One would say his grief did not much oppress him.
 Here's to the health of the Prince, God bless him !

(He drinks.)

Ha ! it buzzes and stings like a hornet !
 And what a scene there, through the door !
 The forest behind and the garden before,
 And midway an old man of threescore,
 With a wife and children that caress him.
 Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it
 With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet !

(Goes out blowing his horn.)

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE standing on the terrace at evening. *The sound of bells heard from a distance.*

Prince Henry. We are alone. The wedding guests
 Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,
 And the descending dark invests
 The Niederwald, and all the nests
 Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie. What bells are those, that ring so slow,
 So mellow, musical, and low ?

Prince Henry. They are the bells of Geisenheim,
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie. Listen, beloved.

Prince Henry. They are done !
Dear Elsie ! many years ago
Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret pain.

Elsie. Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee !

Prince Henry. Thou knowest the story of her ring,
How, when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died ; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
That water that delicious land,
They cast the ring, drawn from her hand ;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fatal shore,
Nor left the land forevermore.

Elsie. That was true love.

Prince Henry. For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

Elsie. Wilt thou as fond and faithful be ?
Wilt thou so love me after death ?

Prince Henry. In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine !
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies.
And, undisturbed by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine !
This golden ring, which thou hast worn
Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remembrance,
Of what thou wearest within unseen,
O my Fastrada, O my queen !
Behold ! the hilltops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst ;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast rising tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and chill ;
Let us go in.

Elsie. Ah, not so soon.

See yonder fire! It is the moon
 Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
 It glimmers on the forest tips,
 And through the dewy foliage drips
 In little rivulets of light,
 And makes the heart in love with night.
Prince Henry. Oft on this terrace, when the day
 Was closing, have I stood and gazed,
 And seen the landscape fade away,
 And the white vapors rise and drown
 Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,
 While far above the hilltops blazed.
 But then another hand than thine
 Was gently held and clasped in mine;
 Another head upon my breast
 Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.
 Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
 With so much sorrow and surprise?
 A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
 Was that which in my own was pressed.
 A manly form usurped thy place,
 A beautiful, but bearded face,
 That now is in the Holy Land,
 Yet in my memory from afar
 Is shining on us like a star.
 But linger not, for while I speak,
 A sheeted spectre white and tall,
 The cold mist climbs the castle wall,
 And lays his hand upon thy cheek!

(*They go in.*)

EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

The Angel of Good Deeds (with Closed Book). God sent
 his messenger the rain,
 And said unto the mountain brook,
 "Rise up, and from thy caverns look
 And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,
 From the cool hills into the heat
 Of the broad, arid plain."

God sent his messenger of faith,
 And whispered in the maiden's heart,
 "Rise up, and look from where thou art.
 And scatter with unselfish hands
 Thy freshness on the barren sands
 And solitudes of Death."
 O beauty of holiness,

Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !
 O power of meekness,
 Whose very gentleness and weakness
 Are like the yielding but irresistible air !
 Upon the pages
 Of the sealed volume that I bear,
 The deed divine
 Is written in characters of gold,
 That never shall grow old,
 But all through ages
 Burn and shine,
 With soft effulgence !
 O God ! it is thy indulgence
 That fills the world with the bliss
 Of a good deed like this !

The Angel of Evil Deeds (with open book).] Not yet, not yet
 Is the red sun wholly set,
 But ever more recedes,
 While open still I bear
 The book of Evil Deeds,
 To let the breathings of the upper air
 Visit its pages and erase
 The records from its face !
 Fainter and fainter as I gaze
 In the broad blaze
 The glimmering landscape shines,
 And below me the black river
 Is hidden by wreaths of vapor !
 Fainter and fainter the black lines
 Begin to quiver
 Along the whitening surface of the paper :
 Shade after shade
 The terrible words grow faint and fade,
 And in their place
 Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !
 But the soul of one,
 Who by repentance
 Has escaped the dreadful sentence,
 Shines bright below me as I look.
 It is the end !
 With closed book
 To God do I ascend.

Lo ! over the mountain steeps
 A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps
 Beneath my feet ;
 A blackness inwardly brightening
 With a sullen heat,
 As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning.
 And a cry of lamentation,

Repeated and again repeated,
 Deep and loud
 As the reverberation
 Of cloud answering unto cloud,
 Swells and rolls away in the distance,
 As if the sheeted
 Lightning retreated,
 Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.

It is Lucifer,
 The son of mystery ;
 And since God suffers him to be,
 He, too, is God's minister,
 And labors for some good
 By us not understood !

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these
 stories ?

Whence these legends and tradi-
 tions,

With the odors of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of mead-
 ows,

With the curling smoke of wig-
 wams,

With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their wild reverberations,
 As of thunder in the mountains ?

I should answer, I should tell
 you,

“ From the forests and the prai-
 ries,

From the great lakes of the North-
 land,

From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs,
 From the mountains, moors, and
 fen-lands,

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
 gah,

Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of Nawadaha,
 The musician, the sweet singer.”

Should you ask where Nawa-
 daha

Found these songs, so wild and
 wayward,

Found these legends and tradi-
 tions,

I should answer, I should tell you,
 “ In the bird's-nests of the forest,
 In the lodges of the beaver,
 In the hoof-prints of the bison,
 In the eyry of the eagle !

“ All the wild-fowl sang them
 to him,

In the moorlands and the fen-
 lands,

In the melancholy marshes ;
 Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
 Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose,
 Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-
 gah,

And the grouse, the Mushko-
 dasa !”

If still further you should ask
 me,

Saying, “ Who was Nawadaha ?
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,”

I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as
 follow.

“ In the Vale of Tawasentha,

In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant watercourses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn
fields,

And beyond them stood the
forest,

Stood the groves of singing pine-
trees,

Green in Summer white in
Winter,

Ever singing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-
courses,

You could trace them through
the valley,

By the rushing in the Springtime,

By the alders in the Summer,

By the white fog in the Autumn,

By the black line in the Winter ;

And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha.

In the green and silent valley.

There he sang of Hiawatha,

Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and
being,

How he prayed and how he
fasted,

How he lived, and toiled, and
suffered,

That the tribes of men might
prosper,

That he might advance his
people !"

Ye who love the haunts of Na-
ture,

Love the sunshine of the meadow,

Love the shadow of the forest,

Love the wind among the
branches,

And the rain-shower and the
snowstorm,

And the rushing of great rivers

Through their palisades of pine-
trees,

And the thunder in the moun-
tains,

Whose innumerable echoes

Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—

Listen to these wild traditions,

To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,

Love the ballads of a people,

That like voices from afar off

Call to us to pause and listen,

Speak in tones so plain and child-
like,

Scarcely can the ear distinguish

Whether they are sung or
spoken ;—

Listen to this Indian Legend,

To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and
simple,

Who have faith in God and Na-
ture,

Who believe, that in all ages

Every human heart is human,

That in even savage bosoms

There are longings, yearnings,
strivings

For the good they comprehend
not,

That the feeble hands and help-
less,

Groping blindly in the darkness,

Touch God's right hand in that
darkness

And are lifted up and strength-
ened ;—

Listen to this simple story,

To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes in your
rambles

Through the green lanes of the
country,

Where the tangled barberry-
bushes

Hang their tufts of crimson ber-
ries

Over stone walls gray with mosses,

Pause by some neglected grave-
yard,

For a while to muse, and ponder

On a half-effaced inscription,

Written with little skill of song-
craft,

Homely phrases, but each letter

Full of hope, and yet of heart-
break,

Full of all the tender pathos

Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—

Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone
Quarry,
Gitche Manito the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations.
Called the tribes of men together.
From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way !"
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures ;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow ;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled ;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,

Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.
And the smoke rose slowly,
slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.
From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.
And the Prophets of the nations
Said : "Behold it, the Pukwana !
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council !"
Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,

To the Great Red Pipe-stone
Quarry,

And they stood there on the
meadow,

With their weapons and their
war-gear,

Painted like the leaves of Au-
tumn,

Painted like the sky of morning.

Wildly glaring at each other ;

In their faces stern defiance,

In their hearts the feuds of ages,

The hereditary hatred,

The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,

The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with com-

passion,

With paternal love and pity !

Looked upon their wrath and
wrangling,

But as quarrels among children,

But as feuds and fights of chil-
dren !

Over them he stretched his
right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,

To allay their thirst and fever,

By the shadow of his right hand ;

Spake to them with voice ma-
jestic

As the sound of far-off waters,

Falling into deep abysses,

Warning, chiding, spake in this
wise :—

“ O my children ! my poor chil-
dren !

Listen to the words of wisdom,

Listen to the words of warning,

From the lips of the Great Spirit,

From the Master of Life, who
made you :

“ I have given you lands to
hunt in,

I have given you streams to fish in,

I have given you bear and bison,

I have given you roe and rein-
deer,

I have given you brant and bea-
ver,

Filled the marshes full of wild-
fowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes ;

Why then are you not contented ?

Why then will you hunt each
other ?

“ I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and blood-

shed.

Weary of your prayers for venge-
ance,

Of your wranglings and dissen-
sions ;

All your strength is in your
union,

All your danger is in discord ;

Therefore be at peace hencefor-
ward,

And as brothers live together.

“ I will send a Prophet to you,

A Deliverer of the nations,

Who shall guide you and shall
teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with
you.

If you listen to his counsels,

You will multiply and prosper ;

If his warnings pass unheeded,

You will fade away and perish !

“ Bathe now in the stream be-
fore you,

Wash the war-paint from your
faces,

Wash the blood-stains from your
fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your
weapons,

Break the red stone from this
quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-
Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside
you,

Deck them with your brightest
feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,

And as brothers live hencefor-
ward !”

Then upon the ground the war-
riors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of
deer-skin,

Threw their weapons and their
war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,
 Washed the war-paint from their
 faces,
 Clear above them flowed the
 water,
 Clear and limpid from the foot-
 prints
 Of the Master of Life descending ;
 Dark below them flowed the
 water,
 Soiled and stained with streaks
 of crimson,
 As if blood were mingled with it !
 From the river came the war-
 riors,
 Clean and washed from all their
 war-paint ;
 On the banks their clubs they
 buried,
 Buried all their warlike weapons.
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 The Great Spirit, the creator,
 Smiled upon his helpless chil-
 dren !

And in silence all the warriors
 Broke the red stone of the
 quarry.
 Smoothed and formed it into
 Peace-Pipes,
 Broke the long reeds by the
 river,
 Decked them with their bright-
 est feathers,
 And departed each one home-
 ward.
 While the Master of Life, ascend-
 ing,
 Through the opening of cloud-
 curtains,
 Through the doorways of the
 heaven,
 Vanished from before their faces,
 In the smoke that rolled around
 him,
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

"HONOR be to Mudjekeewis !"
 Cried the warriors, cried the old
 men,

When he came in triumph home-
 ward
 With the sacred Belt of Wam-
 pum,
 From the regions of the North-
 Wind,
 From the kingdom of Wabasso.
 From the land of the White
 Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of
 Wampum
 From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
 From the Great Bear of the
 mountains,
 From the terror of the nations,
 As he lay asleep and cumbrous
 On the summit of the mountains,
 Like a rock with mosses on it,
 Spotted brown and gray with
 mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
 Till the red nails of the monster
 Almost touched him, almost
 scared him,
 Till the hot breath of his nostrils
 Warned the hands of Mudjekee-
 wis,

As he drew the Belt of Wampum
 Over the round ears, that heard
 not,
 Over the small eyes, that saw
 not,
 Over the long nose and nostrils,
 The black muffle of the nostrils,
 Out of which the heavy breath-
 ing

Warned the hands of Mudjekee-
 wis,

Then he swung aloft his war-
 club,
 Shouted loud and long his war-
 cry,
 Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
 In the middle of the forehead,
 Right between the eyes he smote
 him,

With the heavy blow bewil-
 dered,
 Rose the Great Bear of the moun-
 tains ;
 But his knees beneath him trem-
 bled,

And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,

As he sat upon his haunches ;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise —

“Hark you, Bear! you are a
coward,

And no Brave, as you pretended ;
Else you would not cry and
whimper

Like a miserable woman !

Bear! you know our tribes are
hostile,

Long have been at war together ;
Now you find that we are strong-
est,

You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains !
Had you conquered me in battle,
Not a groan would I have uttered ;
But you, Bear! sit here and
whimper,

And disgrace your tribe by cry-
ing,

Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman !”

Then again he raised his war-
club,

Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the moun-
tains,

He the terror of the nations.

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis !”

With a shout exclaimed the
people,

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis !

Henceforth he shall be the West-
Wind,

And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-
Wind !”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen

Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-
Wind,

Gave the others to his children ;
Unto Wabun gave the East-
Wind,

Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and
cruel,

To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wa-
bun ;

He it was who brought the morn-
ing,

He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and
valley ;

He it was whose cheeks were
painted

With the brightest streaks of
crimson,

And whose voice awoke the
village,

Called the deer, and called the
hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;
Though the birds sang gayly to
him,

Though the wild-flowers of the
meadow

Filled the air with odors for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming.
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earth-
ward,

While the village still was sleep-
ing,

And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sun-
rise,

He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earth-
ward,

Still the first thing he beheld
there

Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.

And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with
caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sun-
shine,

With his flattering words he
wooed her,

With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom.
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom.
And forever in the heavens

They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snowdrifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and
yellow;

He it was who sent the snow-
flakes,

Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the
rivers,

Drove the loon and sea-gull
southward,

Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-
tang

In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka.
Issued from his lodge of snow-
drifts,

From his home among the ice-
bergs,

And his hair, with snow be-
sprinkled,

Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,

As he howled and hurried south-
ward,

Over frozen lakes and moorlands.
There among the reeds and
rushes

Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind
him,

O'er the frozen fens and moor-
lands,

Lingering still among the moor-
lands,

Though his tribe had long de-
parted

To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
"Who is this that dares to brave
me?"

Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone
southward,

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

Long ago departed southward?

I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire
out!"

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and
wailing,

Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-
flue,

Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the door-
way

Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;
Four great logs had he for fire-
wood,

One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served
him.

By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laugh-
ing,

Singing "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,

Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-
flue,

From Kabibonokka's forehead.
From his snow-besprinkled
tresses,

Drops of sweat fell fast and
heavy,

Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of
hemlock,

Drips the melting snow in spring-
time,

Making hollows in the snowdrifts.
Till at last he rose defeated,

Could not bear the heat and
laughter,

Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the
doorway,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-
drifts

Stamped upon the lakes and
rivers,

Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with
him,

To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moor-
lands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the
North-Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moor-
lands

With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew
fainter,

Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered
backward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing. "O Kabibonokka,

You are but my fellow-mortal!"
Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to south-
ward,

In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.

He it was who sent the wood-
birds,

Sent the Opechee, the robin,
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the
swallow,

Sent the wild-goose, Wawa,
northward,

Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters,

From his pipe the smoke as-
cending

Filled the sky with hazen vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy soft-
ness,

Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with
smoothness,

Brought the tender Indian Sum-
mer

To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,

In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing north-
ward,

Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,

Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;

Brightest green were all her gar-
ments

And her hair was like the sun-
shine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with pas-
sion,

Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and
longing

For the maid with yellow tresses,
But he was too fat and lazy

To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy

To pursue her and persuade her.

So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking
northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with
whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-
flakes.

"Ah! my brother from the
North-land,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White
Rabbit!

You have stolen the maiden from
me,

You have laid your hand upon
her,

You have wooed and won my
maiden,

With your stories of the North-
land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
And the South-Wind o'er the
prairie

Wandered warm with sighs of
passion

With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snow-
flakes,

Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like
sunshine

Vanished from his sight forever;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!
'T was no woman that you gazed
at,

'T was no maiden that you sighed
for,

'T was the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy
Summer

You had gazed at with such
longing,

You had sighed for with such
passion,

And had puffed away forever,
Blown into the air with sighing.

Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were
divided;

Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudgekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening
twilight,

In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her
women

Swinging in a swing of grape-
vines,

When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-
vines,

And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening
twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.

"See! a star falls!" said the
people;

"From the sky a star is falling!"
There among the ferns and
mosses,

There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the star-
light,

Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wen-
nah,

As the firstborn of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moon-
light,

With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-wind come and
harm you!"

But she heeded not the warn-
ing.

Heeded not those words of wis-
dom,

And the West-Wind came at
evening,

Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and
blossoms,

Bending low the flowers and
grasses,

Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooded her with his words of
sweetness,

Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow.

Bore a son of love and sorrow,
Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of won-
der;

But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and
faithless,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and
loudly

Wailed and wept the sad Noko-
mis;

"O that I were dead!" she mur-
mured,

"O that I were dead, as thou
art!

No more work, and no more
weeping,

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis,
Dark behind it rose the forest,

Rose the black and gloomy pine-
trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon
them;

Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-sea-Water,

There the wrinkled, old Noko-
mis

Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,

Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer

sinews;

Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will
get thee!"

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Who is this, that lights the wig-
wam?

With his great eyes lights the
wigwam?

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!" -

Many things Nokomis taught
him

Of the stars that shine in heaven:
Showed him Ishkoodah, the
comet,

Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the
spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and
war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;

Showed the broad, white road in
heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the
shadows,

Running straight across the
heavens,

Crowded with the ghosts, the
shadows.

At the door on summer even-
ings

Sat the little Hiawatha;

Heard the whispering of the
pine-trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of won-
der;

"Minne-wawa" said the pine-trees,

"Mudway-anshka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-tay-see,

Flitting through the dusk of evening.

With the twinkle of its candle

Lighting up the brakes and bushes,

And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,

Light me with your little candle.
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water

Rippling, rounding from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her

Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her:

"T is her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:

"T is the heaven of flowers you see there;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,

Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;

"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,

How they built their nests in Summer,

Where they hid themselves in Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he met them.

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,

Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,

He the traveller and the talker.
He the friend of old Nokomis,

Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,

From an oak-bow made the arrows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:

"Go, my son, into the forest,

Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straight-
way

All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and ar-
rows:

And the birds sang round him,
o'er him,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside
him.

Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches.

Coughed and chattered from the
oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his
laughing,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his path-
way

Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,

Half in fear and half in frolic,

Saying to the little hunter,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard
them,

For his thoughts were with the
red deer;

On their tracks his eye was fas-
tened,

Leading downward to the river,

To the ford across the river,

And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,

There he waited till the deer
came,

Till he saw two antlers lifted,

Saw two eyes look from the
thicket,

Saw two nostrils point to wind-
ward,

And a deer came down the path-
way,

Flecked with leafy light and
shadow,

And his heart within him flut-
tered,

Trembled like the leaves above
him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the path-
way.

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

Scaree a twig moved with his
motion,

Scaree a leaf was stirred or rus-
tled,

But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs to-
gether,

Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;

Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung
him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;

Beat his timid heart no longer,

But the heart of Hiawatha

Throbbled and shouted and ex-
ulted,

As he bore the red deer home-
ward

And Iagoo and Nokomis

Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide No-
komis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,

From the red deer's flesh No-
komis

Made a banquet in his honor.

All the village came and feasted,

All the guests praised Hiawatha,

Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-
getaha!

Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-
gotaysee!

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,

Skilled in all the craft of hunters,

Learned in all the lore of old
men,

In all youthful sports and pas-
times,

In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot an arrow from
him,

And run forward with such fleet-
ness,

That the arrow fell behind him !
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;

He could shoot ten arrows up-
ward,

Shoot them with such strength
and swiftness

That the tenth had left the bow-
string

Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;

When upon his hands he wore
them,

He could smite the rocks asun-
der,

He could grind them into pow-
der,

He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;

When he bound them round his
ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he meas-
ured !

Much he questioned old No-
komis

Of his father Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret

Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;

And his heart was hot within
him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
" I will go to Mudjekeewis,

See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-

Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! "

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for

hunting ;
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and

leggings,

Richly wrought with quills and
wampum ;

On his head his eagle feathers.
Round his waist his belt of wam-

pum,
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,

Strung with sinews of the rein-
deer ;

In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with

feathers ;
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,
" Go not forth, O Hiawatha !

To the kingdom of the West-
Wind,

To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,

Lest he kill you with his cun-
ning ! "

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warn-

ing ;
Forth he strode into the forest.

At each stride a mile he meas-
ured ;

Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath

him,
Hot and close the air around him,

Filled with smoke and fiery va-
pors,

As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within

him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward,
westward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison ;

Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,

Passed the Mountains of the
Prairie.

Passed the land of Crows and
Foxes,

Passed the dwellings of the Black-
feet,

Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-

Wind,

Where upon the gusty summits,
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy
tresses,

Gleamed like drifting snow his
tresses,

Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis

When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before
him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-
Wind!

Long have I been waiting for
you!

Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days depart-
ed,

You bring back my youth of pas-
sion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked to-
gether,
Questioned, listened, waited, an-
swered.

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boast-
ing;

With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor men-
ace,

Neither word nor look betrayed
him,

But his heart was hot within
him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm
you?"

Nothing that you are afraid of?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boast-
ing.

Answered, saying, "There is
nothing,

Nothing but the black rock yon-
der,

Nothing but the fatal Waw-
beek?"

And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal.
Looked with pride upon the
beauty

Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!
Is there anything can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, "There is
nothing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder.
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the
bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"

"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,

"No indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other mat-
ters;

First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-
Wind,

Of the South-Wind, Shawonda-
see,

Of the North, Kabibonokka;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her
beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your foot-
steps;
You confess it! you confess it!"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed his gray hairs to the west
wind

Bowed his hoary head in anguish.
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and
gesture
Laid his hand upon the black
rock,

On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into frag-
ments,

Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward
from him,

With the breathing of his nos-
trils,

With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and
fibres

From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;
Long and loud laughed Hia-
watha!

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the moun-
tains;

From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above
them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bul-
rush;

And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;
Till the earth shook with the tu-
mult

And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the moun-
tains,

Starting, answered, "Baim-wa-
wa!"

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the moun-
tains,

Stumbling westward down the
mountains.

Three whole days retreated fight-
ing,

Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-
Wind,

To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold!" at length cried Mud-
jekeewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!

'T is impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your
courage;

Now receive the prize of valor!

"Go back to your home and
people,

Live among them, toil among
them,

Cleanse the earth from all that
harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and
rivers,

Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the giants, the Wendigoes,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa.

Slew the Great Bear of the moun-
tains.

"And at last when Death
draws near you,

When the awful eyes of Pauguk

Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with
you,
Ruler shall you be thencefor-
ward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Kee-
waydin,
Of the Home-wind, the Keeway-
din."

Thus was fought that famous
battle
In the dreadful days of Shah-
shah,
In the days long since departed,
In the kingdom of the West-
Wind.

Still the hunter sees its traces
Scattered far o'er hill and valley;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and watercourses,
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawa-
tha;
Pleasant was the landscape round
him,
Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of
vengeance,

From his heart the burning fever.
Only once his pace he slack-
ened,

Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of ar-
rows

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-
trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sand-
stone,

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the
edges,

Hard and polished, keen and
costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed
daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and
sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned
alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named
her,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of ar-
rows,

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water,
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her gar-
ments

From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of
branches?

Who shall say what thoughts
and visions

Fill the fiery brains of young
men?

Who shall say what dreams of
beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha?

All he told to old Nokomis.

When he reached the lodge at
sunset,

Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water.

V.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

YOU shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,

Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumphs in the battle,
 And renown among the warriors,
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fast-
 ing,

Built a wigwam in the forest,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 In the blithe and pleasant Spring-
 time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
 And, with dreams and visions
 many,

Seven whole days and nights he
 fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
 Through the leafy woods he
 wandered ;

Saw the deer start from the
 thicket,

Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
 Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-
 ming,

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
 Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
 Building nests among the pine-
 trees,

And in flocks the wild goose,
 Wawa,

Flying to the fen-lands north-
 ward,

Whirring, wailing far above
 him.

"Master of Life!" he cried, de-
 sponding,

"Must our lives depend on these
 things?"

On the next day of his fasting
 By the river's brink he wandered,
 Through the Muskoday, the
 meadow

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
 Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
 And the strawberry, Odahmin,
 And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
 And the grapevine, the Bemah-
 gut,

Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
 Filling all the air with fragrance!

"Master of Life!" he cried, de-
 sponding,

"Must our lives depend on these
 things?"

On the third day of his fasting
 By the lake he sat and pondered,
 By the still, transparent water ;
 Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leap-
 ing,

Scattering drops like beads of
 wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water,
 Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
 And the herring, Okahahwis,
 And the Shawgashee, the craw-
 fish!

"Master of Life!" he cried, de-
 sponding,

"Must our lives depend on these
 things?"

On the fourth day of his fast-
 ing

In his lodge he lay exhausted ;
 From his couch of leaves and
 branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,
 Full of shadowy dreams and vis-
 ions,

On the dizzy, swimming land
 scape,

On the gleaming of the water,
 On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approach-
 ing,

Dressed in garments green and
 yellow

Coming through the purple twi-
 light,

Through the splendor of the sun-
 set ;

Plumes of green bent o'er his
 forehead,

And his hair was soft and golden,
 Standing at the open doorway,

Long he looked at Hiawatha,
 Looked with pity and compassion

On his wasted form and features,
 And, in accents like the sighing

Of the South-Wind in the tree-
 tops,

Said he, "O my Hiawatha!

All your prayers are heard in
heaven.

For you pray not like the others ;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors.
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct
you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have
prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with
me !"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;

At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and
fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and
struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

From her haunts among the fen-
lands,

Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

" 'T is enough !" then said
Mondamin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,

" But to-morrow, when the sun
sets,

I will come again to try you."

And he vanished, and was seen
not ;

Whether sinking as the rain sinks,

Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next
day,

When the sun through heaven
descending,

Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great

Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha ;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning.

Taking shape when earth it
touches,

But invisible to all men

In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there to-
gether

In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around
them,

Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

From her haunts among the fen-
lands,

Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood
there,

In his garments green and yellow ;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his
breathing,

And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, " O Hiawatha !
Bravely have you wrestled with
me,

Thrice have wrestled stoutly with
me,

And the Master of Life, who sees
us,

He will give to you the triumph !"

Then he smiled, and said :
" To-morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome
me ;

Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon
me,

Where the sun may come and
warm me ;

Strip these garments, green and
yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from
me,

Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my
slumber,

Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kalgahgee, the raven,

Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me.

Till I wake, and start, and
quicken,

Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed ;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill com-
plaining,

Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,

Heard the rivulet rippling near
him,

Talking to the darksome forest ;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided

At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in
slumber

Far-off murmurs, dreamy whis-
pers ;

Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,

Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,

Lest his hunger should o'ercome
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched
not,

Only said to her, "Nokomis,

Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went No-
komis,

Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should

fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting

For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing east-
ward,

Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the

heaven,

Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn

Falls and floats upon the water
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mon-
damin,

With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and

yellow,

With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the door-
way.

And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mon-

damin.

Round about him spun the
landscape,

Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped

within him,

As the sturgeon leaps and strug-
gles

In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him.

Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed

looking

At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,

Panting with his wild exertion,

Palpitating with the struggle ;
 And before him, breathless, life-
 less,
 Lay the youth, with hair dis-
 hevelled,
 Plumage torn, and garments
 tattered,
 Dead he lay there in the sunset.
 And victorious Hiawatha
 Made the grave as he commanded,
 Stripped the garments from Mon-
 damin,
 Stripped his tattered plumage
 from him,
 Laid him in the earth, and made
 it
 Soft and loose and light above
 him ;
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
 gah,
 From the melancholy moorlands,
 Gave a cry of lamentation,
 Gave a cry of pain and anguish !
 Homeward then went Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis,
 And the seven days of his fasting
 Were accomplished and com-
 pleted.
 But the place was not forgotten
 Where he wrestled with Mon-
 damin ;
 Nor forgotten nor neglected
 Was the grave where lay Mon-
 damin,
 Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
 Where his scattered plumes and
 garments
 Faded in the rain and sunshine,
 Day by day did Hiawatha
 Go to wait and watch beside it ;
 Kept the dark mould soft above it,
 Kept it clean from weeds and in-
 sects,
 Drove away, with scoffs and
 shoutings,
 Kahgabgee, the king of ravens.
 Till at length a small green
 feather
 From the earth shot slowly up-
 ward,
 Then another, and another,
 And before the Summer ended

Stood the maize in all its beauty,
 With its shining robes about it,
 And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
 And in rapture Hiawatha
 Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !
 Yes, the friend of man, Mon-
 damin !

Then he called to old Nokomis
 And Igoo, the great boaster,
 Showed them where the maize
 was growing,
 Told them of his wondrous vision,
 Of his wrestling and his triumph,
 Of this new gift to the nations,
 Which should be their food for-
 ever.

And still later, when the Au-
 tumn
 Changed the long, green leaves
 to yellow,
 And the soft and juicy kernels
 Grew like wampum hard and
 yellow,
 Then the ripened ears he gathered,
 Stripped the withered husks
 from off them,
 As he once had stripped the
 wrestler,
 Gave the first Feast of the Mon-
 damin,
 And make known unto the people
 This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
 Singled out from all the others,
 Bound to him in closest union,
 And to whom he gave the right
 hand
 Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man,
 Kwasind.
 Straight between them ran the
 pathway,
 Never grew the grass upon it ;
 Singing birds, that utter false-
 hoods,
 Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
 Found no eager ear to listen,

Could not breed ill-will between
 them,
 For they kept each other's
 counsel,
 Spake with naked hearts to-
 gether,
 Pondering much and much con-
 triving
 How the tribes of men might
 prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,
 He the best of all musicians,
 He the sweetest of all singers.
 Beautiful and childlike was he,
 Brave as man is, soft as woman,
 Pliant as a wand of willow,
 Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village
 listened ;
 All the warriors gathered round
 him,
 All the women came to hear him ;
 Now he stirred their souls to
 passion,
 Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he
 fashioned
 Flutes so musical and mellow,
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Ceased to murmur in the wood-
 land,
 That the wood-birds ceased from
 singing,
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Ceased his chatter in the oak-
 tree.

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
 Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
 Teach my waves to flow in music,
 Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as wild and way-
 ward,

Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the Opechee, the robin,
 Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as sweet and
 tender,

Teach me songs as full of glad-
 ness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawon-
 aissa,
 Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as melancholy,
 Teach me songs as full of sad-
 ness!"

All the many sounds of nature
 Borrowed sweetness from his
 singing ;

All the hearts of men were
 softened

By the pathos of his music ;
 For he sang of peace and freedom,
 Sang of beauty, love, and long-
 ing ;

Sang of death, and life undying
 In the Islands of the Blessed,
 In the kingdom of Ponemah,
 In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,
 He the best of all musicians,
 He the sweetest of all singers ;
 For his gentleness he loved him,
 And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
 Was the very strong man,
 Kwasind,
 He the strongest of all mortals,
 He the mightiest among many ;
 For his very strength he loved
 him,
 For his strength allied to good-
 ness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
 Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
 Never played with other children,
 Never fished and never hunted,
 Not like other children was he ;
 But they saw that much he fasted,
 Much his Manito entreated.
 Much besought his Guardian
 Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his
 mother,
 "In my work you never help
 me!

In the Summer you are roaming
 Idly in the fields and forests ;
 In the Winter you are cowering

O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!

In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;

Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,

Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,

Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,

Like a wisp of straw he broke them,

Could not wring them without breaking,

Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,

"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,

Where a brooklet led them onward,

Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,

Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely

By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,

And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,

"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;

Not a woodchuck could get through them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,

And sat down to smoke and ponder.

But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,

Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,

Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,

As they sported in the meadow:

"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,

Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,

Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,

Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,

In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,

Struggling with the rushing currents,

Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,

Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,

Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-b yeto Kwa-
sind!"

We shall never more see Kwa-
sind!"

But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and
dripping

Brought the King of all the Bea-
vers.

And these two, as I have told
you,

Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwa-
sind.

Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much con-
triving

How the tribes of men might
prosper.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-
Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-
Tree!

Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sail-
ing,

That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-
Tree

Lay side your white-skin wrap-
per,

For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin
wrapper!

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taqaumenaw,

When the birds were singing
gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were sing-
ing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold
me!"

And the tree with all its
branches

Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he
girdled;

Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to
bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder.
With a wooden wedge he raised
it,

Stripped it from the trunk un-
broken.

"Give me of your boughs, O
Cedar!

Of your strong and pliant
branches,

My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm be-
neath me!"

Through the summit of the
Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending down-
ward,

"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of
cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a
framework,

Like two bows he formed and
shaped them,

Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O
Tamarack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-
Tree!

My canoe to bind together.
So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its
fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its
tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the
fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-
Tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-
Tree!"

Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and
sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of
darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered
weeping,

"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam
and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from
water.

"Give me of your quills, O
Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the
Hedgehog!

I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her
bosom!"

From the hollow tree the Hedge-
hog
With his sleepy eyes looked at
him,
Shot his shining quills, like ar-
rows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whis-
kers,

"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and
yellow,
With the juice of roots and
berries;

Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming neck-
lace,

On its breast two stars resplend-
ent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was
builded

In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served
him,
And his wishes served to guide
him;

Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwa-
sind,

To his friend, the strong man,
Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and
branches,

With his hands he scooped the
sand-bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha

Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
 Sailed through all its bends and
 windings,
 Sailed through all its deeps and
 shallows,
 While his friend, the strong man,
 Kwasind,
 Swam the deeps, the shallows
 waded.

Up and down the river went
 they,
 In and out among its islands,
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-
 bar,
 Dragged the dead trees from its
 channel,
 Made its passage safe and certain,
 Made a pathway for the people,
 From its springs among the
 mountains,
 To the water of Pauwating,
 To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
 On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 With his fishing-line of cedar,
 Of the twisted bark of cedar,
 Forth to catch the sturgeon

Nahma,
 Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
 In his birch canoe exulting
 All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent
 water

He could see the fishes swimming
 Far down in the depths below
 him

See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water.

See the Shawgashee, the craw-
 fish,

Like a spider on the bottom,
 On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
 With his fishing-line of cedar;
 In his plumes the breeze of
 morning

Played as in the hemlock
 branches;

On the bows, with tail erected,
 Sat the squirrel. Adjidaumo;
 In his fur the breeze of morning
 Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
 Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
 Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes:
 Through his gills he breathed the
 water

With his fins he fanned and win-
 nowed,

With his tail he swept the sand-
 floor.

There he lay in all his armor:
 On each side a shield to guard
 him,

Plates of bone upon his forehead,
 Down his sides and back and
 shoulders

Plates of bone with spines pro-
 jecting!

Painted was he with his war-
 paints,

Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
 Spots of brown and spots of sable;
 And he lay there on the bottom,
 Fanning with his fins of purple,
 As above him Hiawatha
 In his birch canoe came sailing,
 With his fishing-line of cedar.

"Take my bait," cried Hiawa-
 tha,

Down into the depths beneath
 him,

"Take my bait, O Sturgeon,
 Nahma!

Come up below the water,
 Let us see which is the stronger!"
 And he dropped his line of cedar
 Through the clear, transparent
 water,

Waited vainly for an answer,
 Long sat waiting for an answer,
 And repeating loud and louder,
 "Take my bait, O King of
 Fishes!"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
 Fanning slowly in the water,
 Looking up at Hiawatha,
 Listening to his call and clamor,
 His unnecessary tumult,
 Till he wearied of the shouting;

And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and
tighten;

As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood end-
wise,

Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the sum-
mit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the
water,

"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bot-
tom

Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
"Take the bait of this great
boaster,

Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering,
gleaming,

Like a white moon in the water,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha.

Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water
Whirled the birch canoe in cir-
cles,

Round and round in gurgling
eddies

Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting his great disc of white-
ness

Loud he shouted in derision,

"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Wavering downward, white and
ghastly,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the
bottom

Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-
paint;

In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sun-
shine,

Opened his great jaws, and swal-
lowed

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome
cavern

Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the
rapids,

Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and
fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round
him

As he leaped and staggered
through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and
weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha,
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma.
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and
perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help
me;

Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he
gives you ;

For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call
you !"

And again the sturgeon, Nah-
ma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted land-
ward

Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of
Fishes,

Lay there dead upon the margin.
Then he heard a clang and flap-
ping,

As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of
Nahma,

Saw the glittering eyes of sea-
gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peer-
ing,
Gazing at him through the open-
ing,

Heard them saying to each other,
"T is our brother, Hiawatha !"

And he shouted from below
them.

Cried exulting from the caverns,
"O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !
I have slain the sturgeon, Nah-
ma ;

Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings
widen,

Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achieve-
ments,

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-
gulls,

Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratch-
ers !"

And the wild and clamorous
sea-gulls

Toiled with beak and claws to-
gether,

Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
Was released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wig-
wam,

On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on
him.

"I have slain the Mishe-
Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes !" said
he ;

"Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon
him,

Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the
sea-gulls ;

Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great
peril

In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feast-
ing,

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the
marshes ;

Then bring all your pots and
kettles,

And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-
sun,

Rose above the tranquil water,

Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with
clamor,

And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off is-
lands,

To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed
places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-
gulls,

Came back from the reedy is-
lands,

Clamorous for their morning
banquet.

Three whole days and nights
alternate

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through
the rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL- FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger west-
ward,

O'er the water pointing west-
ward,

To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descend-
ing

Burned his way along the heavens
Set the sky on fire behind him.

As war-parties, when retreating,
Burn the prairies on their war-
trail;

And the moon, the Night-sun,
eastward,

Suddenly starting from his am-
bush,

Followed fast those bloody foot-
prints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger west-
ward,

Spake these words to Hiawatha:

"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-
Feather,

Megissogwon, the Magician,

Manito of Wealth and Wampum,

Guarded by his fiery serpents,

Guarded by the black pitch-water.

You can see his fiery serpents,

The Kenabeek, the great ser-
pents,

Coiling, playing in the water;

You can see the black pitch-water

Stretching far away beyond them,

To the purple clouds of sunset!

"He it was who slew my father,

By his wicked wiles and cunning,

When he from the moon de-
scended,

When he came on earth to seek
me.

He, the mightiest of Magicians,

Sends the fever from the marshes,

Sends the pestilential vapors,

Sends the poisonous exhalations,

Sends the white fog from the fen-
lands,

Sends disease and death among
us!

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,

Take your arrows, jasper-headed,

Take your war-club, Puggawau-
gun,

And your mittens, Minjekahwun,

And your birch-cauoe for sailing,

And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,

So to smear its sides, that swiftly

You may pass the black pitch-
water;

Slay this merciless magician,

Save the people from the fever

That he breathes across the fen-
lands,

And avenge my father's mur-
der!"

Straightway then my Hiawatha

Armed himself with all his war-gear.

Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;

With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,

O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water !"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting.

And the noble Hiawatha

Sang his war-song wild and woe-ful,

And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,

The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests up-lifted,

Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :

"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,

Let me go upon my journey !"

And they answered, hissing fiercely,

With their fiery breath made answer :

"Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !"

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,

Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;

Every twanging of the bow-string

Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :

"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !

Onward to the black pitch-water !"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,

Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,

Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,

And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,

Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,

In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight.

All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang their war-song,

And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-tay-see,

Waved their torches to mislead him ;

And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,

Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;

And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,

Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,

Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,

Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam

Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,

To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"

And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph

Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them

Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,

One end on the sand he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,

Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam.

Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:

"Come forth from your lodge,
Pearl-Feather!

Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the shining Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,

Clad from head to foot in wampum,

Armed with all his warlike weapons,

Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"

Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.

"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!

Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart

I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:

"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-string,

Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,

Deeds are better things than words are,

Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.

All a summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;

For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,

Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekaliwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,

Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,

With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,

And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,

From whose branches trailed the mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over

With the Dead-man's Moccasin leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :

" Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,

At the head of Megissogwon,

Strike the tuft of hair upon it,

At their roots the long black tresses ;

There alone can he be wounded ! "

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,

Just as Megissogwon, stooping,

Raised a heavy stone to throw it.

Full upon the crown it struck him,

At the roots of his long tresses.

And he reeled and staggered forward,

Plunging like a wounded bison,

Yes, like Pezhekec, the bison,

When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,

In the pathway of the other,

Piercing deeper than the other,

Wounding sorer than the other,

And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,

Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow

Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,

And the mighty Megissogwon

Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,

Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,

Heard his voice call in the darkness ;

At the feet of Hiawatha

Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,

Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha

Called the Mama, the woodpecker,

From his perch among the branches

Of the melancholy pine-tree,

And, in honor of his service,

Stained with blood the tuft of feathers

On the little head of Mama ;

Even to this day he wears it,

Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,

As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,

As a trophy of the battle,

As a signal of his conquest.

On the shore he left the body,

Half on land and half in water,

In the sand his feet were buried,

And his face was in the water.

And above him, wheeled and clamored

The Kencu, the great war-eagle,

Sailing round in narrower circles,

Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha

Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,

All his wealth of skins and wampum,

Furs of bison and of beaver

Furs of sable and of ermine,

Wampum belts and strings and pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,

Filled with arrows silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,

Homeward through the black pitch-water,

Homeward through the weltering serpents

With the trophies of the battle,

With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,

Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,

Made a joyous feast, and shouted !
"Honor be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,

Sent disease and death among us ! "

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama !
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem

With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.

But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,

Useless each without the other ! "

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,

Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,

Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people."
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,

For a stranger, whom we know not !

Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight

Is the handomest of the strangers ! "

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,

And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight ! "

Gravely then said old Nokomis ;
"Bring not here an idle maiden.
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,

Feet that run on willing errands ! "

Smiling answered Hiawatha :
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter.

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight,
firelight,

Be the sunlight of my people ! "

Still dissuading said Nokomis :
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger

From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open ! "

Laughing answered Hiawatha :
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,

That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever !”

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women ;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured ;

Yet the way seemed long before him,

And his heart outrun his footsteps ;

And he journeyed without resting,

Till he heard the cataract's thunder,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha,
Calling to him through the silence.

“ Pleasant is the sound !” he murmured,

“ Pleasant is the voice that calls me !”

On the outskirts of the forests,
“ Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,

Herd of fallow deer were feeding,

But they saw not Hiawatha ;

To his bow he whispered, “ Fail not !”

To his arrow whispered, “ Swerve not !”

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck ;

Threw the deer across his shoulder,

And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,

Sat his daughter, Laughing
Water,

Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were.

And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,

Of the days when with such arrows,

He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;

Shot the wild goose, flying southward,

On the wind, the clamorous Wawa ;

Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,

Could not fight without his arrows.

Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were !

Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for

weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,

Young and tall and very handsome,

Who one morning, in the Spring-time,

Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,

Lingered long about the doorway,

Looking back as he departed.

She had heard her father praise him,

Praise his courage and his wisdom ;

Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?

On the mat her hands lay idle,

And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,

Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and

forehead,

With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands

Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker

Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,

"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his
shoulders ;

And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of
rushes,

Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and
whitened,

With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its cur-
tains,

And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing
Water,

From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before
them,

Water brought them from the
brooklet,

Gave them food in earthen ves-
sels,

Gave them drink in bowls of
bass-wood,

Listened while the guest was
speaking,

Listened while her father an-
swered,

But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his
childhood.

As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,

And the very strong man,
Kwasind,

And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peace-
ful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and blood-
shed,

There is peace between the Ojib-
ways

And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more
closely,

And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he an-
swered,

Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing
Water,

And made answer very gravely :
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;

Let your heart speak, Minne-
haha !"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood
there, .

Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to
say it,

"I will follow you, my husband !"

This was Hiawatha's wooing !
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing
Water ;

Hand in hand they went to-
gether,

Through the woodland and the
meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,

"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and say-
ing:

"Thus it is our daughters leave
us,

Those we love, and those who
love us!

Just when they have learned to
help us,

When we are old and lean upon
them,

Comes a youth with flaunting
feathers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the vil-
lage,

Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads
her,

Leaving all things for the
stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey home-
ward,

Through interminable forests,

Over meadow, over mountain,

Over river, hill, and hollow.

Short it seemed to Hiawatha,

Though they journeyed very
slowly,

Though his pace he checked and
slackened

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers

In his arms he bore the maiden;

Light he thought her as a feather,

As the plume upon his headgear;

Cleared the tangled pathway for
her.

Bent aside the swaying branches,

Made at night a lodge of
branches,

And a bed with boughs of hem-
lock,

And a fire before the doorway

With the dry cones of the pine-
tree.

All the travelling winds went
with them.

O'er the meadow, through the
forest;

All the stars of night looked at
them,

Watched with sleepless eyes their
slumber;

From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,

Watched with eager eyes the
lovers;

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before
them,

Peering, peeping from his bur-
row,

Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the

lovers.

Pleasant was the journey home-
ward!

All the birds sang loud and
sweetly

Songs of happiness and heart's-
ease;

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,

"Happy are you, Hiawatha,

Having such a wife to love you!"

Sang the Opechee, the robin,

"Happy are you, Laughing Wa-
ter,

Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benig-
nant

Looked upon them through the
branches,

Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine; hate is shadow,

Life is checkered shade and sun-
shine,

Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked
at them,

Filled the lodge with mystic
splendors,

Whispered to them, "O my chil-
dren,

Day is restless, night is quiet,

Man imperious, woman feeble;

Half is mine, although I follow ;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water !”

Thus it was they journeyed
homeward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight,
firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XI.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and long-
ing ;

How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adven-
ture,

That the feast might be more
joyous,

That the time might pass more
gayly,

And the guests be more con-
tented.

Sumptuous was the feast No-
komis

Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;
All the bowls were made of bass-
wood,

White and polished very smooth-
ly,

All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smooth-
ly,

She had sent through all the
village

Messengers with wands of wil-
low,

As a sign of invitation,

As a token of the feasting ;
And the wedding guests assem-
bled,

Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wam-
pum,

Splendid with their paint and
plumage,

Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon,
Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old No-
komis !

Then on pemican they feasted.
Pemican and buffalo marrow,

Haunch of deer and hump of
bison,

Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,

And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,

Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in si-
lence.

And when all the guests had
finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,

Filled the red-stone pipes for
smoking

With tobacco from the South-
land,

Mixed with bark of the red wil-
low,

And with herbs and leaves of fra-
grance.

Then she said, “O Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to
please us.

That the feast may be more joy-
ous,

That the time may pass more
gayly,

And our guests be more con-
tented !”

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,
 He the merry mischief-maker,
 Whom the people called the
 Storm-Pool,
 Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and
 pastimes.

In the merry dance of snow-
 shoes,

In the play of quoits and ball-
 play;

Skilled was he in games of haz-
 ard,

In all games of skill and hazard,
 Pugasaing, the Bowl and Coun-
 ters,

Kuntasso, the Game of Plum-
 stones,

Though the warriors called
 him Faint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
 Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,

Little heeded he their jesting,
 Little cared he for their insults,

For the women and the maidens
 Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-

Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-
 skin,

White and soft, and fringed with
 ermine,

All inwrought with beads of
 wampum;

He was dressed in deer-skin leg-
 gings,

Fringed with hedgehog quills
 and ermine,

And in moccasins of buck-skin,
 Thick with quills and beads em-
 broidered.

On his head were plumes of
 swan's down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,
 In one hand a fan of feathers,

And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and
 yellow.

Streaks of blue and bright ver-
 milion,

Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Kee-
 wis.

From his forehead fell his tresses,
 Smooth, and parted like a wom-
 an's,

Shining bright with oil, and
 plaited,

Hung with braids of scented
 grasses,

As among the guests assembled,
 To the sound of flutes and sing-
 ing,

To the sound of drums and voices,
 Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-

Keewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn meas-
 ure,

Very slow in step and gesture,
 In and out among the pine-trees,

Through the shadows and the
 sunshine.

Treading softly like a panther.
 Then more swiftly and still

swifter,

Whirling, spinning round in cir-
 cles,

Leaping o'er the guests assem-
 bled,

Eddying round and round the
 wigwam,

Till the leaves went whirling
 with him,

Till dust and wind together
 Swept in eddies round about
 him.

Then along the sandy margin
 Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,

On he sped with frenzied ges-
 tures,

Stamped upon the sand, and
 tossed it

Wildly in the air around him;

Till the wind became a whirl-
 wind,

Till the sand was blown and
 sifted,

Like great snowdrifts o'er the
 landscape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand
 Dunes.

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!
 Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Kee-
 wis,

Danced his Beggar's Dance to
please them,
And, returning, sat down laugh-
ing

There among the guests assem-
bled,

Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of Turkey feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!

Songs of love and songs of long-
ing.

That the feast may be more joy-
ous,

That the time may pass more
gayly,

And our guests be more content-
ed!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and ten-
der,

Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of long-
ing :

Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the for-
est!

Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-
like!

"If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon
them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the
fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morn-
ing.

As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are
falling.

"Does not all the blood within
me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet
thee,

As the springs to meet the sun-
shine,
In the Moon when nights are
brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to
thee.

Sings with joy when thou art
near me,

As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Straw-
berries!

"When thou art not pleased,
beloved,

Then my heart is sad and dark-
ened,

As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows
on it!

"When thou smilest my be-
loved,

Then my troubled heart is bright-
ened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in
rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile
the waters

Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near
me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, be-
hold me!

O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and long-
ing ;

And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave
him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and ges-
tures,

That the wedding guests assem-
bled

Longed to hear his pleasant
stories,

His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
 Never heard he an adventure
 But himself had met a greater ;
 Never any deed of daring
 But himself had done a bolder ;
 Never any marvellous story
 But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting.

Would you only give him credence,

No one ever shot an arrow
 Half so far and high as he had ;
 Ever caught so many fishes,
 Ever killed so many reindeer,
 Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,
 None could dive so deep as he could,
 None could swim so far as he could ;

None had made so many journeys,
 None had seen so many wonders.
 As this wonderful Iagoo,
 As this marvellous story-teller !

Thus his name became a by-word

And a jest among the people ;
 And whene'er a boastful hunter
 Praised his own address too highly,

Or a warrior, home returning,
 Talked too much of his achievements,

All his hearers cried, Iagoo !

Here's Iagoo come among us !"

He it was who carved the cradle

Of the little Hiawatha,
 Carved its framework out of linden,

Bound it strong with reindeer sinews ;

He it was who taught him later
 How to make his bows and arrows,

How to make the bows of ash-tree,

And the arrows of the oak-tree.
 So among the guests assembled

At my Hiawatha's wedding

Sat Iagoo, old and ugly.

Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, " O good Iagoo,
 Tell us now a tale of wonder,

Tell us of some strange adventure,
 That the feast may be more joy-

ous,
 That the time may pass more
 gayly.

And our guests be more con-
 tented !"

And Iagoo answered straight-
 way,

" You shall hear a tale of wonder.
 You shall hear the strange ad-
 ventures

Of Osseo, the Magician,
 From the Evening Star descend-
 ed."

XII.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending
 O'er the level plain of water ?
 Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
 Wounded by the magic arrow,
 Staining all the waves with crim-

son,
 With the crimson of its life-
 blood,

Filling all the air with splendor,
 With the splendor of its plum-
 age ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,
 Sinking down into the water ;

All the sky is stained with pur-
 ple,

All the water flushed with crim-
 son !

No ; it is the Red Swan floating,
 Diving down beneath the water ;

To the sky its wings are lifted,
 With its blood the waves are red-

dened !

Over it the Star of Evening
 Melts and trembles through the

purple,
 Hangs suspended in the twilight.

No ; it is a bead of wampum
 On the robes of the Great Spirit,

As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo
And he said in haste : " Behold it !

See the sacred Star of Evening !
You shall hear the tale of wonder,

Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

"Once, in days no more remembered,

Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,

And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters.

Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,

She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married warriors.

Married brave and haughty husbands ;

Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,

All her young and handsome suitors,

And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,

Broken with age and weak with coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,

From the Evening Star descended
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion !

All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,

All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language !

"And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wampum,

Handsome men with paint and feathers,

Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.

But she said : ' I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,

Care not for your paint and feathers,

Care not for your jests and laughter ;

I am happy with Osseo !

"Once to some great feast invited,

Through the damp and dusk of evening

Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands ;

Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him ;

All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.

"At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring

At the trembling Star of Evening,

At the tender Star of Woman ;
And they heard him murmur softly,

'Ah, *showain nameshin, Nosa!*
Pity, pity me, my father !'

"'Listen !' said the eldest sister,

'He is praying to his father !
What a pity that the old man

Does not stumble in the pathway,

Does not break his neck by falling !"

And they laughed till all the forest

Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"On their pathway through the woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,

Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge
and hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;
From the other came a young
man,

Tall and straight and strong and
handsome.

“ Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and
beauty ;

But alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful !
Strangely, too, was she trans-
figured.

Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !
And the sisters and their hus-
bands

Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly
laughter.

“ But Osseo turned not from
her,

Walked with slower step beside
her,

Took her hand, as brown and
withered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nene-
moosha,

Soothed her with soft words of
kindness,

Till they reached the lodge of
feasting,

Till they sat down in the wig-
wam,

Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.

“ Wrapt in visions, lost in
dreaming,

At the banquet sat Osseo ;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous but Osseo,
Neither food nor drink he tasted,
Neither did he speak nor listen,
But as one bewildered sat he,

Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.

“ Then a voice was heard, a
whisper,

Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender ;
And the voice said : ‘ O Osseo !
O my son, my best beloved !

Broken are the spells that bound
you,

All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil ;
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

“ Taste the food that stands
before you ;

It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.

All your bowls and all your
kettles

Shall be wood and clay no longer ;
But the bowls be changed to
wampum,

And the kettles shall be silver ;
They shall shine like shells of
scarlet,

Like the fire shall gleam and
glimmer.

“ And the women shall no
longer

Bear the dreary doom of labor,
But be changed to birds, and
glisten

With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusty splendors
Of the skies and clouds of even-
ing ! ”

“ What Osseo heard as whis-
pers,

What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,

Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

“ Then the lodge began to
tremble,

Straight began to shake and
tremble,

And they felt it rising, rising,

Slowly through the air ascend-
ing,

From the darkness of the tree-
tops

Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost
branches;

And behold! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of
scarlet!

And behold! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of
silver!

And the roof-poles of the wigwam
Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.

“Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various
plumage.

Some were jays and some were
magpies,

Others thrushes, others black-
birds;

And they hopped, and sang, and
twittered,

Pecked and fluttered all their
feathers,

Strutted in their shining plum-
age,

And their tails like fans unfolded.

“Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but, sat in si-
lence,

Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others;

Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,

Such a cry as he had uttered
By the oak-tree in the forest.

“Then returned her youth and
beauty

And her soiled and tattered gar-
ments

Were transformed to robes of
ermine,

And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather!

“And again the wigwam
trembled,

Swayed and rushed through airy
currents,

Through transparent cloud and
vapor,

And amid celestial splendors
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-
flake,

As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

“Forth with cheerful words of
welcome

Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,

He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: ‘My son, Osseo,

Hang the cage of birds you bring
there,

Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening
feathers,

At the doorway of my wigwam.’

“At the door he hung the
bird-cage,

And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo’s father,

Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: ‘O my Osseo!

I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and
beauty,

Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their
husbands;

Changed them thus because they
mocked you

In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,

Could not see your heart of pas-
sion,

Could not see your youth im-
mortal;

Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved
you.

““In the lodge that glimmers
yonder,

In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapors, on the left
hand,

Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,

Who transformed you to an old
man.
Take heed lest his beams fall on
you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the power of his enchant-
ment,
Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and
quiet,

On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father ;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of
silver,

And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,
With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and
prospered,

And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,
All those birds with glossy
feathers,

For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they
wheeled and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with
music,

With their songs of joy and
freedom ;

Filled the Evening Star with
splendor,

With the fluttering of their plum-
age ;

Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers,
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transforma-
tion !

'T was no bird he saw before him,
'T was a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom !

"When her blood fell on the
planet,

On the sacred Star of Evening,

Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange en-
chantment.

And the youth, the fearless bow-
man

Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sink-
ing

Downward through the empty
spaces,

Downward through the clouds
and vapors,

Till he rested on an island,
On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining
feathers,

Fluttering, falling, wafted down-
ward,

Like the painted leaves of Au-
tumn ;

And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted.
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again trans-
figured,

Reassumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their
stature ;

They remained as Little People,
Like the pygmies, the Puk
Wudjies,

And on pleasant nights of Sum-
mer,

When the Evening Star was
shining,

Hand in hand they danced to-
gether

On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.

"Still their glittering lodge is
seen there,

On the tranquil Summer even-
ings,

And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy
voices,

Sees them dancing in the star-
light ! ”

When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was
ended,

Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added :

“ There are great men, I have
known such,

Whom their people understand
not,

Whom they even make a jest of,
Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo

Let them learn the fate of jest-
ers ! ”

All the wedding guests de-
lighted

Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applaud-
ing,

And they whispered to each
other :

“ Does he mean himself, I won-
der ?

And are we the aunts and
uncles ? ”

Then again sang Chibiabos,
Sang a song of love and longing,

In those accents sweet and ten-
der,

In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation

For her lover, her Algonquin.

“ When I think of my beloved,
Ah me ! think of my beloved,

When my heart is thinking of
him,

O my sweetheart, my Algon-
quin !

Ah me ! when I parted from
him,

And my neck he hung the
wampum,

As a pledge, the snow-white wam-
pum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ I will go with you, he whis-
pered,

Ah me ! to your native country ;
Let me go with you, he whis-
pered,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ Far away, away, I answered,
Very far away, I answered,

Ah me ! is my native country,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ When I looked back to be-
hold him,

Where we parted, to behold him.
After me he still was gazing,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
“ By the tree he still was stand-
ing,

By the fallen tree was standing,
That had dropped into the water,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
“ When I think of my beloved,

Ah me, think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of
him,

O my sweetheart, my Algon-
quin ! ”

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Ke-
wis,

Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;

Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests de-
parted,

Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

SING. O song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peace-
ful !

Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-
fields !

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the na-
tions

Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,

Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the
beaver ;

Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the
meadows,

Dressed the skins of deer and
beaver.

All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and
shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mon-
damin,

Waved his soft and sunny
tresses,

Filling all the land with plenty,
"T was the women who in Spring-
time

Planted the broad fields and
fruitful,

Buried in the earth Mondamin ;
"T was the women who in Au-
tumn

Stripped the yellow husks of har-
vest,

Stripped the garments from Mon-
damin,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was
planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,

To his wife, the Laughing Water :
" You shall bless to-night the
cornfields,

Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruc-
tion.

Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-
ear !

" In the night, when all is
silence,

In the night, when all is dark-
ness,

When the Spirit of Sleep, Napah-
win,

Shuts the doors of all the wig-
wams,

So that not an ear can hear you,

So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
Walk around the fields you
planted,

Round the borders of the corn-
fields,

Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a gar-
ment.

" Thus the fields shall be more
fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mil-
dew,

Neither burrowing worm nor in-
sect,

Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-
keena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar,
Way-muk kwana, with the bear-
skin,

King of all the caterpillars ! "

On the tree-tops near the corn-
fields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
Kabgahgee, the King of Ravens,
With his band of black maraud-
ers.

And they laughed at Hiawatha,
Till the tree-tops shook with
laughter,

With their melancholy laughter,
At the words of Hiawatha.

" Hear him ! " said they ; " hear
the Wise Man.

Hear the plots of Hiawatha ! "

When the noiseless night de-
scended

Broad and dark o'er field and for-
est,

When the mournful Wawonaissa,
Sorrowing sang among the hem-
locks,

And the Spirit of Sleep, Napah-
win,

Shut the doors of all the wig-
wams,

From her bed rose Laughing
 Water,
 Laid aside her garments wholly,
 And with darkness clothed and
 guarded,
 Unashamed and unafrighted,
 Walked securely round the corn-
 fields,
 Drew the sacred, magic circle
 Of her footprints round the corn-
 fields.

No one but the midnight only
 Saw her beauty in the darkness,
 No one but the Wawonaissa,
 Heard the panting of her bosom ;
 Guskewan, the darkness, wrapped
 her
 Closely in his sacred mantle,
 So that none might see her
 beauty,
 So that none might boast, " I saw
 her ! "

On the morrow, as the day
 dawned,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Gathered all his black marauders,
 Crows and blackbirds, jays, and
 ravens,
 Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
 And descended, fast and fearless,
 On the fields of Hiawatha,
 On the grave of the Mondamin.

" We will drag Mondamin," said
 they,
 " From the grave where he is
 buried,
 Spite of all the magic circles,
 Laughing Water draws around it,
 Spite of all the sacred footprints,
 Minnehaha stamps upon it ! "
 But the wary Hiawatha,
 Ever thoughtful, careful, watch-
 ful,
 Had o'erheard the scornful laugh-
 ter
 When they mocked him from the
 tree-tops.

" Kaw ! " he said, " my friends
 the ravens,
 Kagahgee, my King of Ravens !
 I will teach you all a lesson
 That shall not be soon forgotten ! "

He had risen before the day-
 break, [fields,
 He had spread o'er all the corn-
 snares to catch the black maraud-
 ers,
 And was lying now in ambush
 In the neighboring grove of pine-
 trees,
 Waiting for the crows and black-
 birds,
 Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and
 clamor,
 Rush of wings and cry of voices,
 To their work of devastation,
 Settling down upon the corn-
 fields,
 Delving deep with beak and talon,
 For the body of Mondamin.
 And with all their craft and cun-
 ning,
 All their skill in wiles of warfare,
 They perceived no danger near
 them,
 Till their claws became entangled,
 Till they found themselves im-
 prisoned
 In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came
 he,
 Striding terrible among them,
 And so awful was his aspect
 That the bravest quailed with
 terror.
 Without mercy he destroyed them
 Right and left, by tens and twen-
 ties,
 And their wretched, lifeless bodies
 Hung aloft on poles for scare-
 crows
 Round the consecrated cornfields
 As a signal of his vengeance,
 As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 He alone was spared among them
 As a hostage for his people.
 With his prisoner-string he bound
 him,
 Led him captive to his wigwam,
 Tied him fast with cords of elm-
 bark

To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.
 "Kahgahgee, my raven!" said
 he,

"You the leader of the robbers,
 You the plotter of this mischief,
 The contriver of this outrage,
 I will keep you, I hold you,
 As a hostage for your people,
 As a pledge of good behavior!"

And he left him, grim and
 sulky,

Sitting in the morning sunshine
 On the summit of the wigwam,
 Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
 Flapping his great sable pinions,
 Vainly struggling for his freedom,
 Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawon-
 dasee

Breathed his sighs o'er all the
 landscape,

From the South-land sent his
 ardors,

Wafted kisses warm and tender;
 And the maize-field grew and
 ripened,

Till it stood in all the splendor
 Of its garments green and yellow,
 Of its tassels and its plumage,
 And the maize-ears full and shin-
 ing

Gleamed from bursting sheaths
 of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
 Spake, and said to Minnehaha:

"'T is the Moon when leaves are
 falling;

All the wild-rice has been gath-
 ered,

And the maize is ripe and ready;
 Let us gather in the harvest,
 Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
 Strip him of his plumes and tas-
 sels,

Of his garments green and
 yellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water
 Went rejoicing from the wig-
 wam,

With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
 And they called the women round
 them,

Called the young men and the
 maidens,

To the harvest of the cornfields,
 To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
 Underneath the fragrant pine-
 trees,

Sat the old men and the warriors
 Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
 In uninterrupted silence

Looked they at the gamesome
 labor

Of the young men and the
 women;

Listened to their noisy talking,
 To their laughter and their sing-
 ing.

Heard them chattering like the
 magpies,

Heard them laughing like the
 blue-jays,

Heard them singing like the
 robins.

And whene'er some lucky
 maiden

Found a red ear in the husking,
 Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
 "Nushka!" cried they all to-
 gether,

"Nushka! you shall have a sweet-
 heart,

You shall have a handsome hus-
 band!"

"Ugh!" the old men all re-
 sponded

From their seats beneath the
 pine-trees.

And whene'er a youth or
 maiden

Found a crooked ear in husking,
 Found a maize-ear in the husk-
 ing

Blighted, mildewed, or mis-
 shapen.

Then they laughed and sang to-
 gether,

Crept and limped about the corn-
 fields,

Mimicked in their gait and ges-
 tures

Some old man, bent almost dou-
 ble,

Singing singly or together :

"Wagemin, the thief of corn-
fields !

Painosaid, the skulking robber! "

Till the cornfields rang with
laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Screamed and quivered in his
anger,

And from all the neighboring
tree-tops

Cawed and croaked the black
marauders.

"Ugh!" the old men all re-
sponded,

From their seats beneath the
pine-trees !

XIV.

PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,

"Lo! how all things fade and
perish !

From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,

The achievement of the warriors,

The adventures of the hunters,

All the wisdom of the Medas,

All the craft of the Wabenos,

All the marvellous dreams and
visions

Of the Jossakeeps, the Prophets !

"Great men die and are forgot-
ten,

Wise men speak ; their words of
wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,

Do not reach the generations

That, as yet unborn, are waiting

In the great, mysterious darkness

Of the speechless days that shall
be !

'On the grave-posts of our
fathers

Are no signs, no figures painted ;
Who are in those graves we know

not,

Only know they are our fathers.

Of what kith they are and kin-
dred,

From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,

They descended, this we know
not,

Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak to-
gether,

But we cannot speak when absent,

Cannot send our voices from us

To the friends that dwell afar off ;

Cannot send a secret message,

But the bearer learns our secret,

May pervert it, may betray it,

May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking

In the solitary forest,

Pondering, musing in the forest

On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his
colors,

Took his paints of different colors,

On the smooth bark of a birch-
tree

Painted many shapes and figures,

Wonderful and mystic figures,

And each figure had a meaning,

Each some word or thought sug-
gested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,

He, the Master of Life, was
painted

As an egg, with points projecting

To the four winds of the heavens.

Everywhere is the Great Spirit,

Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,

He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,

As a serpent was depicted,

As Kenabeek, the great serpent.

Very crafty, very cunning,

Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,

Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as
circles,

Life was white, but Death was
darkened ;

Sun and moon and stars he
painted,

Man and beast, and fish and rep-
tile,

Forests, mountains, lakes, and
rivers,

For the earth he drew a straight
line,
For the sky a bow above it ;
White the space between for day-
time,
Filled with little stars for night-
time ;

On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing toward a
wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assem-
bling ;

Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said : " Behold, your
grave-posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor sym-
bol.

Go and paint them all with
figures ;

Each one with its household
symbol,

With its own ancestral Totem ;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know
them."

And they painted on the grave-
posts

Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household ;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the
symbol

Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Proph-
ets,

The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Me-
das,

Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they
chanted.

For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly
colored ;

And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the
heaven ;

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven ;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying.
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-
hawk,

And the cormorant, bird of
magic ;

Headless men, that walk the
heavens,

Bodies lying pierced with arrows
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-
captains

Grasping both the earth and
heaven !

Such as these the shapes they
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-
skin ;

Songs of war and songs of hunt-
ing,

Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-
Song,

The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or
hunting !

Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;
'T is the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, " My paint-
ing

Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, "Listen!
"T is my voice you hear, my sing-
ing!"

Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
"I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion!"

Then two figures, man and wo-
man,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped to-
gether
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented
Are, "I see your heart within
you,
And your cheeks are red with
blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, "Though you were at a dis-
tance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to
me!"

Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slum-
bers,
Saying, "Though you were far
from me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach
you!"

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
"Naked lies your heart before
me,

To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,

On the smooth bark of the birch-
tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

IN those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friend-
ship,

And their noble words and
actions,
Made at length a league against
them,

To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black
tresses,

Answered ever sweet and child-
like,

"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near
me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-
Water,

When the snow-flakes, whirling
downward,

Hissed among the withered oak-
leaves,

Changed the pine-trees into wig-
wams,

Covered all the earth with si-
lence,—

Armed with arrows, shod with
snow-shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warn-
ing,

Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with
antlers

All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water

Sprang with speed the deer before
him.

With the wind and snow he fol-
lowed,

O'er the treacherous ice he fol-
lowed,

Wild with all the fierce commo-
tion

And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath
him,

Dragged him downward to the
bottom,

Buried in the sand his body,
Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the
prairies,

And the thunder in the distance
Woke and answered "Baim-
wawa!"

Then his face with black he
painted,

With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lament-
ing,

Uttering still this moan of sor-
row:—

"He is dead, the sweet mu-
sician!

He the sweetest of all singers!

He has gone from us forever,

He has moved a little nearer

To the Master of all music,

To the Master of all singing!

O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans
above him,

Waved their purple cones above
him,

Sighing with him to console him,

Mingling with his lamentation

Their complaining, their lament-
ing.

Came the Spring, and all the
forest

Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the
bluebird,

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweet musi-
cian!"

From the wigwam sang the
robin,

Sang the Opechee, the robin,

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweetest singer!"

And at night through all the
forest

Went the whippoorwill complain-
ing,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweet musician!

He the sweetest of all singers!"

Then the medicine-men, the
Medas,

The magicians, the Wabenos,

And the Jossakeeds, the proph-
ets,

Came to visit Hiawatha;

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,

To appease him, to console him,

Walked in silent, grave proces-
sion,

Bearing each a pouch of healing,

Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,

Filled with magic roots and
simples,

Filled with very potent medi-
cines.

When he heard their steps ap-
proaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,

Called no more on Chibiabos;

Naught he questioned, naught he
answered,

But his mournful head uncov-
ered,

From his face the mourning
colors

Washed he slowly and in silence ;
Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave
him,
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spear-
mint,
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
Roots of power, and herbs of heal-
ing ;
Beat their drums, and shook their
rattles ;
Chanted singly and in chorus,
Mystic songs like these, they
chanted.

"I myself, myself ! behold me !
'T is the great Gray Eagle talk-
ing ;
Come, ye white crows, come and
hear him !
The loud-speaking thunder helps
me ;

All the unseen spirits help me ;
I can hear their voices calling,
All around the sky I hear them !
I can blow you strong, my
brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the cho-
rus,
"Way-ha-way !" the mystic
chorus.

"Friends of mine are all the
serpents !
Hear me shake my skin of hen-
hawk !

Mahng, the white-loon, I can kill
him ;
I can shoot your heart and kill it !
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the cho-
rus
"Way-ha-way !" the mystic cho-
rus.

"I myself, myself ! the proph-
et !
When I speak the wigwam trem-
bles,
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with
terror,
Hinds unseen begin to shake it !

When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath
me !

I can blow you strong, my
brother !

Rise and speak, O Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the cho-
rus,

"Way-ha-way !" the mystic cho-
rus.

Then they shook their medicine-
pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,
Danced their medicine-dance
around him ;

And upstarting wild and hag-
garded,

Like a man from dreams awak-
ened.

He was healed of all his madness.
As the clouds are swept from
heaven,

Straightway from his brain de-
parted

All his moody melancholy ;
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart de-
parted

All his sorrow and affliction.
Then they summoned Chibia-
bos

From his grave beneath the
waters,

From the sands of Gitche Gumee
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

And so mighty was the magic
Of that cry and invocation.
That he heard it as he lay there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water ;
From the sand he rose and lis-
tened,

Heard the music and the singing,
Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they
gave him,

Through the door a burning fire-
brand ;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits,
Ruler o'er the dead, they made
him,

Telling him a fire to kindle
 For all those that died thereafter,
 Camp-fires for their night en-
 campments

On their solitary journey
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his child-
 hood,

From the homes of those who
 knew him,

Passing silent through the forest,
 Like a smoke-wreath wafted
 sideways,

Slowly vanished Chibiabos !

Where he passed, the branches
 moved not,

Where he trod the grasses bent
 not,

And the fallen leaves of last year
 Made no sound beneath his foot-
 steps.

Four whole days he journeyed
 onward

Down the pathway of the dead
 men ;

On the dead-man's strawberry
 feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river,
 On the swinging log he crossed
 it,

Came unto the Lake of Silver,
 In the Stone Canoe was carried
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the land of ghosts and shad-
 ows.

On that journey, moving
 slowly,

Many weary spirits saw he.
 Panting under heavy burdens,
 Laden with war-clubs, bows and
 arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and ket-
 tles,

And with food that friends had
 given

For that solitary journey.

"Ay ! why do the living," said
 they,

"Lay such heavy burdens on us !
 Better were it to go naked,
 Better were it to go fasting,

Than to bear such heavy burdens
 On our long and weary journey !"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,
 Wandered eastward, wandered
 westward,

Teaching men the use of simples
 And the antidotes for poisons,
 And the cure of all diseases.

Thus was first made known to
 mortals

All the mystery of Medamin,
 All the sacred art of healing.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-
 Keewis

He, the handsome Yenadizze,
 Whom the people called the
 Storm-Fool,

Vexed the village with disturb-
 ance ;

You shall hear of all his mischief,
 And his flight from Hiawatha,
 And his wondrous transmi-
 grations,

And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo.
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water.
 Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Kee-
 wis.

It was he who in his frenzy
 Whirled these drifting sands to-
 gether,

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
 When, among the guests assem-
 bled,

He so merrily and madly
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
 Danced the Beggar's Dance to
 please them.

Now, in search of new adven-
 tures,

From his lodge went Pau-Puk-
 Keewis,

Came with speed into the village,
 Found the young men all assem-
 bled

In the lodge of old Iagoo,

Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven
And let out the summer-weather
The perpetual, pleasant Summer,
How the Otter first essayed it ;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger,
Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain

Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not

break it,
How the Wolverine, uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter,

Bent his knees down, like a squirrel.
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.
"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,

"Once he leaped, and lo! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers.

When the waters rise beneath it ;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers

When the freshet is at highest !
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder,

And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind him !"

"Hark you !" shouted Pau-
Puk-Keewis

As he entered at the doorway ;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,

Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of
wolf-skin

Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Bowl and Counters,

Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they

painted,
And vermilion on the other ;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,

Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamau-
gun,

And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshewug or duck-

lings.
All were made of bone and
painted,

All except the Ozawabeeks ;
These were brass, on one side
burnished,

And were black upon the other.
In a wooden bowl he placed
them,

Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground be-
fore him.

Thus exclaiming and explaining :
"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek stand-

ing
On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek ;

Thirteen tens and eight are
counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground be-
fore him,

Still exclaiming and explaining ;
"White are both the great Kena-
beeks,

White the Ininewug, the wedge-
men,
Red are all the other pieces ;

Five tens and an eight are
counted."

Thus he taught the game of
hazard,

Thus displayed it and explained
it,

Running through its various
chances,

Various changes, various mean-
ings:

Twenty curious eyes stared at
him.

Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iagoo,

"Many games of skill and hazard

Have I seen in different nations,

Have I played in different
countries.

He who plays with old Iagoo

Must have very nimble fingers ;

Though you think yourself so
skilful

I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,

I can even give you lessons

In your game of Bowl and Coun-
ters!"

So they sat and played to-
gether,

All the old men and the young
men,

Played for dresses, weapons,
wampum,

Played till midnight, played till
morning,

Played until the Yenadizze,

Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Of their treasures had despoiled
them,

Of the best of all their dresses,

Shirts of deer-skin, robes of er-
mine,

Belts of wampum, crests of
feathers,

Warlike weapons, pipes and
pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at
him,

Like the eyes of wolves glared at
him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:

"In my wigwam I am lonely,

In my wanderings and adventures

I have need of a companion,

Fain would have a Meshinauwa,

An attendant and pipe-bearer.

I will venture all these winnings,

All these garments heaped about
me,

All this wampum, all these
feathers,

On a single throw will venture

All against the young man
yonder!"

'T was a youth of sixteen sum-
mers,

'T was a nephew of Iagoo ;

Face-in-a-Mist, the people called
him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head

Dusky red beneath the ashes,

So beneath his shaggy eyebrows

Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

"Ugh!" he answered very
fiercely ;

"Ugh!" they answered all and
each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old
man,

Closely in his bony fingers

Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,

Shook it fiercely and with fury,

Made the pieces ring together

As he threw them down before
him.

Red were both the great Kena-
beeks.

Red the Ininewug, the wedge-
men,

Red the Sheshebwug, the duck-
lings.

Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,

White alone the fish, the Keego ;

Only five the pieces counted !

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-
Keewis

Shook the bowl and threw the
pieces ;

Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scat-
tered ;

Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,

Red and white the other pieces,

And upright among the others

One Ininewug was standing,

Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis

Stood alone among the players,

Saying, "Five tens! mine the
game is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him
fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at
him,

As he turned and left the wig-
wam,

Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of er-
mine,

Belts of wampum, pipes and
weapons.

"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Pointing with his fan of feathers,
"To my wigwam far to eastward,
On the dunes of Nagow Wujoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and
gambling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant summer morn-
ing.

All the birds were singing gayly,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds
sing,

Beat with triumph like the
streamlets,

As he wandered through the
village,

In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of
swan's down,

Till he reached the farthest wig-
wam,

Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.
Silent was it and deserted;

No one met him at the doorway,
No one came to bid him welcome;
But the birds were singing round
it,

In and out and round the door-
way,

Hopping, singing, fluttering,
feeding,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,

Sat with fiery eyes, and, scream-
ing,

Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-
Keewis.

"All are gone!" the lodge is
empty!"

Thus it was spake the Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

In his heart resolving mischief;—
"Gone is wary Hiawatha,

Gone the silly Laughing Water,
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,"

Ane the lodge is left unguarded!"
By the neck he seized the raven,

Whirled it round him like a rattle,
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,

Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
From the ridge-pole of the wig-
wam

Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,

As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,
Round the lodge in wild disorder

Threw the household things
about him,

Piled together in confusion
Bowls of wood and earthen

kettles,
Robes of buffalo and beaver,

Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to Nokomis,

As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Ke-
ewis,

Whistling, singing through the
forest,

Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above
him

Dropped their acorn-shells upon
him,

Singing gayly to the wood birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness

Answered with a song as merry.
Then he climbed the rocky

headlands,
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,

Perched himself upon their sum-
mit,

Waiting full of mirth and mis-
chief

The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay
there;

Far below him plashed the
waters,

Plashed and washed the dreamy
waters;

Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered,
rustled,

Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled
about him,

Almost brushed him with their
pinions.

And he killed them as he lay
there,

Slaughtered them by tens and
twenties,

Threw their bodies down the
headland,

Threw them on the beach below
him,

Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-
gull,

Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!

He is slaying us by hundreds!
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

XVII.

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through
his nostrils.

Through his teeth he buzzed and
muttered

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming like a hornet.

"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Slay this mischief-maker!" said
he.

"Not so long and wide the world
is,

Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain
him!"

That my vengeance shall not
reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters

On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he
passed it,

To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry-bushes,
Found the couch where he had
rested,

Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath
them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning back-
ward,

Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the moun-
tain:

"Not so long and wide the world
is,

Not so rude and rough the way
is,

But my wrath shall overtake
you,

And my vengeance shall attain
you!"

Over rock and over river,
Thorough bush, and brake, and
forest,

Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;

Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,

To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,

Where knee-deep the trees were
standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and
whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-
keewis,
On the dam of trunks and
branches,
Through whose chinks the water
spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the
streamlet.

From the bottom rose the beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of
wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a ques-
tion,

At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keew-
wis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keew-
wis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-
let,

Flowed the bright and silvery
water,

And he spake unto the beaver,

With a smile he spake in this
wise :

“O my friend Ahmeek, the
beaver,

Cool and pleasant is the water ;

Let me dive into the water,

Let me rest there in your lodges ;

Change me, too, into a beaver !”

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made
answer :

“Let me first consult the others.
Let me ask the other beavers.”

Down he sank into the water,

Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,

Down among the leaves and
branches

Brown and matted at the bot-
tom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-
let,

Spouted through the chinks be-
low him

Dashed upon the stones beneath
him,

Spread serene and calm before
him,

And the sunshine and the shad-
ows

Fell in flecks and gleams upon
him.

Fell in little shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling
branches.

From the bottom rose the bea-
vers,

Silently above the surface

Rose one head and then another,

Till the pond seemed full of bea-
vers,

Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keew-
wis,

Spake entreating, said in this
wise :

“Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends ! and safe from

danger ;

Can you not 'with all your cun-
ning,

All your wisdom and contriv-
ance,

Change me, too, into a beaver ?”

“Yes !” replied Ahmeek, the
beaver,

He the King of all the beavers,

“Let yourself slide down among
us,

Down into the tranquil water.”

Down into the pond among
them,

Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;

Black became his shirt of deer-
skin,

Black his moccasins and leg-
gings,

In a broad black tail behind him

Spread his fox-tails and his
fringes ;

He was changed into a beaver.

“Make me large,” said Pau-
Puk-Keewis,

“Make me large and make me
larger,

Larger than the other beavers.”

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,

"When our lodge below you enter,

In our wigwam we will make you

Ten times larger than the others.

Thus into the clear, brown water,

Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;

Found the bottom covered over

With the trunks of trees and branches,

Hoard of food against the winter,

Piles and heaps against the famine;

Found the lodge with arching doorway,

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,

Made him largest of the beavers,

Ten times larger than the others.

"You shall be our ruler," said they;

"Chief and King of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis

Sat in state among the beavers,

When there came a voice of warning

From the watchman at his station

In the water-flags and lilies,

Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!

Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,

Heard a shouting and a tramping,

Heard a crushing and a rushing
And the water round and o'er them

Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters

Leaped, and broke it all asunder;

Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water,

In the channel of the streamlet;

But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis

Could not pass beneath the doorway;

He was puffed with pride and feeding,

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,

Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!

Vain are all your craft and cunning,

Vain your manifold disguises!

Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,

Bore him home on poles and branches

Bore the body of the beaver;

But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,

Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam

Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin.

When the wintry wind is blowing;

Till it drew itself together,

Till it rose up from the body.

Till it took the form and features

Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha

Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest ;
Toward the squares of white be-
yond it,

Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sail-
ing ;

Through the tufts of rushes float-
ing,

Steering through the reedy
islands.

Now their broad black beaks they
lifted.

Now they plunged beneath the
water,

Now they darkened in the
shadow,

Now they brightened in the sun-
shine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-
keewis,

"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said
he,

"Change me to a brant with
plumage,

With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me
larger,

Ten times larger than the oth-
ers."

Straightway to a brant they
changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and
rounded,

With a bill like two great pad-
dles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest.

On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and
clamor

With a whirl and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Ke-
ewis :

"In your flying, look not down-
ward,

Take good heed, and look not
downward,

Lest some strange mischance
should happen,

Lest some great mishap befall
you ;"

Fast and far they fled to north-
ward,

Fast and far through mist and
sunshine,

Fed among the moors and fen-
lands,

Slept among the reeds and
rushes.

On the morrow as they jour-
neyed.

Buoyed and lifted by the South-
wind,

Wafted onward by the South-
Blowing fresh and strong behind
them,

Rose a sound of human voices,
Rose a clamor from beneath them,

From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath
them,

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with won-
der,

Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,

Broader than two doorway cur-
tains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the
shouting

Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of lagoo,

And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked
downward,

And the wind that blew behind
him

Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling
downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance !
Whirling round and round and
downward.

He beheld in turn the village
And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laugh-
ter

Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him ;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his
shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying : " Not so wide the world
is,

Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain
you ! "

And so near he came, so near
him,
That his hand was stretched to
seize him

His right hand to seize and hold
him

When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keew-
wis

Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about
him.

And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and
rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain ; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him.
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sand-
stone,

Looking over lake and landscape.
And the Old Man of the Moun-
tain,

He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis wel-
come

To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.
There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed
against him,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sand-
stone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
" Open ! I am Hiawatha ! "

But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sand-
stone,

From the gloomy rock abysses.
Then he raised his hands to
heaven,

Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the light-
ning,

And the thunder, Annemeekee ;
And they came with night and
darkness,

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-
Water [tains :

From the distant Thunder Moun-
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keew-
wis [der,

Heard the footsteps of the thun-
Saw the red eyes of the lightning.
Was afraid, and crouched and
trembled. [uing,

Then Waywassimo, the light-
Smote the doorways of the cav-
erns,

With his war-club smote the doorways,

Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

And the crags fell, and beneath them

Dead among the rocky ruins,
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,

Ended were his tricks and gambols,

Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,

Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;

Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;

But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Kenen, the great war-eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers.

Chief of Hiawatha's Chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes

Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-blue pipes and whistles,

"There!" they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;

No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind.

But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pygmies,

Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind,"
said they,

"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,

What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies!

Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?

He will tread us down like mushrooms,

Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the water!"

So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind,

Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness;

There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce
him, [him.

Nowhere else could weapon harm
Even there the only weapon
That could wound him, that
could slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-
tree.

Was the blue-cone of the fir-tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mor-
tals ;

But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the se-
cret,

Knew the only way to kill him.
So they gathered cones to-
gether, [tree,

Gathered seed-cones of the pine-
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's mar-
gin,

Heaped them in great piles to-
gether,

Where the red rocks from the
margin

Jutting overhang the river.
There they lay in wait for Kwa-
sind,

The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Sum-
mer

Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows ;
Insects glistened in the sunshine ;
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buz-
zing,

With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the
Strong Man,

In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
Very languid with the weather,
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,
From the tassels of the birch-
trees,

Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended ;
By this airy hosts surrounded,
His invisible attendants,

Came the Spirit of Sleep, Napah-
win ;

Like the burnished Dush-kwo-
ne-she,

Like a dragon-fly, he hovered
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a mur-
mur

As of waves upon a seashore,
As of far-off tumbling waters,
As of winds among the pine-trees ;
And he felt upon his forehead
Blows of little airy war-clubs,
Wielded by the slumbrous le-
gions

Of the Spirit of Sleep. Napahwin,
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-
clubs,

Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;
At the second blow they smote
him,

Motionless his paddle rested ;
At the third, before his vision
Reeled the landscape into dark-
ness,

Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,
Floated down the Taquamenaw,
Underneath the trembling birch-
trees,

Underneath the wooded head-
lands.

Underneath the war encampment
Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed
and waiting,

Hurled the pine-cones down upon
him,

Struck him on his brawny
shoulders,

On his crown defenceless struck
him.

"Death to Kwasind !" was the
sudden

War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and
tumbled,

Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish
water

Headlong, as an otter plunges;
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,
Drifted empty down the river.

Bottom upward swerved and
drifted: [sind.

Nothing more was seen of Kwa-
But the memory of the Strong
Man

Lingered long among the people,
And whenever through the forest
Raged and roared the wintry
tempest,

And the branches, tossed and
troubled,

Creaked and groaned and split
asunder,

"Kwasind!" cried they; "that
is Kwasind!

He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge, and
follows;

And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and
waited,

Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the
others [wise

Follow, follow, gathering flock-
Round their victim, sick and
wounded

First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary North-
land,

Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,

Into stone had changed their
waters.

From his hair he shook the snow-
flakes,

Till the plains were strewn with
whiteness.

One uninterrupted level,
As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hands had smoothed
them over.

Through the forest, wide and
wailing,

Roamed the hunter on his snow-
shoes;

In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the
deer-skin;

And the young men played to-
gether

On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-
shoes. [down,

One dark evening, after sun-
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha

Homeward from the hunt re-
turning. [light,

On their faces gleamed the fire-
Painting them with streaks of
crimson,

In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moon-
light,

In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their
shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above
them

Climbed and crowded through
the smoke-flue. [way

Then the curtain of the door-
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a mo-
ment,

And a moment swerved the
smoke-wreath,

As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,

Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their
garments,
Strangers seemed they in the
village;

Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the
shadows.

Was it the wind above the
smoke-flue, [wam?
Muttering down into the wig-
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
"These are corpses clad in gar-
ments,

These are ghosts that come to
haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden:
Nobler, handsomer she thought
him,

Than when first he came to woo
her,
First threw down the deer before
her,

As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the
strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the
shadows,
Said within himself, "Who are
they?

What strange guests has Minne-
haha?" [gers,
But he questioned not the stran-
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fire-
side. [ready,

When the evening meal was
And the deer had been divided,

Both the pallid guests, the stran-
gers,

Springing from among the
shadows,

Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roe-
buck,

Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha;
Without asking, without thank-
ing,

Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their
features

Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, "They are
famished; [them;
Let them do what best delights
Let them eat, for they are fam-
ished."

Many a daylight dawned and
darkened, [light

Many a night shook off the day-
As the pine shakes off the snow-
flakes [branches;

From the midnight of its
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam;
But by night, in storm or star-
light,

Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing fire-wood to the wig-
wam. [ing,

Bringing pine-cones for the burn-
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunt-
ing,

When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome cor-
ner, [gers,

Came the pallid guests, the stran-
Seized upon the choicest portions
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and
stranger,

That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were
burning, [firelight,
By the glimmering, flickering
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin cur-
tain, [ows,
Saw the pallid guests, the shad-
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the suent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why
is it

That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by un-
kindness,

Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from
weeping, [ing,
Ceased from sobbing and lament-
And they said, with gentle voices
"We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were
with you.

From the realms of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn
you.

"Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends de-
parted,

Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try
you;

No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!

Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and forever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy bur-
dens

In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wam-
pum, [kettles,
Not such weight of pots and
For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

"Four days is the spirit's jour-
ney [ows,
To the land of ghosts and shad-
Four its lonely night encamp-
ments;

Four times must their fires be
lighted. [buried,

Therefore, when the dead are
Let a fire, as night approaches.

Four times on the grave be
kindled,

That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful fire-
light,

May not grope about in darkness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!

We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your pati-
ence,

By the insult of our presence,

By the outrage of our actions.

We have found you great and
noble.

Fail not in the greater trial,

Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden
darkness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.

Hiawatha heard a rustle

As of garments trailing by him,

Heard the curtain of the doorway
 Lifted by a hand he saw not,
 Felt the cold breath of the night
 air,
 For a moment saw the starlight ;
 But he saw the ghosts no longer,
 Saw no more the wandering
 spirits
 From the kingdom of Ponemah,
 From the land of the Hereafter.

XX.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !
 O the cold and cruel Winter !
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
 Fell the snow o'er all the land-
 scape,

Fell the covering snow and drifted
 Through the forest, round the
 village. [wam

Hardly from his buried wig-
 Could the hunter force a passage ;
 With his mittens and his snow-
 shoes [forest,
 Vainly walked he through the
 Sought for bird or beast and
 found none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
 In the snow beheld no footprints,
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest
 Fell, and could not rise from
 weakness,

Perished there from cold and
 hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
 O the wasting of the famine !
 O the blasting of the fever !
 O the wailing of the children !
 O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and
 famished ;

Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at
 them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two other guests, as silent

As the ghosts were, and as
 gloomy,
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Sat there without word of wel-
 come

In the seat of Laughing Water ;
 Looked with haggard eyes and
 hollow

At the face of Laughing Water.
 And the foremost said : " Be-
 hold me !

I am Famine, Bukadawin !"
 And the other said : " Behold me !
 I am Fever, Ahkosewin !"

And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shuddered as they looked upon
 her, [tered.

Shuddered at the words they ut-
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face, but made no an-
 swer ; [burning
 Lay there trembling, freezing,
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they ut-
 tered.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness ;
 On his brow the sweat of an-
 guish

Started, but it froze and fell not.
 Wrapped in furs and armed for
 hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest,
 On his snow-shoes strode he for-
 ward,

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty !"
 Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 " Give your children food, O
 father !

Give us food, or we must perish !
 Give me food for Minnehaha !"
 For my dying Minnehaha !"

Through the far-resounding
 forest, [cant
 Through the forest vast and va-

Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose
thickets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife
homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the
thickets, [glistered,

And the streamlets laughed and
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not
tremble [band!"

"I will follow you, my hus-
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that
watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a
rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child," said old Noko-
mis, [trees!"

"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-
"Look!" she said; "I see my
father

Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wig-
wam

In the land of the Dakotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Noko-
mis,

"'T is the smoke, that waves
and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of
Pauguk

Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers,
Clasping mine amid the dark-
ness!

Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the moun-
tains, [guish,
Heard that sudden cry of an-
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and
pathless [es.
Under snow-encumbered branch-
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wail-
ing:

"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
Would that I had perished for
you, [are!
Would that I were dead as you
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wig-
wam,

Saw the old Nokomos slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within
him

Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shud-
dered,

That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his
anguish.

Then he sat down, still and
speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet
him,

Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he
covered,

Seven long days and nights he
sat there,

As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, uncon-
scious

Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;

In the snow a grave they made
her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hem-
locks; [ments,
Clothed her in her richest gar-
Wrapped her in her robes of
ermine; [mine,
Covered her with snow, like er-
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kin-
dled,

For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hem-
locks:

From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the door-
way, [guished,
That it might not be extin-
Might not leave her in the dark-
ness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minne-
haha!"

Farewell. O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with
you!

Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the
body,

Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

XXII.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-
drift; [ing,
Dull and low his fire was burn-

And the old man shook and
trembled,

Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrap-
per,

Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,

Seeing nothing but the snow
storm, [drifted.

As it whirled and hissed and
All the coals were white with
ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.

Red with blood of youth his
cheeks were, [time,

Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-
Bound his forehead was with

grasses, [grasses;

Bound and plumed with scented

On his lips a smile of beauty,

Filling all the lodge with sun-
shine,

In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweet-
ness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the
old man,

"Happy are my eyes to see you."

Sit here on the mat beside me,

Sit here by the dying embers,

Let us pass the night together.

Tell me of your strange adven-
tures,

Of the lands where you have
travelled;

I will tell you of my prowess,

Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his
peace-pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned;

Made of red stone was the pipe-
head,

And the stem a reed with feath-
ers, [low,

Filled the pipe with bark of wil-

Placed a burning coal upon it,

Gave it to his guest, the stranger,

And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath
about me,

When I breathe upon the land-
scape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stones become the
water!"

And the young man answered,
smiling :

"When I blow my breath about
me, [scape,

When I breathe upon the land-
Flowers spring up o'er all the
meadows,

Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary
tresses," [ing,

Said the old man darkly frown-
"All the land with snow is cover-
ed ;

All the leaves from all the
branches

Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo ! they are
not.

From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the
heron,

Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo ! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,

All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and
caverns,

And the earth becomes as flint-
stone!"

"When I shake my flowing
ringlets," [ing,

Said the young man, softly laugh-
"Showers of rain fall warm and
welcome,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing.
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the

heron, [swallow,

Homeward shoots the arrowy
Sing the bluebird and the robin,

And where'er my footsteps wander, [soms,

All the meadows wave with blos-

All the woodlands ring with
music, [foliage!"

All the trees are dark with

While they spake, the night
departed

From the distant realms of
Wabun,

From his shining lodge of silver.

Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, "Behold
me !

Gheezis, the great sun, behold
me !"

Then the old man's tongue was
speechless.

And the air grew warm and
pleasant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,

And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses

Through the lodge was gently
wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful
stranger,

More distinctly in the daylight

Saw the icy face before him ;

It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were
flowing.

As from melting lakes the stream-
lets,

And his body shrunk and dwindle

As the shouting sun ascended,

Till into the air it faded,

Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before

him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigam,

Where the fire had smoked and
smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-
time,

Saw the beauty of the Springtime,
Saw the Miskodee in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-
land

After that unheard-of coldness,

That intolerable Winter,

Came the Spring with all its
splendor,

All its birds and all its blossoms,

All its flowers and leaves and
grasses.

Sailing on the wind to north-ward,
 Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
 Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
 Passed the swan, the Mahnah-bezee,
 Speaking almost as a man speaks ;
 And in long lines waving, bending
 Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
 Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa :
 And the pairs or singly flying,
 Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
 The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.
 In the thickets and the meadows
 Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 On the summit of the lodges
 Sang the Opechee, the robin,
 In the covert of the pine-trees
 Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee,
 And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
 Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
 Heard their voices calling to him,
 Went forth from his gloomy doorway.
 Stood and gazed into the heaven,
 Gazed upon the earth and waters.
 From his wanderings far to eastward,
 From the regions of the morning,
 From the shining land of Wabun,
 Homeward now returned Iagoo ;
 The great traveller, the great boaster,
 Full of new and strange adventures,
 Marvels many and many wonders.
 And the people of the village
 Listened to him as he told them
 Of his marvellous adventures,
 Laughing answered him in this wise :
 " Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !
 No one else beholds such wonders ! "

He had seen, he said, a water
 Bigger than the Big Sea-Water,
 Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
 Bitter so that none could drink it !
 At each other looked the warriors,
 Looked the women at each other,
 Smiled, and said, " It cannot be so !
 Kaw ! " they said, " It cannot be so ! "

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
 Came a great canoe with pinions,
 A canoe with wings came flying,
 Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
 Taller than the tallest tree-tops !
 And the old men and the women
 Looked and tittered at each other,
 " Kaw ! " they said, " we don't believe it ! "

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
 Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
 Came the thunder, Annemeekee !
 And the warriors and the women
 Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;
 " Kaw ! " they said, " what tales you tell us ! "

In it, said he, came a people,
 In the great canoe with pinions
 Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;
 Painted white were all their faces
 And with hair their chins were covered !

And the warriors and the women
 Laughed and shouted in derision,
 Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
 Like the crows upon the hemlocks.

" Kaw ! " they said, " what lies you tell us !
 Do not think that we believe them ! "

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
 But he gravely spake and answered
 To their jeering and their jesting :
 " True is all Iagoo tells us ;

I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pin-
ions,

Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his mes-
sage.

Wheresoe'er they move, before
them

Swarms the stinging fly, the
Ahmo.

Swarms the bee, the honey-
maker ;

Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath
them

Springs a flower unknown among
us,

Springs the White-man's Foot in
blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the
strangers,

Hail them as our friends and
brothers,

And the heart's right hand of
friendship

Give them when they come to see
us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future.
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded na-
tions.

All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling,
striving,

Speaking many tongues, yet feel-
ing

But one heart-beat in their bos-
oms.

In the woodlands rang their axes.
Smoked their towns in all the
valleys,

Over all the lakes and rivers

Rushed their great canoes of
thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vis-
ion

Passed before me, vague and
cloudlike

I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each
other ;

Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and
woful,

Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Au-
tumn !"

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of fresh-
ness,

All the earth was bright and
joyous,

And before him, through the sun-
shine,

Westward toward the neighbor-
ing forest

Passed in golden swarms the Ah-
mo,

Passed the bees, the honey-mak-
ers,

Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the
heavens,

Level spread the lake before him ;
From its bosom leaped the stur-
geon,

Sparkling, flashing in the sun-
shine ;

On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,

As the mist from off the meadow,
 With a smile of joy and triumph,
 With a look of exultation.
 As of one who in a vision
 Sees what is to be, but is not,
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were
 lifted,
 Both the palms spread out against
 it,

And between the parted fingers
 Fell the sunshine on his features,
 Flecked with light his naked
 shoulders,

As it falls and flecks an oak tree
 Through the rifted leaves and
 branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
 Something in the hazy distance,
 Something in the mists of morn-
 ing.

Loomed and lifted from the
 water,

Now seemed floating, now
 seemed flying

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?
 Was it the pelican, the Shada?
 Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
 gah?

Or the white goose, Waw-be-
 wawa, [ing,

With the water dripping, flash-
 From its glossy neck and feath-
 ers?

It was neither goose nor diver,
 Neither pelican nor heron,
 O'er the water floating, flying,
 Through the shining mist of
 morning,

But a birch canoe with paddles,
 Rising, sinking on the water,
 Dripping, flashing in the sun-
 shine;

And within it came a people
 From the distant land of Wabun,
 From the farthest realms of
 morning

Came the Black-Robe chief, the
 Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the
 Pale-face,

With his guides and his com-
 panions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
 With his hands aloft extended,
 Held aloft in sign of welcome,
 Waited, full of exultation,
 Till the birch canoe with paddles
 Grated on the shining pebbles,
 Stranded on the sandy margin,
 Till the Black-Robe chief, the
 Pale-face,

With the cross upon his bosom,
 Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
 Cried aloud and spake in this
 wise:

"Beautiful is the sun, O stran-
 gers,

When you come so far to see us!
 All our town in peace awaits you,
 All our doors stand open for you;
 You shall enter all our wigwams,
 For the heart's right hand we
 give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so
 gayly,

Never shone the sun so brightly,
 As to-day they shine and blossom
 When you come so far to see us!
 Never was our lake so tranquil,
 Nor so free from rocks and sand-
 bars;

For your birch canoe in passing
 Has removed both rock and sand-
 bar.

"Never before had our tobacco
 Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
 Never the broad leaves of our
 cornfields

Were so beautiful to look on,
 As they seem to us this morning,
 When you come so far to see
 us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made
 answer,

Stammered in his speech a little,
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar:

"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
 Peace be with you and your
 people,

Peace of prayer, and peace of
 pardon,

Peace of Christ, and joy of
Mary !”

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wig-
wam,

Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful, old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of
bass-wood. [pers,

Water brought in birchen dip-
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smok-
ing.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Me-
das,

Came to bid the strangers wel-
come ;

“ It is well,” they said, “ O
brothers,

That you come so far to see us !”

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in
silence,

Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message ;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the
Pale-face,

From the wigwam came to greet
them,

Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;
“ It is well,” they said, “ O
brother,

That you come so far to see us !”

Then the Black-Robe chief, the
prophet,

Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;
How he fasted, prayed, and la-
bored ;

How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, cru-
cified him ;

How he rose from where they
laid him,

Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer,
saying :

“ We have listened to your mes-
sage,

We have heard your words of
wisdom,

We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,

That you come so far to see us !”

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wig-
wam,

To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers

Whom the Master of Life had
sent them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;

With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wig-
wam,

With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it ;

From the cornfields shrill and
ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-
keena ;

And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,

Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering land-
scape

Fell the evening's dusk and cool-
ness,

And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,

Breaking through its shields of
shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle,

hollow ;

Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,

Spoke in whispers, spake in this
wise,

Did not wake the guests, that
slumbered :

" I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keeway-
din.

But these guests I leave behind
me,

In your watch and ward I leave
them ;

See that never harm comes near
them,

See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha ! "

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young
men,

Spake persuading, spake in this
wise :

" I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey ;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have
vanished

Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent
them

From the land of light and morn-
ing ! "

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at
parting ;

On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for
sailing,

From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, " Westward !
westward ! "

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending

Set the clouds on fire with red-
ness,

Burned the broad sky, like a
prairie,

Left upon the level water

One long track and trail of
splendor,

Down whose stream, as down a
river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,

Sailed into the purple vapors,

Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising,
sinking,

Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,

Till it sank into the vapors

Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, " Farewell for-
ever ! "

Said, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "

And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths
of darkness,

Sighed, " Farewell, O Hiawa-
tha ! "

And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,

Sobbed, " Farewell, O Hiawa-
tha ! "

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

From her haunts among the fen-
lands

Screamed. " Farewell, O Hia-
watha ! "

Thus departed Hiawatha,

Hiawatha the Beloved,

In the glory of the sunset,

In the purple mists of evening,

To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keeway-
din,

To the Islands of the Blessed,

To the kingdom of Ponemah,

To the land of the Hereafter !



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Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth
Poems



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Nature

As a fond mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Feeling too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Read by Sir Charles at the Longfellow
Centenary, February 27, 1907, New York.

